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MAGAZINE *for August*



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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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VOL. VIII

No. 3

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“Star of the North”

A Red-Blood Novel of Art and the Wild

By FRANK WILLIAMS

Illustrated by RAEBURN VAN BUREN

Begins in the September Number of
Photoplay Magazine, on Sale August 1

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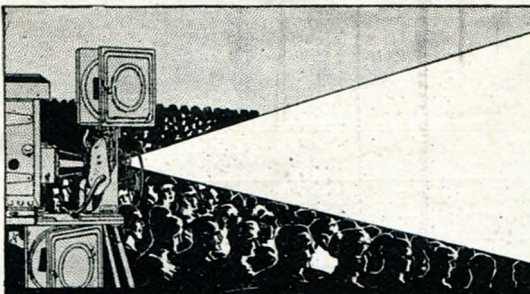
HE was a moving picture actor, coiner of spurious emotions for the millions; she a caprice of the northern woods, daughter of a fur-post factor, who had never even heard of picture plays. They met when he became lost, making locations in the far North, whither his company had come for atmosphere.

¶ It is a story of a girl's first love, of a man's soul sensing the open and cutting away the ballast of petty things, in this strange land where a dog is a horse, and the age-long truce of God and the devil leaves two-feet and four-feet to their own devices.

¶ If you like life sugar-coated do not read “Star of the North.” For life partakes of its environment and here it runs hot as a steel bullet—and again, cold as the deliberate glacier. You would not expect to hear parlor badinage where a knife between the ribs is consummate finesse?

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From Photoplay Magazine for August

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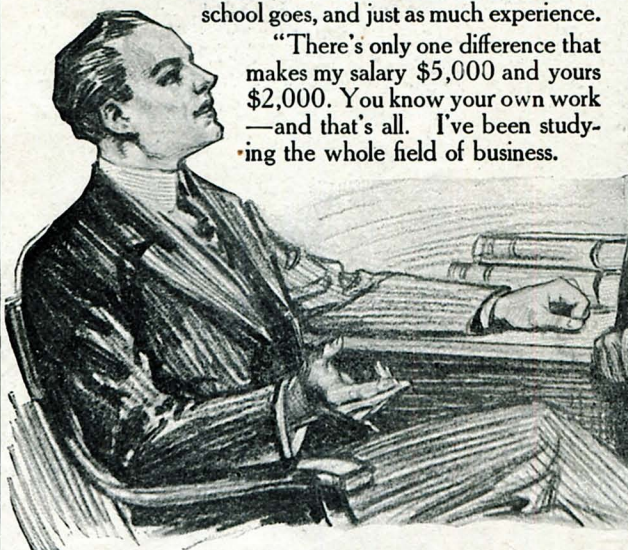
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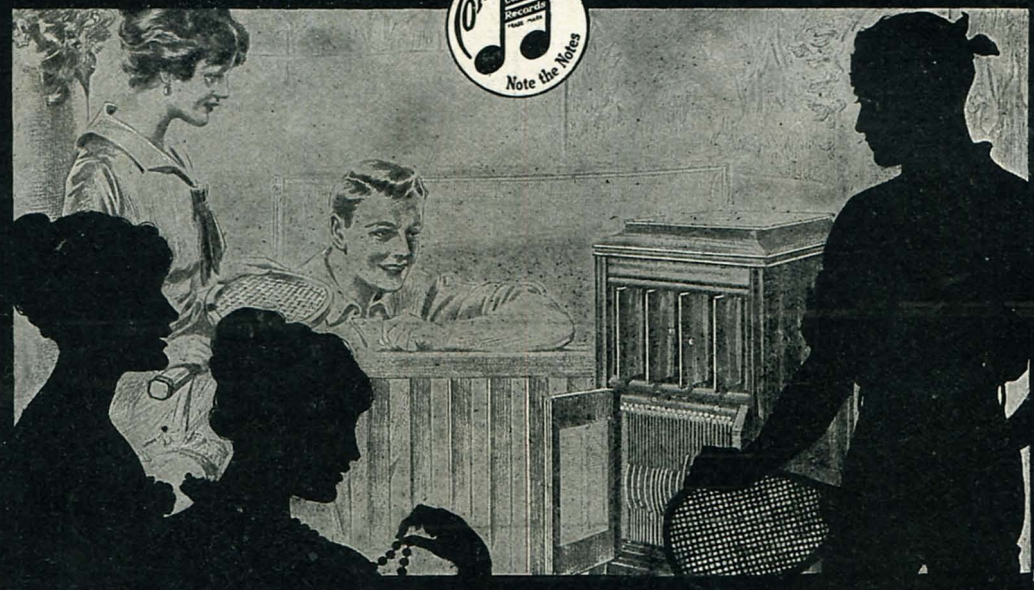
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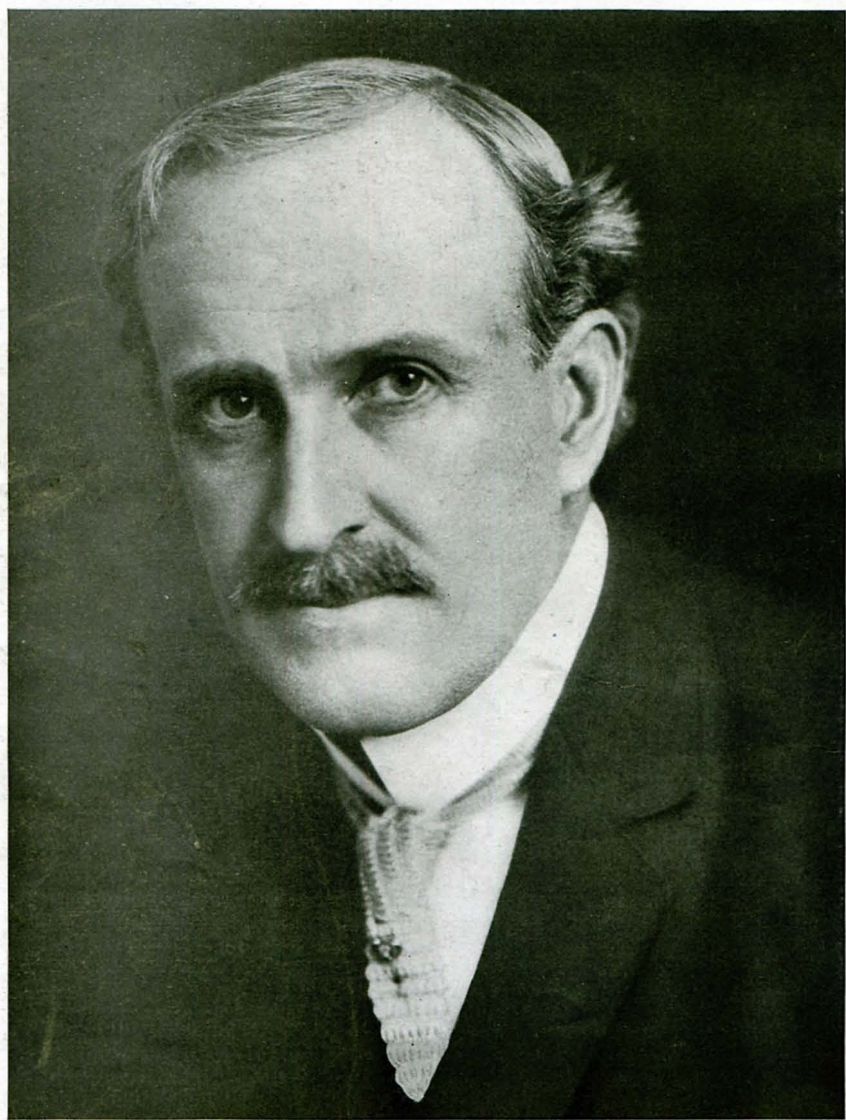
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POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS



RUTH STONEHOUSE

Vivacious little Ruth Stonehouse is a native of Colorado. Before she became a movie queen, she was a dancer. She is small, blonde and brown-eyed, just twenty years old. Miss Stonehouse is now living in Chicago where she is professionally engaged. Her latest success is in George Ade's "The Slim Princess" in which she uses her dancing ability.



THEODORE ROBERTS

one of the speaking stage's leading stars, made his initial starring venture into photoplays in the Lasky dramatization of the Puccini version of "The Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Roberts has determined to remain in moviedom and has recently signed an extension of contract to that effect.

He is an actor of great finish, power and poise, and a notable figure amongst the artists of the new drama of the screen.



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BETTY NANSEN

the great Danish actress is the handsome rear-guard of the artistic invasion of the motion picture field. She came to America last December to take the lead in William Fox productions. America's intellectuals of all walks greeted her arrival. Ibsen, the great Scandinavian dramatist wrote many plays especially for Miss Nansen, who has been decorated by the Kaiser, the Czar, the President of France and the King of Denmark.



RICHARD C. TRAVERS

leading man of the Essanay was born at the Hudson Bay Trading Post, is the son of a minister and holds a full commission in the British army. That's what got him into the movies. He is all athlete—rides, shoots, swims, skates, drives auto, ice-boat and plays tennis. In one of his films "The Race For Love" he drove Barney Oldfield's Blitzen Benz at 90 miles an hour. And he's going about that fast in the movies, right now.



TEDDY SAMPSON

says its only fair that a little girl like herself should have been born in a big city like New York. She made her public debut at the age of 15 in a Gus Edwards vaudeville act—"School Days"—at the Circle Theater. She was introduced to Mr. Griffith of the Reliance-Majestic company while appearing at the Palace theater in New York, and the interview ended in her engagement to enter the moving picture field.



EDWARD EARLE

was born in Toronto, Canada, and made his first public appearance in the Valentine stock companies in 1899. During his stage career he played with De Wolf Hopper, Henrietta Crosman and Mary Mannering. He first appeared in films with the Pathe company in 1913, but joined the Edison company a few months later and has been with that organization ever since. Mr. Earle is thirty-one years old.



VIVIAN RICH

of the Flying A is a sea-baby, and old Daddy Neptune first rocked her cradle. With this tempestuous start, the dangerous career which she has followed since has been in perfect accord. She has ridden outlaw ponies, on the rods of freight trains and in aeroplanes, all in the day's work before the camera. Miss Rich made her debut on Broadway while still very young in "The Country Girl."



BILLY QUIRK

was one of the first stage comedians to plunge into moving pictures. The business in those days was about the same relation to its present artistic offspring, that a daguerreotype is to a high-class cabinet photograph—that is to say it was the crude parent which the effete progeny only wants to forget. But Billy, who helped dot this land with movie-theaters, is still popular as one of the leading comedians of the Vitagraph company. He made his first hit in the old Biograph "Muggsie" series.



MYRTLE STEDMAN

is the "red corpuscle girl" who took the leads in the Bosworth company, Jack London pictures, which are strong for the haemoglobin. She looks like the daughter of a Viking, and her first public appearances were far from silent. In fact she was in opera, comic opera and musical comedy before she entered motion pictures. Miss Stedman was born in Chicago, and her first film work was with the Selig Polyscope company. Her favorite sport is horseback riding.



ETHEL CLAYTON

of Lubin has been called "the bravest girl in the movies." If heaven hadn't been friendly in the production of "When the Earth Trembled," Miss Clayton probably would have been killed. A mistaken signal toppled one side of a room upon her. She courageously dug herself from the debris with two children in her arms. Miss Clayton joined the Lubin company with a long record of stage successes to her credit, and in company with Joseph Kaufman has been the creator of a notable series of screen dramas dealing with the problems of man and wife.



VIOLET MERSEREAU

outgrew the retiring modesty of her name sufficiently to get her beautiful face and figure into most of the moving picture houses from the Golden Gate to Tokio and Zanzibar. She was never interested in that prudish flower anyhow. Practically born on the stage she has played with Maxine Elliott and Edith Taliaferro. She joined the Nestor two years ago and made a tremendous hit in Western pictures especially in "The Little Rancher."



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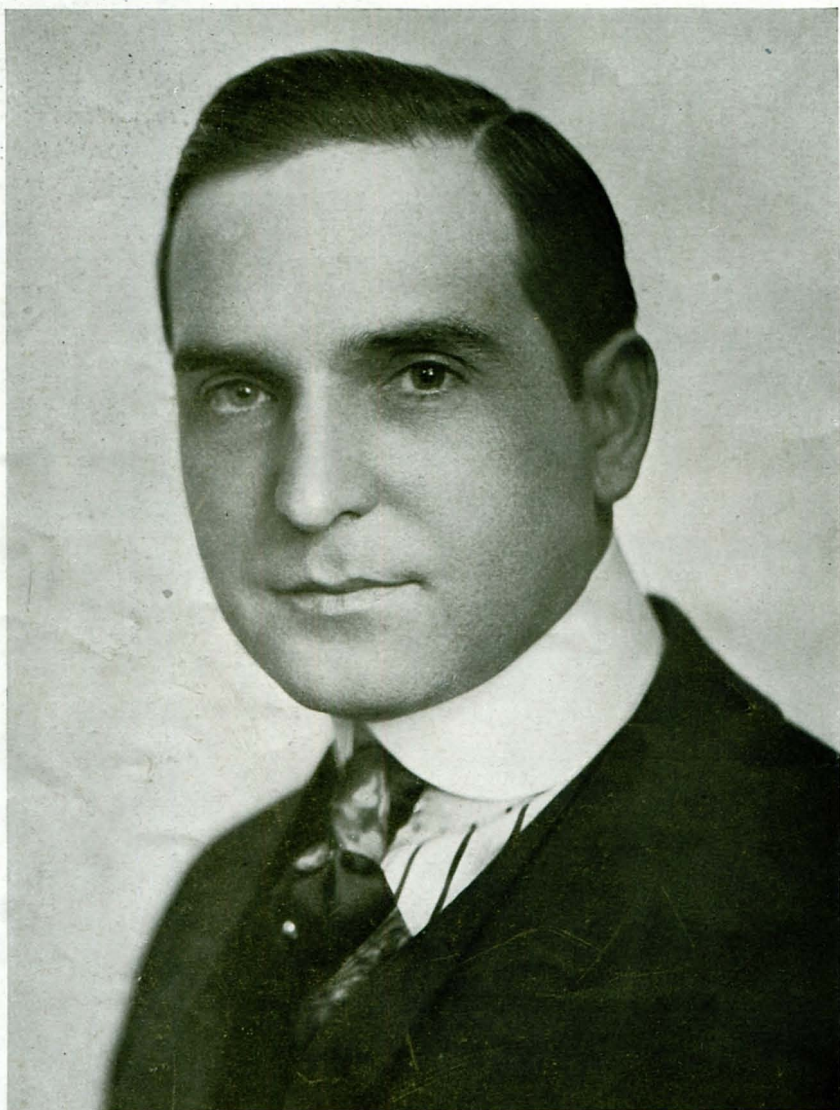
EDITH STOREY

was born in New York, March 18th, 1892 and made her first appearance on the vocal stage at the age which seems to be a favorite for beginning the professional training of stage children—eight, and played with many famous stars in legitimate attractions. Her first appearance on the screen was with the Vitagraph Company of America with whom she is to this day. She lives on Riverside Drive, New York, and is an accomplished athlete.



VERA SISSON

is the little Mormon girl who jumped from her high school graduation gown to success in the motion pictures with the Universal company. The young woman had been with the company but a short time when Director J. F. MacDonald gave her the leading part in his comedy, "Neighbors," and she went straight through the public eye and staked off a claim in the great American heart. Her favorite divertissement is "taking in the movies."



EARLE WILLIAMS

leading man with the Vitagraph, is one of California's "native sons," and a nephew of James Paget, one of the most famous actors of the past generation. He entered theatrical work as a boy in New Orleans, and later was heavy with Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady" and juvenile in Mary Mannering's "Glorious Betsey." He joined the Vitagraph company to while summer idleness away, and has stuck to become an international favorite.



ELLA HALL

—there is just 17 years and 105 pounds of her, mostly sunshine, golden hair and big blue eyes—was born in New York, and has been brightening dark movie theaters for a matter of six years. She isn't married and for that reason doesn't mind acknowledging that she gets "an awful lot of fun out of just sewing and darning." To this old fashioned accomplishment however she adds the ability to drive a big car. She is with the Universal company.



Charlie Chaplin and Edna Purviance

This fascinating blonde young comedy leading lady is Mr. Chaplin's selection out of five thousand answers to an ad in a San Francisco newspaper.



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



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"The Little Colonel"

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A MAN
WHO ADORNS HIS PROFESSION

By K. Owen

THE man, or maybe it was a woman, who described Henry B. Walthall as "a poet who had wandered into the movies," was a poor guesser.

Walthall was dragged into the movies against his will—at first. Now he couldn't be dragged out, because the fame which was denied him in the legitimate drama because of an abbreviated stature, one of those cruel jokes which nature occasionally perpetrates, has been won via the screen.

Reverting to Walthall's unwilling entry into pictures about six years ago, it may be stated incidentally that the man who dragged him in was that irresistible force yclept David Wark Griffith. (Why is it, I complain, that one can't write a story about any photodrama celebrity without giving this same Griffith person a boost?)

At any rate this is the way it happened as told by the hero of this little yarn in his dressing room at the Reliance-Majestic as he was packing his duds prior to his departure for Chicago.

"It was in New York, the summer of 1906. I had been with Henry Miller in 'The Great Divide' for several seasons and was going to London with his company in the fall. I was killing some time at the Players Club and encountered a well known producer, who was trying to interest me in a proposition. He asked me if I knew where Jim Kirkwood was and asked me to locate him as he wanted him

*Henry B. Walthall,
as the "Little Colo-
nel" in "The Birth
of a Nation."*





As the "Little Colonel" in "The Birth of the Nation" he scored his greatest success. It's something to have won distinction in the greatest picture ever made.

also. Kirkwood and I had played together for several seasons. I volunteered to find him and went out to his house.

"I received an awful shock at the Kirkwood home. Mrs. Jim told me that her husband was working in the movies. I was horrified. Then I determined to rescue him. I asked where he was working and she said he had gone to Greenwich, Conn., for the day to take a scene. She told me where I could find him the next day, at the Biograph studio.

"Having decided to rescue Jim from the clutches of the despised movies I went to the Biograph the next day. My worst fears were realized. Jim was in convicts' stripes. He seemed insensible to the shame of the situation. I blushed for him but no one noticed it. They were all too busy or too well satisfied with themselves. While they were putting up a set, Kirkwood introduced me to Griffith. I had never heard of him, but he had seen me in 'Under Southern Skies' and 'The Great Divide.'

"You are just the man I want," said Griffith. 'Just the right type. Get on these old clothes, take this shovel and come on out in the street. There's a nice little sewer trench out there that will just fit you and bye-and-bye your sweet little daughter will bring papa his lunch.'

"Well, I did it—or rather, Griffith did it. My debut as a motion picture actor was made in a sewer trench. The picture was 'A Convict's Sacrifice' and Kirkwood was the convict. It wasn't very hard work and after that first experience I came to the conclusion that I might as well be knocking down five a day that way as loafing about.

"I went to London in the fall with Miller's company but upon our return I

headed straight for the old Biograph and I have been in the pictures ever since. Of course I have never regretted it."

Walthall's first notable success in a multiple reel feature was his Assyrian captain in "Judith of Bethulia." Then came Griffith's departure from the Biograph and like some of the other stars, Walthall went with him. As the "Little Colonel" in "The Birth of a Nation," he scored his most notable success, although many fans think his work in "The Avenging Conscience" was better. He has also starred in "Classmates," "Strongheart" and other old stage favorites for Pathe and last spring he played the leading male role in "Beulah," produced by the Balboa company. Then he returned to the Griffith studio and did two Ibsen plays, "Ghosts" and "Pillars of Society," his two last releases.

As to the beginning of Walthall's stage career, it may be briefly summarized. If you are a man who lived back in the days when boys read Horatio Alger, Jr., instead of going to "Movie shows," which were then undreamed of, you can

recognize the following symptoms: Poor boy. Big family. Little schooling. Had to do the plowing. Dreams of success in great city far away from milk pail on the arm stuff. Sad farewells as choo-choo chugs away. Skyscrapers. Makes good. "Home, James."

Slightly elaborated, Mr. Walthall was born and raised on a plantation in Shelby County, Alabama, said farm being some three miles from the nearest postoffice. He was the eldest boy in a family of six children and the family fortunes, which had been impaired during the civil war, were still at low ebb. He had but six months of actual schooling but his early education was not neglected. His parents were both highly cultured and they saw to that. Just



Around the studios they say "Wallie" Walthall is a great actor and a "prince."

to show that there was no ill-feeling remaining he enlisted during the Spanish-American war in a regiment organized at Birmingham, but, like thousands of other patriotic young Southerners, and Northerners as well, got no farther than Florida. Then came six months of law reading which proved "too dry."

His mother, despite a talent for mimicry, had an abhorrence of the stage, and Henry suppressed his longing for Thespian fame until after her death. The money to take him to New York was borrowed from a neighbor. His only experience had consisted of "speaking pieces" in school. Armed with letters attesting to his good character from Governor Johnston and United States Senator Morgan, he landed in New York. Through a friend of the senator's he got his first job at the Murray Hill theater as a messenger in "Secret Service." His first week's work netted him \$4.50. Then he got a better job at the American theater, and remained there several months. After that his rise was slow but sure, but the handicap that nature imposed upon him was preventive of stellar honors. He had to "build up" his height in the parts he played, but what nature failed to do, the camera and camera skill have corrected.

Just a few intimate lines garnered while we were "sparing for an opening" in the little dressing room. With due regard to the correspondence school, "Hints on How to Interview Stage Celebrities," I pulled on him the usual queries.

"My favorite roles? Character parts. But they are not so remunerative as straight leads. I like them too, but not the mushy matinee idol roles, always trying to keep some villain from stealing your sweetheart and getting plotted against, etc. I'd rather

play the villain, especially when he turns out finally to be all right.

"Ibsen roles? 'Ghosts,' was horrible, but it gave an opportunity to act.

"Why my work is so well liked? I try to live the part and I never speak the lines as do other actors on the screen. I just think them and find that the results are better."

In concluding just two simple pen pictures:

The pose of the matinee idol is lacking. The clothes that mark the "movie" star on the crowded city streets are lacking. One interested in analyzing passersby would pick him for a clerk of retiring disposition and religious predilections on his way to a noon-day Bible meeting at the First Methodist church. There is no air of distinction, real or assumed, no desire to attract attention. A modestly gray-clad figure, slender, slightly below the average height of men, unfashionable hat and shoes, a tie of blending

rather than contrasy colors adorned with a pin showing the raised enamel figure of a bird dog "at point;" the simple bronze button of the Spanish war veteran on the lapel. This is the Henry Walthall of the street.

An alert, lithe figure which spells grace in every movement, topped by a shock of wavy black hair; wholly unobtrusive yet missing no detail of what is transpiring; a poet with dreaming eyes transformed in the fraction of a second into a dashing swashbuckler, a defiant sinned-against

hero or jealous lover—or anything else the script calls for.

This is the "Wallie Walthall" of the studio—a lovable fellow "on and off," who has always a pleasant nod for the adoring extra girl and a kindly smile or handshake for the old, broken down fellow who has fled to the studio as a haven of refuge when the legit has cast him aside.



Many admirers say his wonderful work in "The Avenging Conscience" will remain a classic.

Camera Immortelles at Frisco Fair



A striking night view across the lagoon, of the Palace of Fine Arts.



*From private collections of A. M. Nichols, Chicago.
Colonnades of the Greco-Roman wing to the
Palace of Fine Arts.*

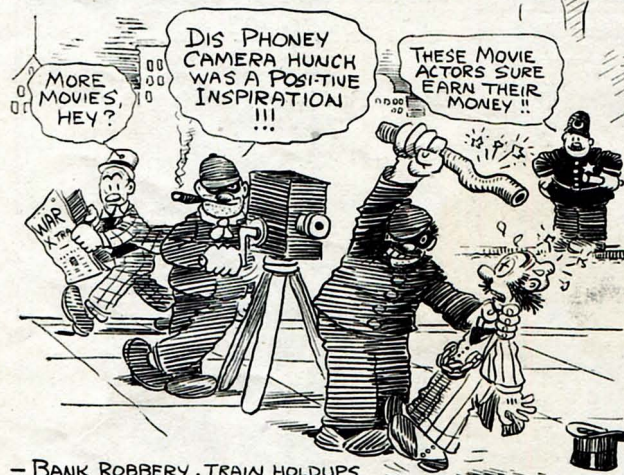
Grecian Pavilion of Fine Arts Palace.



Will it Come to This?



-WE WILL ALL BE LIP READERS IN A FEW YEARS THEY SAY.



-BANK ROBBERY, TRAIN HOLDUPS AND LITTLE JOBS WILL BE RENDERED PERFECTLY SAFE BY THIS METHOD!

- THE CLAM-MAN -
DIRECTED BY
DAVID WARK GRIFFITH
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SMITH
COSTUMES BY JONES
SCENERY BY BROWN
CAST -
BLANCHETTE, WIFE,
PINKY, WOLFE, ETC.

-THE "STILLS" WILL BE AS BAD AS A THEATRE PROGRAM BEFORE LONG!



- AND WE WILL HAVE TO BE BLESSED WITH A LONG LIFE IF WE WANT TO SEE A WHOLE SERIAL !!

The Baby or The Bow?

IN WHICH A CELEBRATED EMOTIONAL ACTRESS, WEARER OF THE ORDER OF THE BIG RIBBON, CONFESSES TO AMBITION AT THE ADVANCED AGE OF FORTY-EIGHT (MONTHS).

By Grace Kingsley.

QUESTION beside which international debates are as tea-chatter: did the bow make the baby famous? It's certainly the most illustrious kid prop in picturedom, at any rate!

Olive Johnson, four years old, and star of the Reliance company: it's something like bringing down flies with cannon-balls to interview such a briefsoubrette; but there are some refreshing results.

"It's indeed a delight to meet so great a star," you begin, in quite the old bro-mide fashion, and are greeted with:

"Yes ma'am. Please sit down. No, look out, not on my dollie. Look out!"

A grown-up interview always starts out with—

"What do you expect to do in the future? What is your ambition?"

And Olive straightens up the sassy bow on her hair, flums out her sassy little skirts, and admonished by her mother to keep quiet and not dance about so much, settles down on the sofa with a submissive sigh.

"Well, when I get old, about eight, I expect to go to school, and when I get awful old, fourteen or so, my auntie is going to send me to Paris to study for the stage."

"How did you happen to go into motion

pictures?"

"Went over and danced and danced and said I was a good girl, and I got a job."

"Who is your favorite actress?"

"Oh, Charlie Chaplin. And Edna Mason, 'cause she brings me candy and has to cry in the pictures just like I do."

"Do you cry real tears in your sad scenes?"

"Bet I do!"

"How does your director, Mr. Franklin, get you to cry?"

"He tells me I'm a bum actress and spansks me!"

"What kind of parts do you object to playing?"

"Oh, I don't hate any kind, 'cept where they hit you wif cream puffs!"

"What parts do you just yearn to play?"

"Grown up ladies with earrings. Like Cleo Madison. An' I want to play boys' parts now, 'cause I'm tired of this bow on my head. Billie Jacobs and all the boys make fun of it and pull my hair."

"What is your

great ambition?"

"What I want to do? To get out in the alley and make mud pies, and own a boat 'n' a pug dog, 'n have five children and huckleberry pie every day for lunch."

"What sort of make-up do you use?"

"Tooth-brush and hair-ribbon."



"I'm tired of this bow. The boys make fun of it and pull my hair."

"Which of your own pictures do you like best?"

"Olive's Pet, 'cause I played with a big black dog and besides my legs photographed just grand."

"What particular objection have you to your leading man, Billie Jacobs?" (One always objects to one's leading man for one reason or another, from hats to hugging.)

"Billie takes my nickles to keep 'em for me, 'cause he has pockets, and I can't git 'em back!"

"How do you get those wonderful expressions on your face? Do you really feel your great emotional roles?"

"Oh, my, yes, 'specially when I fell down stairs and Billie spit in my eye!"

"What is your favorite 'location'?"

"Venice merry-go-round is my favorite location, and a place underneath the wharf where I can squash my toes in the sand."

"What was the most dramatic role

"Oh, a awful hard part where I fell down stairs in the 'Commanding Officer.'"

"What do you consider the best qualification in a motion picture director?"

"If he lets you dress up and play house

in the sets, and buys you ice cream and don't get mad with you even when you kick his shins."

"What kind of parts do you usually play?"

"Stuck-up parts, with my hair tied in the big ribbon. And I roll my eyes and flirt with the boys. See?" (Illustrating.)

"What do you do with your big salary?"

"I give a new hat to sister when mamma makes me, and I buy myself clothes and all-day suckers and put the rest in the bank."

"How do you spend your vacations? Study I suppose?"

"Nope. I wanta stay in town and go to shows and play motion pictures and mud pies in the alley with One-Eye Ben, the newsboy, but mamma makes me go to Pasadena and water the flowers and play with Helen."

"Every great actress gets nice presents. What's the nicest one you ever got?"

"Oh, my kitty there from Robert Thornby, who used to be my director. My kitty's name is Lenore. I named him after my sister, 'cause my sister's way back east."

Mary Pickford: Lady Bountiful

MARY PICKFORD is planning a picnic for the several hundred children inmates of the Catholic Orphans' Home of Los Angeles.

Some time ago, "Little Mary" and her manager, Al Kauffman, went to visit the asylum and were shown through the establishment by the Mother Superior.

The Mother Superior was not very worldly, so that when Mr. Kauffman remarked that perhaps some of the children would recognize Miss Pickford, she said that perhaps they would, as they were very bright children!

And they must have been, for no sooner did they lay eyes upon the little brown-eyed, golden-haired actress than they crowded about her like honeybees about a flower blossom.

One little invalid, hopelessly ill in the infirmary, asked the little actress to kiss her, which Mary Pickford did, and left the bedside blinded by her tears.

In addition to the picnic, there will be a truly great picture show which will be given under Mr. Kauffman's direction.

Chaplin Caught with the Goods

THEY'VE been arresting Charlie Chaplin imitators around Los Angeles lately.

The other day, while Charlie and his company were engaged in producing a picture in the outskirts of the city, there came a scene in which Charlie did not appear, and he took the occasion to wander off to a nearby alley and smoke a cigarette in the cool of its shade.

Whereupon a zealous cop seized the world's greatest by the neck and said,

"Come on!"

"Why?" asked Charlie.

"You know. Raisin' rough around here imitatin' dat Chaplin guy."

"But I am Chaplin!"

The policeman permitted himself a laugh.

"Say, you look about as much like Charlie Chaplin as I do!" he chortled booming. "Nix on dat noise. I've seen twenty better'n you. Yer mustache ain't right an' yer nose is on the bum. Come on. March!"

And Charlie had to call the company and politely explain.

Heavyweight Athletics

SOME ADVICE FROM ONE OF OUR LEADING STOUT BOYS—ROSCOE ARBUCKLE

By K. Owen

FAT men attention! Lean ones may listen.

Having your concentrated and undivided attention, I will now proceed along lines that are of vital import to you.

History ancient and modern has been unkind to the fat man. He has been the butt of quips and jests by poets and philosophers. Even in the present day it has been accepted almost as a truism that "Nobody loves a fat man." As to this more anon.

Back in the early days of outdoor sports when J. Caesar held the all around championship, fat men were regarded as fat-heads, who devoted their think works to devising ways and means of tickling their palates and filling their tanks. The fat men of later days who were only superficial readers have considered that "Battling" Caesar was a booster for them because he said once: "Let me have men about me that are fat."

This wasn't a boost but a vicious knock at the fat fraternity. Why? Because Julius wanted to keep the championship for ever and he was leary of thin guys—"lean and hungry" he called them. He looked upon those in the light and feather class as slickers, sharks, framers and double-crossers, who would dope him if they got a chance or steer him up against a skirt that would put him on the blink. Even up to the time that "Kid" Brutus put him away for the count, the battler always proceeded on the assumption that a fat man carried his brains in his bread basket and ever since the man of uncertain weight has had a most

difficult time living down that reputation. So much for history.

All great reforms are the product of evolution. Justice for, and recognition of, the fat man as a weighty force in the affairs of mankind, has been a long time coming. It is just about here. The fat man is already looked upon as something more than a jest—much more. His sphere is gradually widening. I mean to say, his sphere of activity is not confined to his waist measure. He is broadening out. Look into the realms of statesmanship for instance. See what Bill Taft did. The successes of Woodrow Wilson and Hinky Dink to the contrary

notwithstanding, Taft who would make three of either still retains the titular

"History, ancient and modern, has been unkind to the fat man."



Arise before 9 A. M. Dress and lace your own shoes. This develops the abdominal muscles. Brush your teeth. If right handed, comb the hair with the left hand as the toothbrush has provided sufficient exercise for the right. Then eat a light breakfast to wit:

Strawberries and cream; a nice T-bone steak with a side order of fried potatoes and not more than four fried eggs; several pieces of toast and coffee. Do not drink more than three cups. More than that may induce biliousness.

If you feel that you have eaten too much, take a little exercise such as rolling a few cigarettes. If this exercise

Some of Arbuckle's best pictures have been played opposite the dashing Mabel Normand.

headship of the Republican party. Gaze into the world of art and consider Charley Van Loan, Ban Johnson, Irvin Cobb and General Von Hindenberg!

As to finance, Wall street has a plethora of fat men with plethoric purses and the advance of the sciences has been greatly contributed to by fat men of whom I could provide a column of names if I could recall them.

But one field has been immune from invasion by men of generous proportions. I refer, fellow citizens, to the athletic field.

But there is hope; I repeat with right hand upraised and index finger thereof pointing zenithward, "There Is Hope," that the fat man will come into his own in the realms of physical endeavor. I have it from no less an authority than that great exponent and developer of obesity (if it be true that laughs make fat), Roscoe Arbuckle, known to every man, woman and child in the civilized world and Europe as "Fatty."

Roscoe says the fat man may transform himself into an athlete by proper exercising and eating. He knows. He has done so. He knows that others can do so. His great love for fat men impels him to give his discovery to the world. Here it is. Ready. Camera:



Roscoe makes up as a charming, but somewhat plump widow

proves insufficient, join an athletic club where the bar opens early. Transact what business is necessary to your affairs but do not overexert. By this time you will be ready for lunch. I advise a very light luncheon such as:

A bowl of clam chowder; several selds of beer; cold asparagus with mayonnaise dressing; a slab of roast beef; two or three baked potatoes; two pieces of blackberry or apricot pie. Instead of coffee which is harmful at this meal, drink a quart of buttermilk.

I cannot lay too much stress on the deleterious effects of sweet or starchy foods. Avoid them by all means. After luncheon, rest for a few hours in a prone position. Sleeping in a chair is harmful to digestion. After having thoroughly rested, the most vigorous exercise of the day should be taken. I cannot advise golf as I have found that it ruins the disposition and exhausts one's vocabulary. The best form of afternoon exercise is provided by the automobile. An auto ride is bracing and there is always a chance of running across some chickens which furnish a good mental stimulant. Be sure and take your driver of emergencies; to avoid the undue exertion incurred in changing tires or you become fatigued from driving. Rolling cigarettes occasionally prevents the muscles of the hands and arms from becoming numb. To guard against unforeseen contingencies, take a light lunch with you, such as a couple

dozen hard boiled eggs; potato salad; two fried chickens; a couple of apple pies; a quart brick of ice cream (if there are any ladies in the party) and a half dozen bottles of beer (quarts). I would state here that it is inadvisable to drink within an hour

before or after meals unless one is very thirsty.

The best place to eat this emergency lunch is in the lee side of a brewery, or some other shady spot, preferably the lee side of a brewery. Don't get out of the car, but make your wife spread the lunch and hand it to you. If she is as unselfish as mine, and I assume she is, she will be satisfied with what is left.

Naturally the bracing air and motion of the car will stimulate your appetite and you will be in the mood to eat a good dinner when you get back from the ride. The dinner should always be your heartiest meal. I have found the following menu to be very satisfying:

Martini or Bronx; crabmeat cocktail; dozen raw oysters; some thin soup; stuffed celery parisienne; cold artichokes with mayonnaise; fried salmon steak or sand dabs; hungarian goulash with home-made noodles; roast turkey

with dressing and cranberry sauce; fresh asparagus, green peas, stewed corn; french pastry, roquefort cheese with toasted crackers; large cup coffee. (Do not drink more than six steins of beer during the course of the meal.)

After such a meal one may go to a



"Roscoe Arbuckle, known to every man, woman and child in the civilized world and Europe as 'Fatty.'"

theatre in which event a comfortable seat should be chosen but it is better to go to bed. After undressing, take sleep inducing exercises such as wriggling the toes and cracking the fingers for two minutes. Avoid playing the phonograph and other violent exercise before retiring. If you are too tired to unhook your wife's dress, pick a fight with her and she will tear it off. Do not sleep over 12 hours. Cut!

There you have it. Mr. Arbuckle has become a successful athlete. He has made millions wonder at his wonderful agility and laugh at his athletic antics. He is by far the biggest man on the screen, far overshadowing such as Griffith, Sennett and other big ones. He is the man who made Charlie Chaplin famous by lending him a pair of pants and a pair of shoes when Charlie first came to the Keystone and he is still wearing them.

In addition to being an athlete and comedian, Roscoe is also one of the premier comedy directors in the movies. He directs all his own plays and has turned out more comedies than any man in the business.

And all this has been done despite a normal avoirdupois of 280 pounds stripped. Going some. Eh. What?

Arbuckle was born in Kansas about 28 years ago. At the age of one he learned that the state had gone dry and emigrated to California, where he has since resided.

He is a graduate of Santa Clara college where he was a football star and glee club feature. At the tender age of 18 and weight of 230, he began his theatrical career singing illustrated songs.

Then Leon Errol who at the time was producing dinky musical comedy at Portland gave him a job because of his size and tenor voice. Errol taught him how to fall without incurring damage and he has been falling ever since. His work in "The Campus," a college musical comedy, put him before the playgoing public as a star. Then he followed the procession into the big tent and has been in the movies since. During that time he has fallen down stairs and upstairs hundreds of times, been pounded, kicked and slammed all over the camera's vision, pushed off high piers into the ocean and thrown out of boats.

His biggest "stunt" was a 70 foot dive into a park lake which he has not repeated because of the fact that his impact with the water jarred loose all his front teeth. He is an expert swimmer and diver, can run a hundred yards in 11 flat, the world's record for fat men; can box with any of the heavy weights around and—well he can do anything else required by any situation.

Moral: Everybody loves a fat man on the screen if he has the punch.

P. S.: Don't think because you are fat that you can't be an ath-a-lete.

"You Know Me, Al"

IN all the round, wide world there never was a more ingeniously, screamingly funny letter writer than the coiner of the above immortal line. Ring Lardner's creation, the author of the "You know me, Al" letters, is to appear as the "hero" of twelve one-reel comedies. The comedies are being made in Chicago, the breezy birthplace of Al and his pal, and will appear under the stamp of the World Film Corporation.

"A MESSAGE to Garcia," the story that made the late Elbert Hubbard famous, and which has been translated and published in twelve different languages and in every civilized country on the face of the earth, is to be made into a photoplay by the Vitagraph Company.

Census Report on Movies

SOME recent figures issued by the bureau of the census in Washington give the first accurate statistics on the magnitude of the financial side of motion pictures.

During the year 1914, up to December 1st, \$20,000,000 were spent in the manufacture of motion picture negatives. Ten thousand reels of negative, each about a thousand feet long, were made. An average of thirty-five positives, according to the Washington reports, were made from each negative; the positives costing \$17,000,000 more, totalling \$37,000,000 for the manufacturing cost of all the films that were manufactured and exhibited.

At least ten million people go to the movies every day in the United States; between 850,000 and 900,000 in New York City and about 385,000 in Chicago.

The Girl on the Cover

*Just take Mabel
Normand at Her
Screen Value and
you know her*

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A GIRL
WHO HAS MADE THE WORLD
BRIGHTER FOR MILLIONS

By James R. Quirk

IT was raining the first day I visited the Keystone Studio. The air was full of Glooms. Little Glooms slipped under the doors of the dressing rooms, clambered up over the mirrors, smuggled themselves into the damp wardrobes, took possession of the entire outfit and dripped over everything.

Joy and Cheer were unable to stand the terrific onslaught of the dismal army.

The enemy was in full possession of the capital of the Kingdom of Fun.

Lieutenant Mack Sennett and Sergeant Charlie "Hogan" Murray tried to rally the retreating forces, but the joys and cheers kept right on running.

Ford Sterling was peeved at Polly Moran because she refused to jump off a three-story building to make a thrill—the first time Polly had ever balked at anything—and of course Polly wasn't radiating joy right then either.

Chester Conklin did his best to start something, but Chester was struck by a shell of gloom gas and died like a hero.

Suddenly a loud chug-chug-chug-chug-chug-chug (six cylinders) was heard outside. The prisoners held captured by the gloom army raised



their heads. Even Ford grinned at Polly, and Polly grinned back and said she'd jump off a skyscraper if he said so.

The clouds rolled by. The sun burst forth. Joy and Cheer made a bayonet charge on the Gloom trenches, and nary a Gloom lived to claim a victory in the war reports.

Mabel Normand had arrived.

"Hello fellers," yells Mabel—just like that, as she flashed her great, laughing eyes around in a general greeting, and everyone drinks in the smile.

"Hello Mabel," they all yell back; and inside five minutes five cameramen are winding the funniest film comedies in the world into big black boxes, and half a hundred high salaried fun makers are seriously at work manufacturing laughs for the movie millions.

Now maybe Mabel didn't induce that shower to stop or lure out Old Sol, but if that bright fellow has any appreciation of bewitching femininity at all he simply couldn't have resisted her.

After witnessing the wonderful metamorphosis which the presence of this girl brought about in that studio, I felt more convinced than ever that character and personality has brought out with marvelous accuracy by the camera and screen. The evidence of this is the failure of many great stage stars to shine with anything like equal candlepower on the films. The "close-up" is deadly to artificiality. The "close-up" generally tells the truth.

Just take Miss Normand at her screen value, and you know her.

Being a firm believer in "close-ups," I started out to get some of them on Miss

Fearlessness is one of her characteristics. When a thrill is required in a picture nothing daunts her.

Normand from her friends. I quit this very quickly. I was engulfed and overwhelmed with a tidal wave of adjectives, adverbs, superlatives, and other parts of speech they talk about in the grammar books. Mabel has no friends among her intimates. She has worshipers.

Her fame as a comedienne is coupled closely with the success of Mack Sennett, the director of the Keystone studios, but Sennett himself is the first to proclaim her capabilities as a creator of situations and the important part she has played in the tremendous task of organizing the forces of the company. Many of the comedy artists at the Keystone studios vow eternal gratitude to the girl who spent many hours aiding them in their own parts after she had spent a long, tiresome day at her own work.

If generosity ever becomes a fault, Miss Normand has one glaring defect. Although she draws one of the largest salaries in filmland, she will never be rich unless someone has a pocketbook guardian appointed for her. I do not mean that she is a spender. Mabel does not spend half as much on herself as others who earn one-fifth as much.

Here is just one little instance. It is typical. Miss Normand just cannot stand to see anyone else in need.

One day, away back of the properties, in an out of the way nook of the Keystone studios, she found a little extra girl crying, her head in her arms, bent over her meagre little dressing table. In her outstretched hand was a telegram—"Mother very sick; wants to see you; can



you come home?"

Miss Normand lifted the little extra girl's head. She had never seen her before.

"Are you going?" she asked.

"No, I can't," was the sobbing answer.

"Well, you come right along with me," she commanded. "If your only trouble is money, you are going home to New York today."

Miss Normand's picture career began before a Vitagraph camera. She had been a model in an exclusive Fifth Avenue shop before that. She was only with the Vitagraph a short time when she joined the old Biograph pioneers and was one of that famous group which included David W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, Owen Moore, Mack Sennett, Florence Lawrence, Billy Quirk, Blanche Sweet, and others, who have since achieved fame.

From the start she demonstrated an unusual ability for comedy, and when Mack Sennett left the Biograph to start the Keystone company, Mabel went with him. The Keystone films made a hit from the start. They had a character all their own. Sennett's fertile brain—and by the way, Miss Normand



The word is not misused when "beautiful" is applied to Mabel Normand. She couldn't look anything else in any make-up.

calls him "Nappy," short for Napoleon—brought forth one novel plot after another, and Miss Normand was his right hand bower in working them out. Always brim-full of new ideas and ever creating new scenarios she helped Sennett make moving picture history out there in Edendale, Calif.

Miss Normand's views on the future of the comedy picture are enlightening.

"I make it a part of my daily work," she told me, "to attend theaters where they show Keystone pictures. I listen eagerly for criticisms among the audience and many times get good ideas in this way. But I do not confine myself to my own pictures either. I see everybody's. That is the only

way I can keep in touch.

"The comedy of four or five years ago was a very different affair from those made today, but I think there is still plenty of room for improvement, and the next few years will witness as great a development.

"Of course there will always be the slap-stick work. That brand of humor is still popular on the stage, with some people, and



there will always be more or less of a demand for this kind of fun.

"Did you ever want to be a regular heroine without any comedy business to

do?" I asked her.

"Goodness, yes," she answered. "But why should I go looking for such large competition."

Special Studios Built for Geraldine Farrar —Filmdom's Latest Captive

GERALDINE FARRAR—her voice is still singing in the hearts of Russ, Teuton, Frank and Englishman, though ruder sounds fill their ears—is now doing silent opera at the Lasky studios in Hollywood, California. Farrar voiceless! The Mona Lisa without her smile; a Stradavarius without its strings; children of a deaf and dumb institute at play!

But then one reflects. In addition to being the most beautiful woman ever to star in grand opera, with the possible exception of Lina Cavalieri, Miss Farrar is noted for her dramatic ability which would have borne her to fame on the stage had there been no voice to supplement it. By all rights Miss Farrar ought to be divided, for if one fills his eye with her he cannot possibly have ears, and if one is lost in an ecstasy of sound how possibly can he see?

Miss Farrar began work in her operatic pictures June 14. She is to appear in three pictures, and her engagement calls for eight weeks' steady work. Supporting her are such Lasky stars as Theodore Roberts, James Neill, Ralph Kellard and Pedro de Cordoba.

On her arrival in San Francisco the opera star and her party were met at the train by Mayor Rose of Los Angeles and 500 school children, who strewed a pathway of flowers from the singer's private car to her motor. Traveling in Miss Farrar's entourage are her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Farrar; her personal manager, Morris Gest, and Mrs. Gest; two maids, a secretary, a man-servant, a chef, a hair-dresser and a chauffeur.

Miss Farrar and her party occupy a beautiful bungalow among the hills of

Hollywood. The grounds and garden attached to the bungalow are about two acres in extent. This home does not cost the star a cent, but comes out of the Lasky coffers, together with the meals, automobiles and incidental expenses.

The building in which Miss Farrar will do her studio work was especially built for her, and contains her private reception room, dressing-room and bath. As the singer objected to crowds of visitors watching her work, the part of the stage where her sets are being done was boxed in and a private corridor was arranged for her exclusive use, leading from her dressing-room to the stage.

Miss Farrar's contract with the Lasky company is a rather unusual document for a player in motion pictures to hold. It provides that the star shall not work more than six hours a day, this period to be broken into morning and afternoon sessions of three hours each, with an intervening period of two hours at midday for rest. The Lasky company also agreed that she would not be required to do anything to impair her voice or health.

The Lasky company also took out insurance covering all damage to Miss Farrar from the time she entrained at New York until she sets foot safely back there. Miss Farrar will receive \$35,000 for the eight weeks' work, which, at six hours a day, can be resolved into the smaller units of \$2 a minute.

As the work progressed, the singer repeatedly expressed delight with the results achieved, especially when she was allowed to witness herself in the play, in the projecting rooms.

Charlie Chaplin's Story

His Stage Career and Movie Beginning

By Harry C. Carr

Drawings by E. W. Gale

The first part of the story of Charlie Chaplin—in the July issue—was a record of his early career as narrated to Mr. Carr by Mr. Chaplin. Part III—in the September Issue, will describe his experiences at the Keystone Studios, where he became famous.

PART II

AFTER he became old enough to be a "regular actor," Charlie Chaplin didn't find the going very easy.

The irony of his fate was that, after all his training by his mother for the career of a legitimate actor, the only direction in which he really scored was in rather rough comedy. His success, however, was in the quaint touch that he brought to what had formerly been pointless horse play.

Chaplin tells his friends that he knocked around from pillar to post on the stage in England—sometimes in one job, sometimes in another. He says that he was glad to eke out a bare living. Most of the time he was working in burlesque and pantomime. He ascribes his success in the pictures to the early training that he got under the great English pantomimists.

About 1910, Fred Karno put on a variety act called, "A Night in a London Music Hall." It concerned the adventures of a very badly spifficated young swell in a box at a music hall. The stage was set for a miniature music hall with the boxes at one side of the stage. The tipsy young swell sat in one of these boxes. He tried to "queen" all the beautiful ladies on the music hall vaudeville bill. Several times he climbed over the edge of the box onto the miniature stage. Most of the time, he was either falling into or out of the box. The swell had to do about a million comic "falls" during the progress of the sketch. It was very funny and ended in a riot of boisterous mirth.

In England, the part of the tipsy young person was taken by Billy Reeves, a well known comedian who is now with the Universal Film Co. The sketch made such a hit that Karno finally decided to send it over to the United States. Reeves proved to be a riot here and Karno organized and sent over a No. 2 company to tour the Western States. Charlie Chaplin was employed to head the No. 2 company.

His salary was \$50 a week.

Chaplin often tells his friends of his adventures when he first arrived in the United States. It is enough to say when he first looked upon us as a nation, he decided that he would not do. He didn't think anything of us that we would enjoy remembering.

Chaplin says that shortly after arriving in New



York, he went to a show in a vaudeville theatre. It happened that some vaudeville actor was giving an imitation of an English Swell—or at least what he thought was an English swell . . . a regular Bah Jove one . . . one of those remarkable creations, the like of which really never lived on the earth. Chaplin, who is a very serious young person, was deeply offended. To say he was peeved at this reflection upon his countrymen is putting it mildly. As the sketch went on, Charlie got so indignant he couldn't stand it any longer. He rose in his seat and started a public protest. He never got any further than "Oh I say, there," when some of his loving friends grabbed him and removed him from the place before the janitor got a chance to cave in his now celebrated countenance.

Charlie likes America now. He confesses that he finally returned to England at the head of his No. 2 "Night in a Music Hall" company and found that he had outgrown England. Also England had outgrown him. He cheerfully admits that England couldn't see him at all. The English are peculiar as theatre audiences. They cling to the old favorites and resent new comers taking their places. So Charlie, after vainly tumbling around on the stages of his native land, exclaimed to his companions, "For God's sake let's get back to the United States where they know about us."

Chaplin's western tour was a huge success. He played the Sullivan and Consideine Circuit on the Pacific Coast. To tell the truth he was simply a riot. In Los Angeles especially, he made an immense hit. The word flew around the "wise alleys" to "go over to the Empress and see that drunk.

He'll kill you sure." Chaplin made a special hit with other theatre people. His rough comedy had in it a touch of real thought and superiority and earnestness that was recognized as something different. Every drunken fall showed the planning of a fine brain.

Owing to the manner in which the word was passed around among Theatre people, Chaplin was well known to actors and to moving picture people around the studios of Los Angeles for sometime before he went into the business.

The year after he played his "Night in a London Music Hall," he came back to the Western States in another sketch called "The Wow Wows." In this he again took the part of a swell drunk. In fact all Chaplin's early successes were drunken "dress suit comedies."

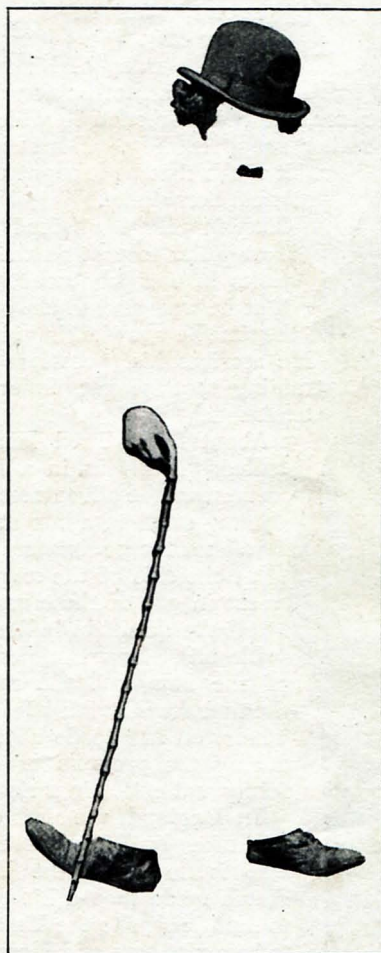
The "Wow Wows" was only fairly well received and the following years he came out again in the "London Music Hall."

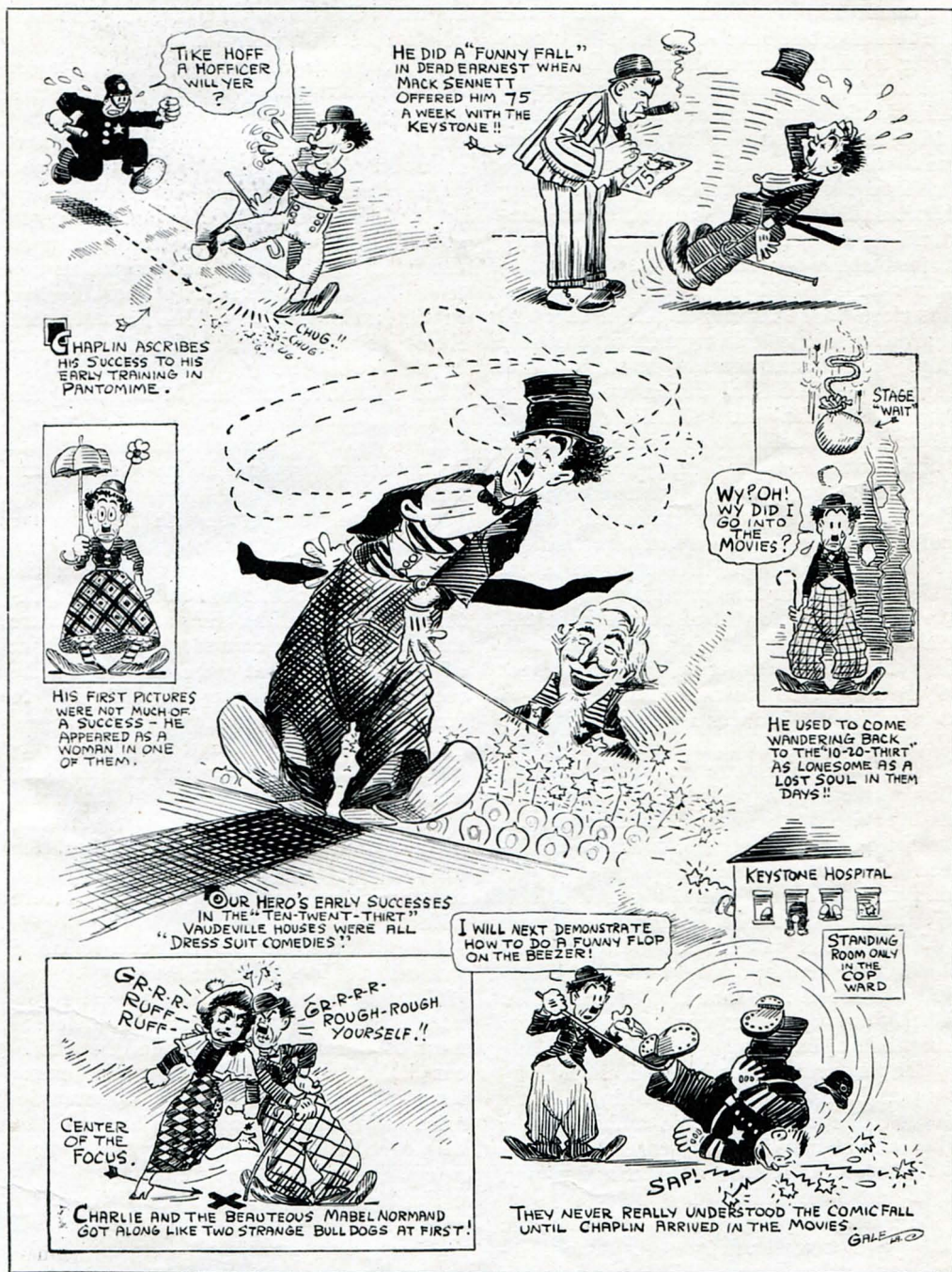
By this time, his sketch had become one of the most famous in ten-twenty-third vaudeville. During this third year some one of the Baumann and Kessel people who own the New York Motion company conceived the idea of getting Chaplin to come into moving pictures. Mack Sennett, who heads the Keystone Comedy Company was

consulted and approved of the idea. He was delegated to sign up Chaplin.

Chaplin was then getting \$75. Sennett called on him at the Empress Theatre and offered him a prodigal raise; he offered Chaplin a year's contract at \$175 a week. Chaplin was nearly scared to death.

A Los Angeles friend tells about it: "One night Charlie stopped me on the street and told me about the offer. He





was excited and didn't know what to do. He said he was afraid to try as he didn't think he would make good. The money, though, was a terrible temptation. He filled and backed for a while, but finally decided to sign. He was largely influenced

to do this by the contract. I remember that he kept saying, 'Well, you know they can't fire me for a year anyhow. No matter what a flivver I make of it, they will have to pay me my salary for a year anyhow.'

Charlie played out his vaudeville en-

gagement and went out to the Keystone. He felt about as sure of himself as a man going up in a flying machine.

To make this story right, our young hero should have gone out to the Keystone and scored a triumph; but, alas, the facts are agin him. His first days at the Keystone were anything but happy ones. They didn't understand him and he didn't understand them. Chaplin had been carefully trained along the lines of English pantomime. He found the silent drama a la American to be utterly different in every particular. They didn't get effects the same way. American comedy was, in those days, a whirlwind of action without any particular technique. Charlie was more shocked than he had been at the vaudeville actor who mocked his countryman.

From all accounts he and the lovely Mabel Normand, now the best of friends and the warmest admirers of one another, got along about as well as a dog and cat with one soup bone to arbitrate. He told Mabel what he thought of her methods and Mabel told him a lot of things. In those days Charlie used to come wandering back of the scenes at the theatres as lonesome as a lost soul. He was ready to chuck the whole business.

"They won't let me do what I want; they won't let me work in the way I am used to," he complained. His first pictures for the Keystone were not much of a success. In one of them he appeared in the part of a woman. Chaplin was a mis-fit in the organization. The directors couldn't understand his particular style of comedy and things were going very badly. Chaplin's did not fit into the Keystone comedies. A play has to be especially built up to Chaplin's style.

Chaplin was a very likeable chap, however, and was very popular with the other actors. He was modest to a fault; they liked him because he didn't try to hog either the film or the scene. Also in a shy way, he taught them a lot.

In those early days, the art of the comic fall was not well understood. The Keystone policemen were half the time in the hospital. Actors suffered more casualties than the German army. Chaplin had had a thorough training in "falls" from the trained English pantomimists. He knew exactly how to do it. He very generously passed on this knowledge to the sore and

suffering Keystone police force. The hospitals were the poorer thereby.

Also, the Keystone people began to see there was something in Chaplin's methods worth studying. Chaplin, on the other hand, began to adopt the American film methods.

He never made a real success however, until Mack Sennett let him direct his own comedies. Sennett is a very keen judge of character and he saw that if anything was to be had out of Chaplin, it must be had in Chaplin's own way. He reconstructed the organization to enable Chaplin to direct his own comedies.

Sennett's decision brought into being the quaint character with the little stubby moustache, the big shoes and the cane that is known wherever motion pictures are known.

Chaplin's first picture with the Keystone company was a little comedy sketch called, "A Film Johnny." It was taken at the first cycle car races given in southern California. Chaplin had the part of a picture fan who was always wandering out in front of the cameras that were trained on the race. His part was merely intended to "carry" the motion pictures of a race.

A good many of Chaplin's earliest pictures with the Keystone were of this character; he was used to put in incidental business in big news events. In one news picture taken at San Pedro Harbor, for instance, he was assigned the part of a rough-neck woman who was very severe with her husband.

The first picture that he directed himself was called "Caught in the Rain."

As a director, Chaplin introduced a new note into moving pictures. Theretofore most of the comedy effects had been riotous boisterousness. Chaplin, like many foreign pantomimists got his effects in a more subtle way and with less action. Also he worked alone to a greater extent than any other picture comedian.

By making the most of the little subtle effects, Chaplin enlarged the field of all motion picture comedies. It goes without saying that the simpler effects a man needs for his fun-making the more effects he has to draw on. One of the very funniest situations, for instance, in any of the Chaplin comedies was in "His Trysting Place" where Chaplin used the whiskers of a guest in a cafe for a napkin.

(Continued next month)

The KING of the MOVIES

By EDITH HUNTINGTON MASON

Illustrations especially posed for this story by members of the Lasky Studios, Los Angeles, under the direction of Cecil B. De Mille.

Sebastian H. B. Carpenter
Madelaine Florence Dagmar

Madame Veronika . . . Gertrude Kellar
Freddy Goddard Tom Forman

I

THE broad stairs of the palace were of Istrian marble and over the carved banister a drapery of purple velvet hung. At the newel post stood a great carved chest and in a corner a statuette of the Nydian Venus on a cabinet of olive wood. A French writing set in chased gold lay on the polished surface of a great mahogany table.

A palatial room, yet how strange! Where the marble stairway should have swept upward to a noble corridor it ended abruptly against a brick wall. Copies of famous tapestries on the walls were cut off at the tops as though a mammoth scissors had been at work. Instead of a majestic ceiling, there was none at all.

A strange palace indeed, though it housed royalty, for flanked by great banks of the Cooper-Hewitt lights without which no interior can be made, sat Maurice Sebastian on a property throne of Japanese teak—Maurice Sebastian, owner, director and producer of plays in the great Sebastian studio.

"King of the Movies," the world of photoplays nicknamed him, and at the same time rang with his achievements. To a master-mind of finance he united artistic intuition and abilities as an actor and director that were phenomenal. He was the dominant genius of what, under his direction and through the influence of his personality, had left the domain of an industry and become a high art.

He did not have to wear ermine to proclaim himself a King. He wore his fifty years like a crown and at sight of him persons ordinarily averse to bowing low felt an impulse to salaam.

As he sat in the tall carved chair that evening in the midst of the magnificent set which his genius had called into being, he looked, however, far from satisfied.

A boy appeared.

"Please sir, Madame Veronika is waiting!"

There was a saying among the studio directors that actresses of legitimate had to be careful,—“The movie King would get them if they didn’t watch out.” It had its origin perhaps when the news came that Sebastian had persuaded the brilliant and beautiful Greek actress, Gabrielle Veronika, to leave the stage for the screen.

Only this petted favorite of the potted drama would have dared to send such summons to the movie King.

“Tell Madame,” he commanded, “that I am not yet disengaged.” The boy vanished. Stillness in that great chamber of make-believe! The rehearsals that day had been hard ones; the first of a six-reel masterpiece, Schiller’s “Mary Stuart;” but more difficult had been the labor of keeping his hand for hours upon the throttle of detail was the present curbing of the disgust he felt for his star.

Only the evening before he had discovered her smallness. She preferred to the great Sebastian, a man like Jimmy McArthur! A low comedian! A shudder of contempt convulsed him. In a flash he saw again the dinner given by the National Moving Picture Association; on his left McArthur, perhaps the cleverest comedian in the country; but a man with thick hands, thicker neck and the soul of a catfish. On his right the superb Greek, with her full red mouth, her glorious arms . . .

He became aware that the boy had returned and was insinuating himself in and out among portions of sets and pieces of furniture towards him.

“She says,—” Her messenger came to a halt before Sebastian. “She says please—come-an’-has-she-done-anything-to - offend-you?”

A long, long silence followed.

“Tell her,” the producer said finally, and the boreal pole could not be colder than his tone,—“tell her that Mr. Sebastian re-



"Tell Madame," he commanded, "that I am not yet disengaged." At the sound of the



shut-door in his voice a woman who was standing behind one of the sets clenched her hands.

grets his inability to see Madame Veronika."

At the sound of the shut-door in his voice, a woman who was standing behind one of the sets nearest the speakers, clenched her hands. Her full red lips paled. She came out suddenly from behind her shelter and planted herself before the producer.

"Then you haven't forgiven me?" she asked.

Sebastian rose. "Madame," he replied suavely, "I have nothing to forgive!"

Not twelve hours later the movie world was astounded to hear that the King and his star had severed connections and that Madame Veronika had signed a contract with a rival company.

The Greeks stab swiftly!

II

If there was anyone in the big western city where the Sebastian Studios were situated who was familiar with the history of the great producer it was Madelaine Rew. The desire of her heart was to meet the Movie King. She shared in common with some hundred thousand young women the country over the ambition to become a movie star.

There was some excuse for Madelaine's aspirations. Her father's death, and the failure of the family fortunes, which had compelled her mother and herself, her little brother and sister to come to Chicago to live, had made it necessary for her to support herself.

True, she might have married Freddy Goddard: a young man who had nothing more serious to do in life than to play polo and amuse the girls who came to town to visit his sister. In the old days, Madelaine had been one of these, for she had known Mrs. Roberts very well when they had been at an eastern boarding-school together. Freddy was therefore an old friend and she did not deny that she was fond of him. His droll smile, his sparkling blue eyes and his insouciant saunter, seemed to guarantee that the well springs of his youth were immortal.

Sometimes the girl's heart smote her when she remembered the day on which the young man had knelt to her, offering love, and had had for his pains only his

dusty knees. He had tried to speak so debonairly! She could hear him yet.

"All right!" he had said, his charming smile a little twisted, "send me back to the tingle-tangle if you like! Dances and tea-dances, trying to talk to one dinner partner, struggling to make another talk to you! That is the life!"

Yes, he was a dear boy; but in Madelaine's bright lexicon of youth there was no such word as "love!" What was marrying Freddy Goddard compared with "making good!" The prod of straitened circumstances was opening the gates of life to her,—was offering her, her fight with the world! She must enter, she must fight and win!

For a few months the struggle proved hard enough even to satisfy her enthusiasm. Occupy as she would the mourner's bench in the outer halls of moving-picture plants, no appointment with a producer was forthcoming. As for seeing Maurice Sebastian, the necessity of believing the persons who told her he was not at the studio had almost corroded her faith in the reward of persistence.

Dark days indeed were these, when even her mother's kiss, the clinging hand of Donny, her baby brother, the worship in the eyes of her ten-year-old sister, Elizabeth, failed to comfort her.

Perhaps, during those long evenings when she clung round Mrs. Rew's neck sobbing, "Rock me, mother, rock me!" she thought with remorse of the hardness of heart which had impelled her to send the happy-go-lucky Freddy of the droll smile back to "the tingle-tangle!" Poor Madelaine! Poor young soldier, unseasoned and untried. In her fight with the world the world had drawn first blood; yet once more she essayed the breach.

It was a windy day early in March. Much telephoning and writing of notes had at last secured her an appointment with Randolph Carey, Sebastian's secretary, late in the evening. This hope consumed itself, however, when she was told by that courteous gentleman that the Movie King would not be able to see her that day. If she could come, perhaps, next week—

But kinder than Randolph Carey was the shuttle of life, which, weaving, weaving, even as he spoke, was to bring into contact the two personalities, hitherto remote, of the producer and the girl.



"You are wonderful," he said one day to Madelaine when they had been rehearsing. "I am pleased with you!"

Everything had gone wrong with Sebastian since the day of Madame Veronika's desertion. It had been a body-blow, too, to his ambition that the Schiller drama should be the world's masterpiece of the pantomimic art.

It had been also a blow to his faith in womankind. His heart had been a feudal castle surrounded by a moat of pride which no woman had crossed. The fascinating, exquisite Greek had—almost.

But he must give her up! He must forget her! He sat up straight in the motor which was bringing him, contrary to Carey's statement, to the studio, and clenched his fists.

"There is nothing man cannot do!" he hissed to himself, setting his jaw; but his heart yearned for the loveliness of the woman who had gone.

The headlight of a street car blinded him suddenly. He saw his chauffeur turn the steering wheel wildly and frantically reach for his brake. A splintering crash and a great numbness followed.

Madelaine was crossing the street when

he was flung to the pavement. With a cry she ran out towards the wreckage, and kneeling, took his head on her lap. She did not know who he was, but the nobility of the brow and face, pale in its unconsciousness, impressed her immediately.

Moved by impulse, she followed when the ambulance took him, still unconscious, to the hospital. She would not let him go alone, and the chauffeur, unhurt and anxious to get away from the scene of his carelessness, had disappeared.

When Sebastian opened his eyes, it was to find himself with his head in the lap of a young girl with ash-gold hair that came down on her forehead in a widow's peak, who regarded him with shadowy blue eyes, full of compassion. He had an instantaneous impression of a portrait he had once seen—a portrait of a royal personage, a great queen, who had loved and lost and died a tragic death.

"Mary Stuart!—My Mary!" he murmured.

At the hospital they said Sebastian's hurt was not serious. He instructed the interne

who was attending him to telephone the studio and let his secretary—and press agent—know of the accident. Then he and the young doctor descended to the reception-room, where Madelaine anxiously awaited news.

Sebastian's hair was iron-gray, and fortune had left its hostages upon his forehead and around his eyes; but he held out his hands to her as impulsively as a boy. "My ministering angel!" he said. "How wonderful! How wonderful to find such a one in my hour of need!"

She accepted as a matter of course his offer to take her to her home. The interne called a taxi and, putting them in, repeated to the chauffeur the address Madelaine gave.

The little apartment in which the young girl lived was very simple; Mrs. Rew's resources were slender. Nevertheless, it was with the air of a princess that Madelaine invited the producer to ascend the worn stairs and stay to tea.

The homely room into which she showed him might as well have been a palace for all he cared, however. From the moment the girl with the blue eyes and ash-gold hair said, "This is my mother," and he bent over the white hand of the gentle invalid, he felt at home. Soon he found himself buttering bread for Elizabeth and spreading jam for Donny, quite as a matter of course! Never, he thought, at all the dazzling functions he had attended, had he enjoyed himself so much.

After tea he and Madelaine sat down before the tiny grate fire to shell corn for the children to pop. It was then that Madelaine told him the story of her ambition to become a screen actress.

"I've been trying to get an interview with Maurice Sebastian," she said, "but it seems a very hard thing to do." She looked at him mournfully.

The great producer started and his heart expanded with sudden rush of feeling. He was seldom carried away by emotion; but this amounted to inspiration, for at that moment he knew that he had found the woman who was to take Madame Veronika's place. In sudden ecstasy he saw on the ash-gold hair of the young girl the velvet cap and pearls of the Scottish queen. He was about to tell Madelaine so, but at that moment little Elizabeth went to the door and admitted two men—Randolph

Carey, and Tony Carr, Sebastian's press agent. Directed by the interne at the hospital to which they had hurried after hearing of the accident, they had followed Sebastian on to Madelaine's house. Full of eagerness to express their relief over his safety, they were halted at the threshold of the little sitting-room by a spectacle unique in their experience,—the great producer the center of a domestic scene!

"Who would have expected to find the Movie King popping corn?" said Carr, laughing.

Sebastian rose easily, and without embarrassment.

Madelaine rose, too, but her knees trembled.

"The Movie King!" she repeated unsteadily.

"Yes," said the producer smiling, "I am Maurice Sebastian!" He turned to the two men who had just entered.

"And this," he said, bowing to the young girl, "is Miss Madelaine Rew, my new star, who will take the leading part in my production of Mary Stuart."

III

The Movie King's satisfaction with his new find had only an uncertain reflection in the studio. The debutante is sure of one thing and that is her critics. Although they did not deny Miss Rew's beauty or her resemblance to the portrait of the queen, there were those who thought she was a shade too young to depict Schiller's heroine successfully.

In the scene at the scaffold especially, when the wronged queen is bidding farewell to her little circle of faithful attendants, and her executioner, suddenly rendered her slave, kneels to ask forgiveness for the deed he is about to commit, the girl's emotional powers seemed inadequate, to everyone except Sebastian.

"You are wonderful," he said one day to Madelaine when they had been rehearsing. "I am pleased with you!"

Praise from Sebastian was praise indeed, and rare, at that. The girl blushed vividly. "Oh," she cried in her thrilled, soft voice. "You are so good to me—I am so happy!"

A gleam came into the producer's eyes. He dared almost to believe that the blush had been for the man, not the producer.

The news that Maurice Sebastian had found a new star to take her place in the production of Mary Stuart was not long

in coming to the ears of Madame Veronika, and, when accompanying it came studio gossip to the effect that this woman, younger than herself, had not only usurped her place as star, but her place in the producer's heart as well, a paroxysm of rage shook her.

A whipper-snapper of a girl taking the place of the great Veronika? It was not to be borne! She would array herself in the robes she had worn in the role of Mary Stuart, and go to Sebastian and let him see for himself that there was no other who could take the part! Rehearsal at the Sebastian studio was just over when she arrived. Miss Rew had gone to her dressing room and the producer was giving a few instructions to the camera man as Madame Veronika swept in. As leaves before the cyclone, directors, camera men, actors and scene shifters scattered. This scene was for the King alone.

With pearls on her bronze hair, and the black velvet of her gown giving glorious assurance of treasure within, Madame Ve-

ronika was regal indeed. Superbly she cast herself on her knees before Sebastian. Tears rolled from matchless eyes. She raised beautiful, beseeching arms.

The producer started. It seemed to him that she was the Mary Stuart of the play begging for the restoration of her crown, and he the traitorous envoy of the envious Queen of England!

"If you only would," she pleaded, "If you only would, you could take me back again!"

There was in her voice the heart-reaching sob of Mary Garden's Thais crying "*Pitiz moi! Pitiz moi!*"

Thrilled, Sebastian watched her white throat quiver. A thought came to him. She wanted him to believe that it was to regain her position as star that she beat her white bosom—but in reality, it was for him, for him!

"What acting!" His face was pale with appreciation. "What acting!" he muttered, and paced the floor.

Suddenly as out of a cloud the vision of



"If you only would," she pleaded. "If you only would, you could take me back again!"

Madelaine came to him. He saw again her resemblance to the portrait of the Queen of Scots, but now her immaturity stood revealed. The very thing that so endeared her to him—her young charm—prevented her from giving a faithful presentment of Schiller's injured queen. This love dream, in which he had been indulging, a dream which forgot crowsfeet, defied gray hairs and filled his soul with springtime, had blinded his judgment!

The woman, watching him and reading his heart, saw him frown and a certain austerity came into his face. The Movie King was himself again!

He stopped his restless pacing.

"Sign this contract!" he said abruptly, motioning her to a desk. The decision caught Madame Veronika's imagination in violent embrace. How big a man Sebastian was! The image of Jimmy McArthur crashed forever from its pedestal! Half-Gods go, when the Gods arrive.

The success of his production of the

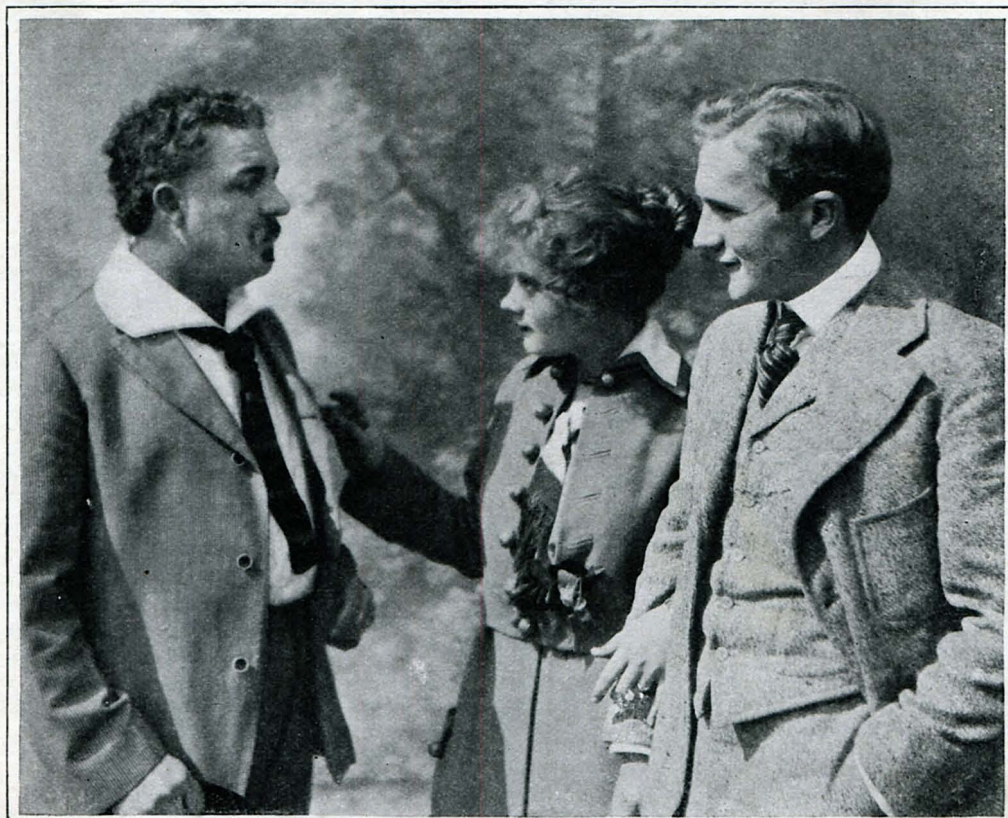
Schiller play assured, the producer went that evening to see Madelaine. He had news for her. She was no longer to have the part of Mary Stuart; she was no longer to be the star of the Sebastian studios. He had come to depose the queen, but at the same time he had come to honor the woman. For he wanted her for his wife.

He walked the ten blocks to the little apartment, and all the way he was beset by visions of St. Agnes Eve;—young Madelaine in prayer.

A radiant Madelaine met him at the door. Behind her stood a young man with flushed cheeks, and in his engaging smile, his bright eyes, the guarantee that the well-springs of youth are immortal!

At sight of him the arbutus in Sebastian's heart withered, and in its stead, self-derision slowly bloomed. They were so absurdly young, the two of them standing there before him!

"Oh!" cried the girl, "you have surprised
(Concluded on page 165)



At sight of him the arbutus in Sebastian's heart withered and in its stead self-derision bloomed.

Investing in the Movies

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY A RECOGNIZED
AUTHORITY ON THE FINANCIAL END OF A GREAT INDUSTRY

By Paul H. Davis

HUNDREDS of requests have been received by the editors of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE from persons who contemplate investment in moving picture companies and who seek advice on the subject. In many cases investigation showed that these people were being solicited to invest money in concerns that, in the face of existing conditions, did not have one chance in a hundred to succeed. In accordance with its policy to serve its readers as well as to entertain them, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE set about to find a man of recognized integrity, whose experience in the field of moving picture finance would give his words the weight of authority. The selection of Mr. Paul H. Davis is the result of this search. In his first article Mr. Davis gives a clear statement of the fundamentals of picture manufacture and sale, and sounds a warning against the wildcat. Mr. Davis will be glad to answer any inquiries from readers.

WOULD it surprise you much to be told that you have mighty small chance in the picture industry—except under certain conditions? Unless you follow a path straighter and narrower than most men's feet can tread?

That's the truth.

You are going to see a lot of advertisements holding up the golden lure of the movies. Perhaps many gentlemen of sleek manners and smooth tongues are going to tell you where your thousand dollars can make a hundred thousand—in the movies. Some new Wallingford is going to orate to you about the financial possibilities of this new industry, which has made small exhibitors millionaires and small producers multimillionaires. If you aren't the recipient of these slick attentions, and have money, you're the exception. Every great new industry's first tide of success is followed by a phalanx of kid-gloved gentlemen, and well-meaning but worthless promoters. The motion picture industry, the mightiest, solidest new art of the epoch, is no exception to this rule of indiscriminate camp-following. Look out for the gentry who think your legitimate enthusiasm is the bleat of a sucker!

In this particular article I am not going

to tell you into which particular slot to put your double-eagle; I shall try to give you an explanation of the business condition of motion pictures, as briefly and succinctly as I may, so that you will keep your money out of bottomless joke-places where it hadn't ought to go.

It has recently been said, by an authority on movie finance: "A new picture concern can succeed only when it combines an enormous amount of real money, close connections with present successful leaders in the business—and something absolutely new!"

This statement is cryptogrammatic to the most informed of us; to the man just casually interested in the business side of motion pictures it is absolutely befogging.

To understand the business future, and the business present, you must understand, thoroughly, the business past, and the basis upon which production and exhibition are now conducted in the film

industry of the United States.

Who is the ultimate consumer? The "fan," of course.

Theoretically, is there any reason why the man who makes the pictures shouldn't sell them directly to the man who wishes to see them? No.

As a matter of fact, there are very real reasons.

It is not the purpose of this article to close and bar the door against any investment in picture corporations—its purpose is to warn against wildcat investment and assurances of "sure dividends" or "cinch profits."

The standard unit of picture measure is a reel of 1,000 linear feet.

The average wholesale price of 1,000 feet of film is \$100.

To install a machine and plant that will project a picture costs from \$100 to \$400—then there are salaries, compliance with fire laws, rents, advertising, etc., etc. Nor does the theater man present one reel, day in and day out, at a cheap price of admission. He presents, usually, five reels, and he changes his bill every day. Therefore, if he purchased the films, he would have to have 5,000 paid admissions (at 10 cents) every day to make up the purchase price alone! Which is of course *reductio ad absurdum*.

Hence the birth of the Film Exchange, which has grown into one of the mightiest institutions in the amusement world.

The Exchange has the expensive task of purchasing the film direct from the manufacturers. If the theaters were not so located and graded that films of different ages could be supplied, the exchange could not operate.

As for instance: the theater having all "first-run" films pays the highest price for service, a price which is, constantly, slowly advancing. This amounts, in some cities, to as much as \$200 a week. From this high point, the cost of film service retrogrades to as low as \$20 a week. But the \$20 a week man does not get "first-run" pictures. His pictures are from four to nine months old.

Another difficulty for the Exchange man: each manager of a picture theater finds that his public develops certain preferences. If his patrons wish Keystones, or Vitagraphs, or Lubin pictures, he is going after those brands to the exclusion of others.

Now, since the Exchange can only operate by having many regular customers, it becomes equally apparent that there must be (comparatively) few exchanges. A few shall supply the multitude.

Arguing logically and as a matter of established fact right down this line: the only way an Exchange can get suitable subjects each week, and be sure of its

supply, is to purchase practically the entire output of a film company! It must be in a position to say to its manufacturer, with some authority: "Make so many prints of so-and-so," and be sure that so many prints will, actually, be delivered.

It is quite obvious that a single exchange located—say—in Chicago could not buy all of a big producing company's output without simply choking itself to death on an overly big mouthful of its business food. Therefore the exchange must not be local, but national, with many affiliated distributing points.

This situation has resulted in great concerns like the General Film Company, the Mutual Film Corporation, and the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

These concerns, with one or two others, furnish practically the entire supply of pictures to 18,000 theaters throughout the United States.

Some theaters take all of their service from one concern; others rent from several at the same time.

Each of these companies has from forty to fifty branches, or affiliated exchanges.

In order to promote efficiency, to clarify its functions of service, and to concentrate its efforts, each Exchange organization buys practically the entire output of an affiliated group of film manufacturers, and buys very little, if any, from concerns outside that regular group.

For instance: The Mutual Film Corporation takes practically the entire output of the American Film Manufacturing Company, the Reliance and Majestic Corporations, the Than-houser Film Corporation, and the New York Motion Picture Company—which last subdivides into the two grand divisions of comedy (Keystone) under Mack Sennett, and drama, under Thomas H. Ince. These

directors are named merely to illustrate this explanation.

The Universal Film Manufacturing Company owns its own films, and distributes through none but affiliated exchanges.

These companies spend enormous sums of money for films. One of the above-named organizations pays its manufacturers,

Numerous companies have tried to break into the producing end of the business and have met with disaster because they couldn't market their product.

every seven days, more than \$100,000. This company can keep up its service, make its payments, and prosper, only because of its enormous clientele, built up through the years when the picture industry was in process of formation, when picture habits were forming in the minds and lives of America's hundred million.

The promoters of a new Exchange could point to the enormous profits said to have been made—and probably made, indeed—by these great Exchange corporations; but they overlook the fact that any new company, to be as successful, would have to be developed along similar gigantic lines. It is estimated by film men that from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 would be required to finance such a venture.

Numerous companies have tried to break into the producing end of the business, and have met with disaster because they couldn't market their product.

Why?

The angry and independent questioner speaks right up, and he will be as promptly answered. Making and marketing pictures is far from being on a par with growing and marketing radishes, or making and marketing barrel staves.

Through bitter years the Exchange men and the manufacturers have not only faced the problem of finding and holding, in intense competition, their respective publics, but of getting the cost of production down to a practical basis. The problem of the manufacturer in one way is that of the Exchange man: he must deal in great volume.

To produce a negative from which positive prints can be made costs from \$800 to \$2,000 for regular one-reel subjects. Cost can only be held down in well-organized companies. Few realize the detail and expense of actual company production; and after the picture is once taken, and securely carted to the developing room, come the expensive processes of perforating, printing, developing, tinting, joining, cutting, etc. Then must be added the cost of the raw stock, which is from 25¢ to 3 cents per foot. Before a producing company organized on the most economical basis can make

any profit it is estimated that it must sell from twenty to twenty-five prints from each negative.

In the past two years special and serial feature films have attracted much attention. If a new concern had enough money to establish branches all over the country it might succeed—provided the picture was what the public wanted—but to insure success it would have to make its own film, and compete with features released and tremendously advertised by well-established corporations.

It is said that a serial company made during the past year, upon a very well-known feature film, a return of \$700,000 upon \$100,000 invested. On the strength of this particular company's triumph many other serials have been floated—yet it is well to remember that this company had access to all the money that it could possibly use, at the start, and also unusually close connections with established leaders in the film industry.

Now it is not the purpose of this article to close and bar the door against any investment in picture corporations; it is the purpose to warn against wildcat investment, and the cheap assurance of a "promoter" who knows nothing of the business, that great dividends are "sure," or profit "a cinch."

For another thing: let the picture beginner be warned lest he underestimate the constantly advancing artistry of some of the manufacturing organizations. There are actors, actresses and directors who are setting standards so high that any newcomer will have to stand on tiptoe to reach them—or in the same measure, to reach the public whom they have, perhaps unconsciously, elevated.

Here is a phase of the industry which is all future—a phase in which the organization is, so far, exceedingly primitive or absolutely lacking: the exhibiting end of the game.

Although many small motion picture theaters are being crowded out of business by larger theaters, there are doubtless many locations in which new houses, large and small, will pay.

“Every great new industry's first tide of success is followed by a phalanx of kid gloved gentlemen and well-meaning, but worthless promoters.”

I believe that these houses will surely be brought together, in paying groups under central control, after the manner of the country's vaudeville circuits; or perhaps, as a friend of mine said, an organization somewhat similar to that of United Cigar Stores. The selection of new theater locations, and the consolidation of established theaters will, however, be done by specialists—by men who know. If you are in on this certainly-coming phase of "greater pictures," be sure that you are with "the man who knows." If you are not, you will presently be "the man who knows" yourself—on the outside, looking in.

In conclusion, certain of the established motion picture companies have demonstrated that they are well managed, and have shown an earning capacity. It would be much wiser for the man who wishes to invest in the movies to buy stock in established concerns—at the present time—rather than risk his coin in a new venture; unless he is convinced, after careful investigation, that this new venture is recommended by reputable bankers who know the inside of the industry—and further, unless the said venture is planned on a scale which gives it sufficient cash resources to compete with powerful and wary organizations.

Mr. Davis will be glad to answer questions regarding moving picture finance. This is just another real service to the readers of Photoplay Magazine.

The "Help-Yourself" At Universal City



Here you see some of the Universal players getting their noon day lunch. J. Warren Kerrigan, in the costume of a Mexican sheep herder is unfortunately behind the pillar to the right; but Francis Ford, in the clothes of a gentleman of the early '40's is conspicuous on the extreme right, while Pauline Bush in a gipsy costume, can just be seen behind the Hindu sitting in the center of the picture. If you didn't know it was a movie camp's cafeteria, you'd think you'd wandered into the valley of Jehosaphat. Here men and women in the costumes of every age and clime have their daily luncheon.

FATHERHOOD

By GEORGE VAUX BACON

"THERE'S MANY A MAN AND WOMAN
WHO'S THOUGHT THAT SUCCESS WOULD
PAY FER EVERYTHING; BUT IT DON'T"

Illustrations by the Universal Studios

LON GILCHRIST never really felt that he was alone. The years had rolled by prosperously for him; he was the owner of one of the biggest ranches in the Southwest and his acres and his herds stretched further than the eye can see.

There is something in the saying that "the lone hunter finds the best hunting;" but "he lives and dies alone," and only men who are lonely know the tragedy of it. Writers and novelists do not seem to know of it, for they have never written of it so that one who has known it has ever said, "That man is I."

Indeed, part of its tragedy is the fact that the men themselves scarcely know it. They think that success will repay. It is often years before the knowledge comes of the inutility of success. There are many such people—selfishness is the cause of some, self-sacrifice of others.

Lon was usually too busy to think of anything but practical matters of the moment. One afternoon, however, a wonderful June afternoon, fresh with a passing rain-storm that had dissolved into sunshine, and sweet with the indefinable loveliness of spring, he found his thoughts wandering away from the accounts he was at, and going stubbornly back along the years.

The day on which he and Bud Dalton—poor Bud!—had rescued the

Guthrie stage from a band of Apaches, and Bud had been shot, came before his mind with sudden vividness.

He saw the Indians swarming upon the



"He lifted the baby down, then picked him up, gave him a bear of a hug and kissed him."



"The Express Company had sent a cheque of such size that when he cashed it at their office, the currency . . . more than filled his hat."

overturned coach; the cries of the women; an Indian leaping upon his horse with a woman and her child and fleeing with them, only to throw the baby into a clump of sumack and disappear over a rise with the unfortunate woman.

The flight of all the Indians had followed; then his rescue of the baby and his return to the coach to find Bud on the ground, blood trickling from his mouth and a bullet wound in his lungs that ended, within the hour, in death.

A month later the appreciative express company had sent a cheque of such size that when he cashed it at their office, the currency, in fair-sized bills, more than filled his hat.

He had taken care of the baby he had saved, who grew into a child of four before relatives in Dallas sent for her when, with a merited relief, he had put her on the train with a pocket full of money.

For it was with the money he got for

saving the stage, Lon bought his first interest in the ranch.

He walked to the door of the house, and resting his hand on the lintel, looked out across his acres.

Little Jimmy Ryan, who ran a grocery in the village near the ranch, happening to be passing by, came over and stood for a moment looking quizzically at the big ranchman.

"How are ye, Lon? Ye look lonesome," he said.

"Lonesome?" Lon laughed. "I'm too busy to be lonesome, Jimmy. It's only dreamers who haven't time to work, and such, who get lonesome. That there sort o' sentiment never touched me."

Little Jimmy came up and peered into his eyes.

"Yer tongue speaks one thing; but yer eyes speak another, Lon," said Jimmy. "There's many a man and woman who's thought that success would pay fer every-

thing; but it don't, Lon. No, sir. Say, suppose I bring the wife and the kid an' the baby over this evenin' fer dinner. Ye've never met either on' em. Will ye invite us?"

Lon smiled at the naive self-invitation.

"O' course I invite you, Jimmy," he said. "I'll be darned glad to see you all. Why, ye know the only woman I ever rightly remember was my little mother back in Maryland, and I came to the conclusion long ago that mothers is just the best people in the world. They got men and gals beat all holler."

"Well, you're a queer one," remarked Jimmy, removing a tattered blue serge cap and scratching his head, "who'd 'a' thought you'd say a thing like that. It sure does beat all how unexpected humans are—but yer right! Yes, sir, yer right! I'm goin' to show you the dandiest little kids and the greatest little mother that ever breathed the air o' these here prairies."

And with a wave of his hand he was gone. Lon looked after him, smiling a queer smile, that he himself did not understand.

That night Jimmy came with his wife and the little ones as he had promised.

After dinner the mother put the baby in Lon's arms, and the little fellow put two soft, clinging arms around the ranchman's neck, then, with a smile of overwhelming baby charm, patted his weatherbeaten cheek and cooed ingratiatingly.

A warm flood of something seemed to surge around the big man's heart. He lifted the baby down, then picked him up, gave him a bear of a hug, and kissed him.

"That's a great kid you got, Jimmy," he said, and again smiled the queer smile.

After that, somehow, he was restless. The days dragged, and he found himself sitting up late at nights to be able to sleep.

One afternoon he sat in the house and flipped through the pages of his two bank books. Two balances he had in two big banks in addition to gilt edged stock and bonds that were returning a steady interest upon their principal. He was rich. He put the books into his pocket and decided, suddenly, that he would take a trip to Dallas. He felt that he needed a change. He was not a dissipated man, and no idea of the cattleman's "city spree" entered his mind. He was just getting a little old and needed a change, that was all.

He left abruptly. Arriving in town, he went to a small hotel.

No one except a man who has lived on the prairie knows how the bustle of the city affects such a one. The crowds are disconcerting. One who has lived only with the sky and the horizon finds himself at a loss with nothing but human beings to deal with.

Everyone was lonely on the prairies, more or less. In the city, only he seemed to be alone. Even the girl cashier at the little restaurant where he went to take his meals because even the modest dining room of his modest hotel abashed him, seemed to have plenty of friends.

Two days went by, and his aloneness became almost unbearable. The brilliantly lighted bar of the hotel attracted him, with its crowd of convivial men; but somehow he avoided it, though through no scruples on the subject of drinking.

That evening, with his mind half made up to return at once to the ranch, he went to his little restaurant for dinner. Just as he reached the door he saw two young men at one of the tables rise and try to kiss the waitress who was attending them. A third man leaned back in his chair and roared with laughter.

The young men perhaps meant no great harm; they probably had made some sort of a foolish bet; but the sudden look of utter terror on the girl's face as she fought them away, brought Lon through the door with a rush.

A second later two of the men were sent sprawling in separate directions and the waitress had reached the haven of the kitchen.

Lon seated himself at the next table. His antagonists scowlingly paid their checks and left, and the place settled down again to its routine except for the fact that the blonde cashier chewed her gum perhaps more vigorously than usual.

The waitress Lon had so cavalierly rescued, returned from the kitchen, put a knife and fork, a tumbler of water and a small white plate of butter deftly before him, and awaited his order.

"Bring me some steak—a sirloin steak, rare," he began.

"Yes, sir." The girl's voice was as musical as a distant waterfall.

He continued his order.

"And a couple of fried eggs, some Ger-

man fried potatoes and a cup of coffee—and—some salad.” His lonesomeness had not spoiled his appetite.

“What kind of salad, sir?”

“Well, I guess tomato.”

“Yes, sir.” She was gone.

He turned and looked after her. There was no mistaking the fact that she was as pretty as a girl with dark brown hair and blue eyes can be, which is a good deal.

When she came back with the order, he summoned up his courage and essayed a remark.

“Do you know where there’s a good theatre anywhere?”

She hesitated a moment; but the man was one whom no woman could mistake. He was a gentleman—not the kind that is manufactured; but the kind that grows: one of God’s gentlemen. Many of them chew tobacco. Not a few belong to excellent families.

“No, I don’t,” she replied. “All I know about are movies. I go to them.”

“Are they good?” asked Lon.

“Some of them are fine!” she exclaimed, surprised into enthusiasm.

Lon started on the steak; finished it, and attacked the fried eggs and the potatoes. Eventually he reached the salad. She brought his coffee. As she laid it before him, he looked up at her, summoned up all his courage, and said:

“Miss, I don’t know very much about things in the city; but out where I come from you can usually tell a decent man by looking at him and the same goes for the right kind of a girl. I’m all alone here, and I’d like to know you and take you to one o’ those motion picture theatres. Would you like to go? My name is Lon Gilchrist, from Oklahoma.”

For a second the girl was silent. Then, suddenly, she smiled; a radiant, lovely smile that affected one like the handclasp of a good pal.

“My name is Mary Johnson,” said she, “but— but—”

“I know it isn’t just accordin’ to the rules,” began Lon.

“Will you promise to bring me home at ten!” She couldn’t help smiling as she said it. He was so serious!

“I promise.”

“All right then—”

And they made an engagement on the spot.

When Lon Gilchrist returned to the ranch a month later, he brought with him a brown-haired, blue-eyed wife named Mary, who mothered the big fellow like a tug boat nursing a big liner up the Narrows.

“The boys” had a grand feast and blow out and the little wife was installed as the lady of a thousand acres and several times that number of head of cattle.

Somehow, though, as the days passed and lengthened into weeks and months, things seemed to go wrong. There was never a cross word between Lon and Mary, never a quarrel; but it seemed as though they were not together enough. The days that he was out on the range dragged insufferably through long, wearying hours and were as bad as her lonesomeness in Dallas after her aunt had died and she had had to slave for a pittance to keep body and soul together in the restaurant.

When she had grown fond of Lon, he had been like a big boy, and she had mothered him, and cared for his things, and thought of him as a great, lovable child; but, somehow, when she found that instead of a nobody, he was a king of the cattle range, and the master of a small regiment of men, she didn’t have anything more to do.

She grew restless and nervous, and strangely *distract*. She got into the habit of wandering away across the prairies by herself. Somehow she had a morbid feeling that she had been there before. The thought of reincarnation came to her mind, accompanied by a thousand fancies that at first diverted her on her long walks, then began to frighten her.

She became irritable and hard to please. Little things annoyed her. She became more and more addicted to her long walks, till one day the feeling of familiarity, and the phantoms and fancies that beset her, made her suddenly wonder if her mind were slipping and playing tricks. With the thought came a wild certainty to which she gave way hysterically with tears, alone on the windswept prairie, till with an effort she gathered herself together, resolved to fight off her fancies, and returned to the house. Arrived, she was uncommunicative and cold. Lon was at a loss. He pondered over it for a while that night, then came to the conclusion that it was one of the feminine eccentricities

every book he had ever read told about, and that it would be a weakness in him to pay any attention to it.

In order to follow up this program, he worked the harder. He could not escape her, however. Her disposition to find fault with everyone and everything seemed to increase rather than diminish.

One day they quarreled bitterly. The next day he started for a rodeo, to which she wanted to go. He refused to allow her to go, for the trip would have been too hard for her. The result was an even more violent quarrel, and he rode away with stinging words from her lips that he had never heard before, ringing in his ears.

Standing beside her when he rode away was Del Alvin, a handsome young fellow, who was as devoted to Lon as Lon was to him. Lon had taken him on at the ranch as a little freckle nosed kid, and the kid had worshipped the ranch manager, who later became the ranch owner, with a fealty as unswerving as the needle's to the north.

When Mary came to the ranch, Del gave her the same unswerving devotion. The recent quarreling between the two stabbed him to the quick, for he had accepted as unquestionable in his own heart the dictum that, since the king can do no wrong, so neither can the queen; yet one of these two who ruled his loyalty was undeniably wrong.

After Lon had gone, Mary became hysterical and Del carried her into the house, where one of the women servants took charge of her.

Several hours later the same servant handed him a note as he was superintending some work in the stables. He hurriedly threw a duster over his working clothes and went up to the house.

He found her in her room, her eyes wide, nervously clasp- ing and unclasp- ing her hands.

"I must go away, Del," she said, the moment he entered. "I can't stand this any longer. Saddle a couple of horses—a side saddle for me—and ride with me to the railroad. I'm going home."

"You mustn't think of it. You are nervous, that's all," he replied, in an effort to soothe her.

She refused to listen to him; and under protest and heavy-hearted, Del saddled the horses with his own hands and brought them around to the front of the house.

An hour later Mary had gone, and three hours later, was on the train, whirling down along the dusty plains towards Dallas.

In the meantime, Lon had been so broken-

"One day they quarrelled bitterly."



hearted over his quarrelsome leave-taking with Mary, that he gave up the rodeo, left his party with a word or two of transparent excuse, and rode back to the ranch.

He arrived to find Mary gone—with Del.

He flung away from his horse and sat on the edge of the porch like a man in a daze. The disparity in his age and that of his wife came upon him and numbed him so that his reasoning faculty centered helplessly and with growing intensity upon one central idea that burned in the center of his brain like a point of glowing steel—Del! It had been Del who had been last with her—handsome, fearless-eyed, tall, upstanding, youthful Del—a man truly made in the image of God for women to worship!

An insanity of bitterness welled into his heart. He ground his teeth like a madman, and spat furiously into the dust at his feet. A Judas and an unfaithful wife! A good combination! Red dots danced before his eyes.

A voice said calmly:

"Mr. Gilchrist—I am sorry—but here is something for you!"

Lon raised a pair of terrible eyes and saw Del standing before him. Mary's wedding ring in his hand.

"She asked me to take her to the train; she wouldn't give any address. I tried desperately to make her stay—I'm sorry."

It seemed to Lon as though his had been a soul in Hell upon which the light of Heaven had suddenly come, and the touch of an angel's hand.

He rose to his feet rather uncertainly. "We'll have dinner together tonight, Boy," he said, and taking the ring, slowly put it into his pocket, and followed by Del, entered the house.

Mary, arrived in Dallas, went to her old boarding house and climbed the grimy stairs slowly to her old room—third floor back. There she told the landlady, a sympathetic Irish woman with a girth worthy of a grizzly bear, the whole story.

"—I guess my dream of love is over, Mrs. McCarthy. They were beautiful days * * * wonderful days * * * But such is life."

Mrs. McCarthy put her hands on her hips. She was the mother of three strapping sons and two strapping daughters, everyone of whom worshipped her, and from not one of whom would she lower her pride enough to take a penny, for she held to a philosophy that the young peoples' lives were their own. She was a woman of the world, was Mrs. McCarthy, and a good mother to boot—the kind of a woman that God likes.

"Ye've acted like a little minx, ye have," said she, "an' I don't understan' it of ye, at all, at all. There was no sweeter gir-rl in me place than ye were, Mary. Come now, what's wrong wid ye?"

And they talked more until Mary learned something that she did not know before, whereupon Mrs. McCarthy took her in her arms and into her big Irish heart which had been made large enough to keep a whole army of people in it in addition to her own children.



"Over the cradle knelt a little dark-haired, blue-eyed mother."

A few months later, a post card written in an amazing handwriting arrived at the ranch for Lon. On it was a picture of Dallas' leading hotel and the following:

"Come and see yer wife an' son, ye great fool,

Mrs. McCarthy."

Lon arrived in Dallas on the next train and at the boarding house as fast as he could get there.

Mrs. McCarthy met him at the door with a smile that had been irresistible even to grocers when times had been hard and their bills were large.

"It's come ye are at last, is it?" said she. "Follow me."

The cattle king followed humbly up the stairs. Silently Mrs. McCarthy opened a door and he peeked in.

In a cradle on the floor lay a baby, cooing and gurgling. Over the cradle knelt a little dark-haired, blue-eyed mother worshipping as mothers always have since the days of the cradle at Bethlehem—and for ten thousand years before.

"That was what was the matter with her that made her quarrel wid ye, ye great lob," whispered Mrs. McCarthy with tender savagery. "Go in an' take the child in yer ar-rms and the two on 'em back to their home where the whole o' ye belong."

The big ranchman went and knelt beside the cradle, and taking his wife's brown head in his great hands, turned her eyes to his and looked into them. They were the eyes of a mother, yet they were the eyes, too, of the girl he had loved and wooed and won:

He pushed back the soft hair from her temples and kissed her brow with a tenderness that was reverence. As he did so he noticed something he had not noted be-

fore—a small, straight scar just where the bank of her hair rose from the white forehead. He gazed at it intently.

"Why, that's funny," he whispered, "you got the same scar that little kid I found in the sumack had."

"What do you mean, Lon?" she asked.

"Do you know who your mother and daddy were?"

"No, I was brought up here, since I was a little girl by my aunt—I told you about it."

"And before that?"

She puckered her forehead.

"It seems to me—" she hesitated. The old hateful memory of the familiarity of the plains came back to her; but she told him of it.

"Why," he said, when she had finished, "why, don't you remember the men, an' the cattle, an' the horses?"

"I do—Oh, I do; but I don't want to!" she pleaded.

Then he told her of the baby he had saved and cared for, and full comprehension of her strange feeling of familiarity with the country around the ranch dawned on her, and a fresh wonder and romance entered their lives in this new link with the past so strangely revealed.

They kissed. A new understanding, as unshakable and lasting as the power that holds the stars, was theirs, and with the arms of his son's mother about his neck, and his son looking with ingenuous baby curiosity into his eyes, there swept into Lon's heart the culminating and utter joy that is granted the man whose love is great, and who has found a woman worthy of his love—the joy that makes strong men stronger, and gives weaker men the courage to go forth and fight to win—the blessed responsibility of Fatherhood.

Have You a Friend

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Love Among the Pots and Pans



Pauline Bush and Allen Dwan (who was Mary Pickford's director) have started housekeeping in their new home in Los Angeles. Things certainly taste good when they are made at home and by somebody you love—at least Mr. Dwan's expression would lead anyone to believe so.

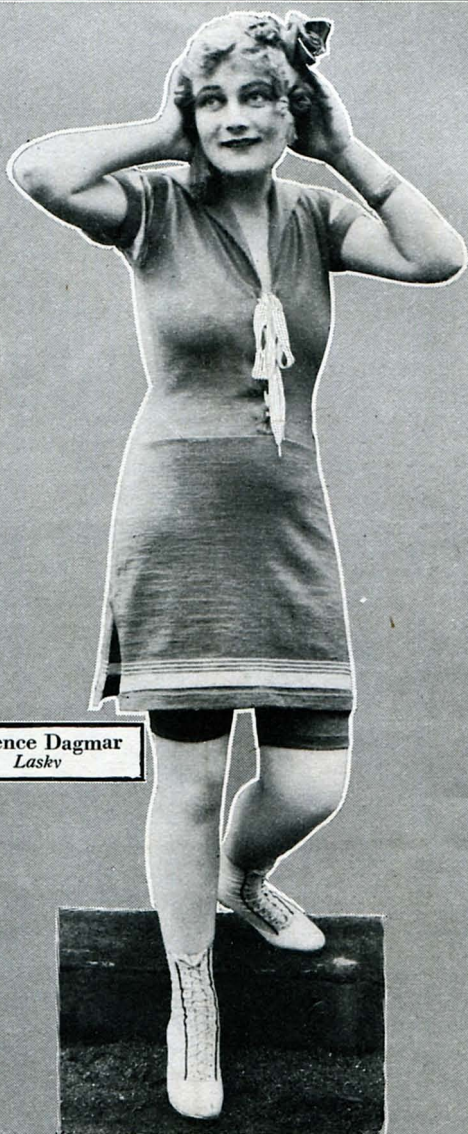
Zebra, Seal and Mermaid—a Circus What!



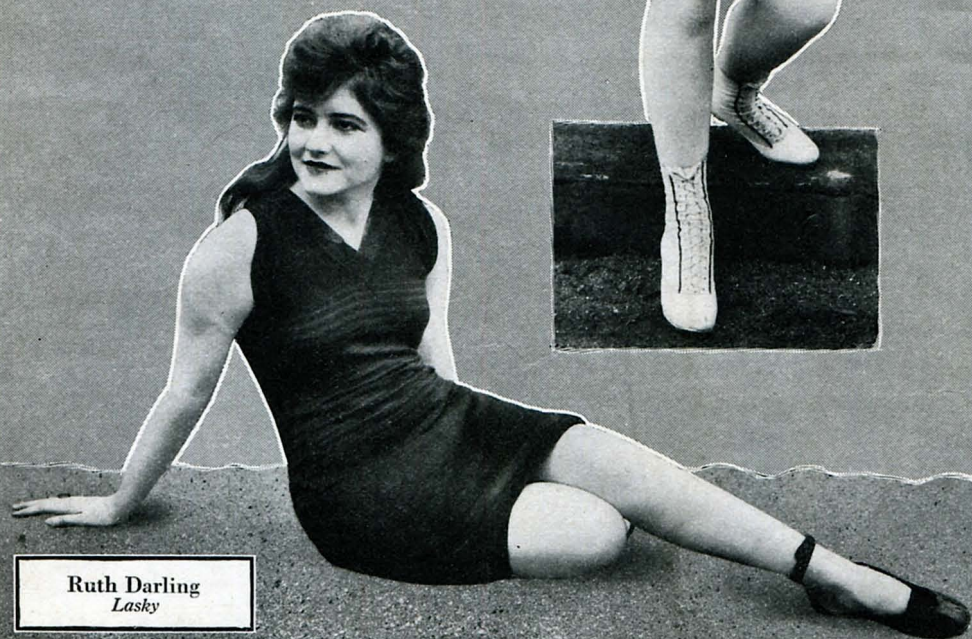
Sunshine, Surf and Pretty Girls



Florence La Badie
Thanouser



Florence Dagmar
Lasky



Ruth Darling
Lasky

That Make a Movie Summer



Signe Auen—*Reliance*



Irene Wallace
Selig.



May Fullerton

More Impressions

By Julian Johnson



BEVERLY BAYNE: A Fifth Avenue girl's dream of herself as an actress; a lovely Flanders nun driven forth by war; what one glimpses in a limousine on a night of cold and rain.



RITA JOLIVET: A Parisienne queen of Lahore; jewels in an ivory box; fire on a hearth of Carrara marble.



TOM MIX: A centaur in chaps; Lochinvar in a Stetson; an Arthurian knight with a lariat named *Excalibur*; the Bull-Durham Ivanhoe.



SYD CHAPLIN: The House of Kuppenheimer with nobody home; delirium of a dipsomaniac dude; a Ford with wheels of different colors.



THEODORE ROBERTS: The Grand Duke of Wichita; a viking in broadcloth; Von Hindenburg, shaved, and out of the *Deutschland* *uber Alles* trade.



BESSIE BARRISCAL: The "Merry Widow" waltz played on 'cellos; a sensible Anna Karenin; an exquisite chateau near but not on a battle line.



JACQUE WARREN KERRIGAN: silver bullets; purple boxing gloves; the world's prettiest hero.



MAE MARSH: A canary freed in December; Bernhardt born in Oshkosh; Ophelia on the banks of the Wabash.



LILLIAN GISH: A Puritan at a play; Mendelssohn's Spring Song in a cabaret; what very proper books say about love.



THEDA BARA: Lavender lyddite in a cut-glass torpedo; pink arsenic, violet scented; a poniard in a peony; the secret in Cleopatra's last bouquet.



HENRY WALTHALL: Edwin Booth—born 1880; Poe's "Annabel Lee" in pantomime; a poet on a pirate ship.



MACK SENNETT: Roosevelt in the circus business; inventive tired business man making his own Wintergarden show; Artemus Ward in a harem.

Mollie of the Movies

Her Correspondence: Compiled by
Kenneth McGaffey

Illustrated by Maud Martin Evers

THIRD REEL

D Hollywood, Cal., May 12, 1915.
DEAR Clara Belle:—

Dearie, I have just gone off and left Universal co. Flat. I am all through being first assistant to any

one of there 1 doz. or more Directors. There is probably those that will continue to sacrifice themselves for five bucks a day, but I still have my self respect and a jitney ticket over the — over the Pass. I dont know how you spell it, but its pronounced like a linching bee — ka-HUNG-ga. This awful name stands forever between Los and uni city.

I have discovered my Fort. I am a Queen of Comedy. You better warn Grundy Cen. that I am comming. Another year and I will have Mabel Normen back to her cloak model job, while yours as ever will be making the world laugh in her place. Do you want to know who told me? NAPPY. You dont know who NAPPY is? Well, he is Mack Senate, and what he is not at Key Stone—well, what he isnt, *isnt*. He is called NAPPY not because he is sleepy, but after that great german general we read about in school—the one that met Josefeen at Waterlew, or

something like that. I never was much good at dates.

First, dearie, I got to tell you about that trouble with universal co. Mr. Lamme may come himself and beg my return on bended

knee, but I will not Consent. I am a lady under all conditions, whether I forget it or not. Blood will tell, and besides, I am a prize winner, which means Some Class, anyway.

My idle is broke. Kerrigan. I dont mean he hasnt the price of a nut Sunday for his lunch. I mean he is not the noble character Grundy Cen. believes him to of been. To me he was the king among men, but when he began to barter his beauty to boost sport shirts I didnt know what he would be plugging next and I resolved to put him out of my heart.

Roscow R. Buckle is my ideal now, Clara Belle. He is large, with the ary grace of a

trackshun engun, but a noble heart beats beneath his rugged—I mean deep—bosom. He is one of natures noble men. Knowing him intimate as I do, one would not call him fat. Rather he is mature, and in spite of his size he is filled with the cutupishness of a school boy. I told him my



"Roscow hollered kid keep the water outside of you or there won't be anything for me to swim in."



"The first person to recognize me when I reached Key Stone was Raymond Hitchcock."

idea of acting and showed him my diploma and he said "Believe me, if I was as funny as you I would get thin from laughing." Clara Belle, I call that real unselfishness. Here is an important emotional star, and he recognized my talent and said so the minute he met me. I think it is perfectly wonderful that he said I was funnier than he was. Of course I don't want you to think I am going to take his job. I wouldn't stoop to such a thing. He is going to give me a stripe out of his bathing suit to remember him by, and I think I will cut it into strips, sew them together and make a couch cover.

My goodness, I certainly keep slipping from that univ. co.

I was doing some important helpouts on The Black Box. Mr. Otis Turner was directing. At first he appeared to be a nice man though fussy. But he was a wolf in sheeps clothing. You'll see.

We was way down to the end of the

ranch in a London street. I was supposed to be a street waif selling flowers. Now I seen enough prominent actors in Grundy Cen. to know you can't be a waif selling flowers unless it is snowing, so I waited till Mr. Turner got rehearsing us up in front—they call it the fourground—and then I told him I would have to have snow or I could never sell flowers. He answered you don't need snow you are a frost yourself. I don't get it exactly, but the mean way he snipped it off made some of them laugh. Then he apologized for the falts in the scripp and I went back and done the best I could.

Then they started the fog machines—the things they use in front of the camera to cover the principles. I thought it was to save us from getting wet during rehearsals. Well Clara Belle, he hollered Picture and then Action and didn't turn on no more fogg spray. I waited till he was about to holler Camera then I walked right through the scene, down, as we actresses say, and said as politely as though I was asking paw for a nickle Mr. Turner, I'm not getting no fog.

He looked at me as though he would bust a blood vessel, and said finely: You are too doggone atmusferik for me you better go to work for Tom Inch. Clara Belle, I looked at him as though I was Dutchess of Somersalt, and he a low snake in the grass. With that scornful toss of my brow for which I am noted I said I hope you get STATIC.

Then I left him.

Of course Clara Belle I forget that you not being a woman of the world don't know what static is. It is a commonly used expression in our art. I asked the camera man the spelling expressly to tell it to you. He told me a lot of scientific stuff, but the nut of the meet was that static is an actors name for electrissity. Wishing static on a person therefore means you hope his lights go out. (In this instans lights don't mean lungs.)

The first person to recognize me when I reached Key Stone was Raymond Hitchcock. When they told me he was a very famous actor I think I recognized him right away. Is not he the fellow you and me saw in ten Nights in a Bar room in Grundy Cen. last Dec? I asked him if he was in ten Nights in a Bar room then and he said no cutey it was ten Bars in a Night,

but I have entirely forgot that show. Do you remember it, dear?

Well as I have said B 4, it was Roscow who wanted me for his company. He said to Mr. Hitchcock Gee I must certainly have that in my tank scene. So they give me a bathing suit and told me to put it on. I am blushing yet to my rists. When the ward robe woman first handed it to me I thought it was winter flannels. I cant describe it but when they told me it was once worn by Nettie Kellerman the famous swimstress I was happy. One must make sacrifices for Art. Just think of poor Margaret Edwards who played the hip in Hip-pocrits. She had nothing but her contract to protect her.

Well in the seen I was supposed to fall into the tank and Mr. R. Buckle was to save me. When I jumped into the thing it was so deep it went right over my head and I started to yell. Roscow hollered Kid keep the water outside of you or there wont be nothing for me to swim in and with that he lep in and I recovered quickly as soon as I felt his Strong arms about me. When the seen was over and they had pumped me out Mr. Senate said My child you are the funniest thing I ever saw. The Cherry sisters would never have had a chance if you had been born when they was. The Cherry sisters I guess were famous moving picture queens twenty or 30 years ago Clara Belle.

Well must close now as the vancamps is boiling over on the gas jet and threatens to put me out of light. More about Roscow next time.

Love,
Mollie.

P. S. I have dropped the y in Mollie. I asked Mr. R. Buckle to write my name on a picture of himself and he didnt write a y so I wont either.

Hollywood, Cal., May 14, 1915.

Dear Clara Belle:

I'm writing you in sorrow. I have learnt something that has broke my heart. I might have known. Roscow is married; not only that, but happily married and his wife is Minta Dufree, and though I do say so myself, I think I could show her cards and spades on style any time, even if I do only come from Grundy Center and she's a great actress and the wife of a wonderful man and actor. As the poet

says, "Man's a deceever ever," which I think is awful clever. It certainly is something fierce. I'm going to put my heart into cold storage.

It's pretty hard having idles shattered on you the way things have been going with me here. If it wasn't for my art, I think I'd fly back to mother's arms. By the way, she wrote me a long letter which I got this morning and told me not to make a fool of myself any more than possible. Can you beat that? She don't seem to realize what a success I am. Old people never understand those things.

Well, Clara Belle, I was going to write you a long letter, but my heart feels that weak and faint tonight after the discovery about Roscow, that I guess I'll close and have a ham and pickle sanwich and go to bed. Good night dearie. Will write soon.
Love
MOLLIE



"Mr. Senate said, my child, you are the funniest thing I ever saw."

How to Behave at a Movie

CONDUCT at the pictures, like the prenatal training of children, commences a long way back of the actual attendance. Therefore—

Begin by eating onions.

Then, pick a movie that your friend has seen.

If your friend is a lady, do not fail to flirt with the ticket sellerine.

If your friend is a gent, jam your hand in your trousers pocket, struggle desperately, and don't succeed in extracting it until he has kissed his four jits good-bye.

Stop, in leisurely fashion, half-way down the aisle, and catch half a reel standing up. That always pleases the folks behind you.

If you are forced to take a seat, push your heels back as far as possible when you enter. This is to insure not missing the toes of those you pass. Often people are careless in entering, and don't succeed in stepping on anybody.

If your seat works in easy, familiar fashion, slam it down. That will let your friends know of your presence—if you have any friends.

Upon sitting, extend your feet carefully and knock out the hat under the seat of the next man. This may seem a bit hard at first, but practice will make you so sure that you'll never miss a derby.

If it's a pretty good picture, and you can't find anything else to say, knock the pianist.

Never rise to let anyone pass. If it's an old man, try to trip him. Of course, he might only fracture his thigh, but even that would be funny.

Complain about the ventilation, and breathe heavily. The ghosts of your spring onions will stalk, making your remarks effective.

Always tell the story of the picture, keeping half a lap in the lead.

What you don't know, imagine. Probably the author's plot has been awful, and you will do your surroundeas a service by getting their minds away from it—if your own version differs.

Keep your enthusiasm up, and don't fail on appropriate comments. Always chuckle in a death scene; it shows bravery in the face of serious things. Affect extreme melancholy during comedy. If the thing makes your fool neighbors laugh their heads off, weep, if possible. Your sternness may recall them to their senses.

Make a cow's-hoof-and-mud sound when he kisses her. This is positively witty and will no doubt be enjoyed by all.

If the pianist pauses, pull out your peanuts. Never buy the shelled ones; remember that audiences may grow lonely and frightened in the still darkness, and nothing will give that human, comforting, intimate touch more surely than the musketry-rattle of dying goobers.

Always put the shells on the floor. Help the proprietor, who is too poor to buy tanbark, to properly carpet his place. He may have a horse, first cousin to the ass, in tomorrow. He has you today.

Tell everything you know about the players, keeping a semitone above the piano. Facts are not necessary; anybody can recount facts. Tune up your imagination. Spread yourself a little.

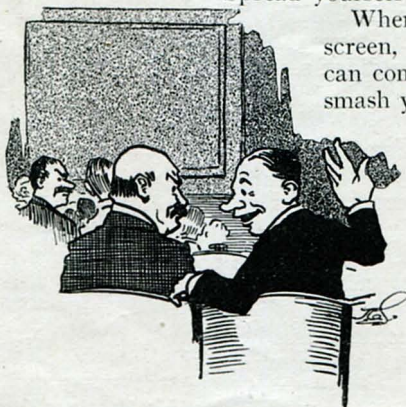
When a pretty girl steps into the screen, figure just how near you can come to making the next man smash you for a remark about her.

Cut loose with a good one—he may not be one of her relatives.

If there are a number of people looking at the signs in front, as they waver and feel their pockets, don't forget the remark which is no more than courtesy to an institution which has entertained you: "Gee, what a rotten show!"



Never rise to let anyone pass.



Always tell the story of the picture, keeping a lap ahead.

The Man Behind

REGARDING THE ARTIST WHO OPERATED THE
MAGIC CAMERA IN "THE BIRTH OF A
NATION" AND OTHER GREAT PICTURES.

By K. Owen

"G. W. Bitzer, master cinematographer."

That's the way his press agent would have it, if he had one.

"Billy Bitzer, boss cameraman." That's how the motion picture industry designates him, because he is the "daddy" of the "men behind," those nonchalant gentlemen who seemingly have nothing to do but turn the crank when the director yells "Camera!" or "All right, Shoot!" To the great mass of motion picture fans the camera man is merely the hand that turns the crank. The common conception of the functions of this important factor in photoplay production—the opinion of the layman who has an occasional glimpse of a scene in the making—is very vague and misty. A husky individual who can pack a tripod and heavy machine around on his shoulder without caving in, or something like that.

But it takes brains to be a good cameraman—lots of brains—in addition to other requirements, such as the eye of an artist and the skill of a master magician. Few have attained fame in this department of the great new picture industry and of these few "Billy" Bitzer stands at the top, recognized by the industry generally as the master of the camera.

Mr. Bitzer is the chief cinematographer of the Reliance-Majestic studio in Los Angeles, which means that he is boss of the Griffith cameramen, some sixteen in number, in addition to having under his personal supervision the big factory of the company. He only works the camera now when David W. Griffith, the big chief, is directing a big feature. Griffith and Bitzer form a great team. Together they have worked out some of the greatest scenes ever produced on the screen.

The last great Griffith production, "The Birth of a Nation," was photographed by Bitzer. In recognition of the remarkable work of the cameraman, the producer has the photographer's name flashed on the screen in showing the picture, the first time

such public recognition has been given "the man behind."

Interviewing "Billy" Bitzer is some job with the accent on the "some." It requires the physical endurance of a marathoner and the skill of a Sherlock Holmes. I lost him three times during the interview. Besides that I traveled all over the lot several times trying hard all the time to keep up with his fast pace, took a spin in his racing machine because he had to make a



Bitzer stands behind Griffith, who is seated in foreground with megaphone.



Bitzer rigging up his camera preparatory to thrilling "Take" from front of auto.

hurried trip downtown, heard the complaints of a dozen directors, cameramen, actors, actresses and others. It seems as though everyone out at that busy place came to "Billy" with their troubles and he was never too busy to listen and counsel.

Beginning at the beginning, Mr. Bitzer has seen motion pictures grow from nothing at all. He has been in the game since before the time when women seated at Hammerstein's in New York fainted all over the floor when the Empire State Limited dashed head on toward them and suddenly shot by just a few inches away in the first real motion picture thrown on a screen. Bitzer was the man who turned the crank on that machine twenty years ago. Probably no man in this country knows more than he about the beginning of and the development of this remarkable industry with the possible exception of Thomas Edison.

"I started in moving picture photography," said Bitzer as he munched a sandwich which served for luncheon, "when a few progressive spirits were trying to utilize it in selling machinery, showing the prospective customer how the machinery worked." Then followed a history of the perfection of the camera as it is today, which, because of the technical terms would not interest the reader and even if it did, I couldn't supply them now. At any rate, Bitzer has kept pace with the progress of motion picture photography and his inventive genius is responsible for many modern improvements as well as effects derived from the camera.

Then came the history of photoplays from their beginning. Incidentally Bitzer has seen most of the big stars of today "break into the game." And having a retentive memory he has stored therein a fund of interesting anecdotes and incidents concerning them to fill several volumes.

"Griffith was working as an actor for the Biograph and I as cameraman when we first became friends," this being some of the "low down" on the noted producer. "He was no John Drew. That's the worst I'll say about his acting. One day he got hold of a scenario entitled "Dolly's Adventure" and came to me with it. He thought there was a big chance with it and wanted to direct it. I diagrammed it out for him, the dramatic, the comedy and the pathos and told him what could be done with each, little realizing that he knew more about that than I did. I was only judging him as an actor. Then he went to Mr. Marvin, who was president of the Biograph, and asked for a chance to direct the picture with the proviso that he would retain his job as an actor if he didn't make good. He did. It was a dandy and he never acted again.

"The industry owes more to Griffith than to any one man. He originated the 'close up' and developed the technique of the photoplay. He had often complained to me in the old days about the actors being so far away the people could not see what they were thinking. He wanted to know if the camera could not be brought closer without losing the focus of the background. I didn't think it could, but at his instance we tried it. The result did not impress me but Griffith said, 'That's something like what we want, and we stayed with it.

That is only one of the things we have worked out together, although I do not want to seem to be claiming too much of the credit for his tremendous successes.

"Personally I enjoy taking the big outdoor scenes, such as we made in 'The Birth of a Nation.' I like the excitement of it and it is not nearly so difficult as some interior scenes, especially when the director knows what he is doing.

"The most thrilling incidents in my career, I believe, occurred within the last year, once when I worked the camera on a flimsy platform on the front of a racing

auto going 75 miles an hour and again in the same picture from the pilot of a locomotive that was carrying the governor who was coming to pardon the condemned murderer. In both scenes, Mr. Griffith was at my elbow."

It has been said that Griffith has developed a regiment of actors. Bitzer has developed a battalion of cameramen and all the "recommend" they need to get a job is that they served under Billy Bitzer, who has shown the world that the successful cameraman is an artist in the highest degree.

Plays His Own Life's Tragedy in Photoplay

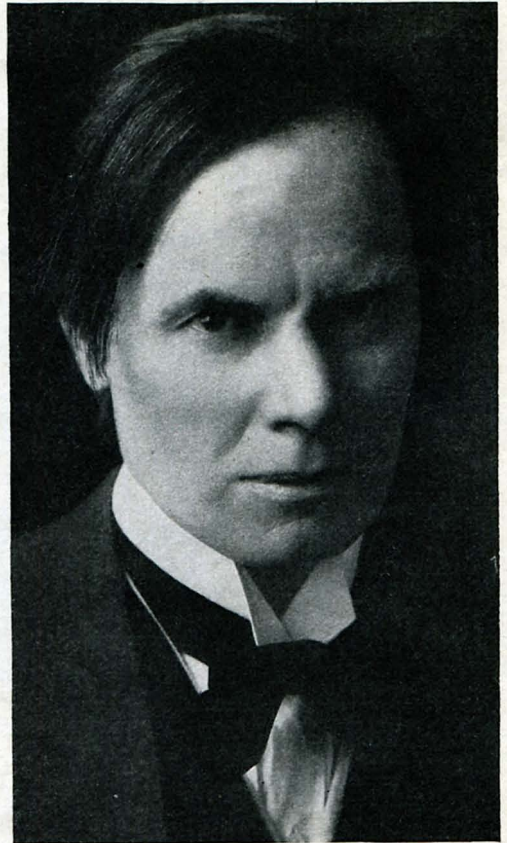
WILLIAM SULZER, former governor of New York, has entered the moving pictures as star in the five-reel production of "The Governor's Boss," which is built around his experiences at Albany, his fight against the Tammany rulers to retain his office, and his impeachment and removal from the governorship.

The former executive declares that he does not seek gold nor fame as a movie actor, but merely wishes to show the public how his fall was brought about by crooked politicians, and to win vindication in public opinion—the court of last appeal. Nevertheless, there is such a thing as the "movie fever" to be reckoned with, an epidemic that has swept many of the strongest from the legitimate stage into the focus of the camera, and it may be that "Old Bill" Sulzer will remain to make his lank, drooping forelock as famous as Charlie Chaplin's feet, in filmy flickerland.

Governor Sulzer declared that he believed the photodrama in which he makes his picture bow, a splendid recapitulation of the events which led up to his split with "the boss," and the resultant impeachment that followed his disobedience to orders. "The Governor's Boss" is based on a drama of the same title that had a flitting run on Broadway. The drama was written by James S. Barcus, former United States senator from Nevada. C. E. Davenport wrote the scenario.

In one scene of the photoplay "Old Bill" Sulzer is required to implant one of those moist tid-bits of affection commonly called a kiss on the lips of Pauline Hall, who

plays the adventuress. The directors say they had a battle with the Boss' Governor before he would consent to the scene. Where does Bill get that stuff?



Ex-Governor Sulzer, of New York, who is striving to vindicate himself through a photoplay drama

The Hero Brothers

AND THEIR MOTHER WHO ESTABLISHED
THE "HERO TRUST" OF THE FILM WORLD

By Edwin Bryant

WITH every possible corner of this old world well divided up and the Harrimans, Morgans and Rothschilds possessing most of the money, there wasn't much left to corner lying around loose when a little County Meath colleen laid the foundations of a "hero trust" in a rude Irish cradle, years and years ago. And that was Tom—presumably red, bald and wrinkled—because heaven doesn't make much distinction in delivering heroes and villains on this earth. Later Matt and Owen occupied the same cradle and Mrs. Moore, when they were half grown, brought them to the United States in plain violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust act. Now the three boys, Tom, Matt and Owen Moore are among the leading stars of the film world, and the chances are you'll see one of them on the screen no matter what theater you enter. And incidentally along the milky way to stardom two of the boys, Tom and Owen have picked up more than laurels, sweeter than fame, which is by way of gently introducing their wives, Alice Joyce and Mary Pickford, two of the brightest little jewels in the firmament of films.

Mrs. Moore has another son Joe, who is also appearing before the camera in juve-

nile parts, and will probably join the corner on heroes when he is older. There is also Mary, who is appearing in small parts, and in a few years will be finding high favor in the eye of the camera. The more the Moores the merrier the directors. Mrs. Moore has their sincere thanks, as well as that of the public.

Except for one or two little slips into the deep-dyed the three boys have always been heroes. Their daily and nightly toil in many picture houses throughout the country is foiling villains, rescuing maidens, averting calamities, and riding with grace and sangfroid the horns of any dilemma that the scenario writer can conjure up and the director make possible.

Owen Moore, who is the husband of Mary Pickford, recently finished a production opposite Elsie Janis, for Bosworth, Inc., and is now with the Keystone company in Los Angeles. He came to America from Ireland when he was 11 years old and was educated in the public schools of Toledo. At the age of 19 he entered theatrical work with stock and repertoire companies, one of his most successful engagements having been with Mildred Holland.

In the early days of the motion picture game he deserted the stage and joined the



The mother of three famous leading men and two future stars, and also mother-in-law to two of film-dom's brightest lights.

Biograph company, and it was there he met Mary Pickford, playing opposite her for more than a year. From the Biograph he went to the Imp, and was married to Mary Pickford on a trip with that company to Cuba. Later, in order, he was director for the Majestic company, player for the Victor, the Famous Players and Bosworth, Inc. He has played opposite such celebrities as Fritzi Scheff, Lois Meredith and Elsie Janis, late apostates from the legitimate stage.

Tom Moore is now with the Kalem in New York, directing and playing opposite the beautiful Marguerite Courtot. His first Kalem release appeared a little over a year ago. Tom is the husband of the beautiful Alice Joyce, one of the most popular women who ever played before the camera.

Though all of the brothers are heroes to the world at large only one remains to whom the matinee idolaters can look with any prospect of personal romance, with the happy finale of orange blossoms and wedding bells. That is Matt, the bachelor, now playing



Matt Moore, now playing opposite Mary Fuller, the only eligible bachelor of the Moore hero trust.



Owen Moore, now with Keystone Company



Tom Moore, Kalem director and leading man, husband of the beautiful Alice Joyce.

opposite Mary Fuller with the Universal company. It has been Matt's fortune (good or bad, opinions differ) thus far to escape being lassoed with a wedding ring by his cow-girl! heroines, or married for gratitude by any of the numerous young beauties he has helped out of difficulties contrived in the studio.

Matt is 27 years old and was born in Ireland. He is the youngest of the three famous brothers, and although fully capable of making his own reputation, found that the road to fame in the amusement world had been considerably smoothed for him by the two elder Moores tramping on ahead.

The moving picture people just wait these days for a Moore to grow up, and then they grab him on the theory that an apple comes from an apple tree and an actor from the Moore branch of the great Irish family. Matt was with stock companies for several years, and in 1912 went into pictures with the Victor, where Brother Owen was playing lead opposite Florence Lawrence.

Fate and the movie director have torn a sweetheart from one brother's arms and thrust her into those of another, time and again, as the boys shifted

from company to company.

All three of the brothers are fond of out-of-door life, swimming, tennis, rowing, skating and automobiling. They are not the namby pamby sort of heroes who bring the girl bon bons and make a hollow in the horse-hair sofa waiting for father to come across with a nice fat job in the bank. No, they are the derring-do sort who put over the impossible things that you used to read about in novels, but never met in life. Some of their stunts as you will have remarked in the movies require just about as much nerve and involve almost as much danger as if they were true—true perils devised by the wicked for the obfuscation of the pure and innocent.

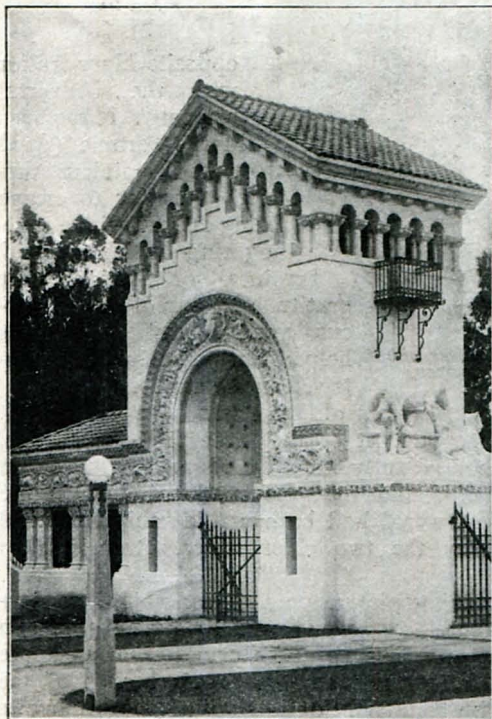
But to get back to Mrs. Moore, who after all is the true author of all those pictures you have admired, she is well content

to sit at her pretty home at Grantwood, N. Y., on the Hudson, and wait until one of her sons comes to town, all done up in a neat roll, which is unreel'd twice a week at the village hall. Then she puts on her hat and goes with the rest of the villagers to see her boys at their noble enterprises.

"They come in all sorts of guises," she laughed, "bankers, lawyers, authors, promoters, college boys, and horrors, sometimes as pirates and hard-hearted landlords and the like, but they're all my boys, always welcome, and I'm proud of the success they've made."

"Since Joe and Mary went into the pictures I am the only member of the Moore family out of the business. But then I do my share too because I am always part of the enthusiastic audience at any rate."

World's Most Aristocratic Animal House



The Selig Jungle-Zoo, recently completed at Los Angeles, California, has been formally opened to the public. The institution not only houses what is said to be the largest and most complete privately owned collection of wild animals in the world but has been built with an eye to permanency, an enduring monument to Col. William N. Selig's efforts to present all that is artistic and educational in cinematography. The photographs reproduced above, the first received showing the completed works of art at the Jungle-Zoo, will give an idea of its beauty and impressiveness.

The Lonesome Heart

SOMETIMES THE PRINCE WALKS RIGHT OUT OF BOOKS INTO THIS OLD WORLD—BUT NOT VERY OFTEN

By Elwell Lawrence

AS Samantha rolled up her sleeve and leaned over the Orphanage pond, tears of forlorn dejection coursed down her cheeks. She was seventeen, but you would never have guessed it. The shapeless blue and white seersucker dress, the uniform of the Institution, almost succeeded in obliterating the soft curves of her ripening figure.

Sobbing miserably she thrust her round, brown arm into the water and unceremoniously hauled forth a tame, bulbous-eyed frog which puffed and squatted. The creature's stolid amiability seemed to add fresh fuel to her sorrow, and turning to Tom, the old gardener, who sat perplexedly beside her on the green bank, she poured forth the cause of her tears.

"If—if it weren't for you, Tom, and m-my frog," she sobbed, "I don't believe I could stand it. I w-wouldn't mind working so hard, and w-wearing aprons every day, and—and only brown prints on Sunday, and being j-just Samantha, the biggest, homeliest girl in the Orphanage, if Sara Prue would only love me a little."

The wrinkles deepened on Tom's kindly old face as Samantha's tight-screwed pig-tails bobbed ludicrously with her grief, and with awkward tenderness he reached out and stroked her dark head.

"Sara Prue ain't much given to lovin' folks," he admitted; "but no orphan superintendent ever is, I reckon. 'Tain't in their natures. But Samantha, you've forgotten the A and B orphans. They love you heaps."

The young girl's face softened.

"So they do, the dar-

lings! But, oh, Tom, that isn't like having somebody love you that's all yours, like a mother, or a father, or—or—a husband."

"A wha-a-t?" Tom Davitt's voice rose in a cackle. "Where'd you ever hear of husbands, Samantha?"

The girl's face cleared like an April sky. She set the frog down on a convenient lily-pad, and turned shyly to Tom, her great confession on her lips.

"I read story-books and novels, and, oh,



"I wouldn't mind working so hard—if Sara Prue would only love me a little."



"She's coming," he gasped. "Sara Prue's coming here to search for Samantha."

Tom, do you think it's very wicked?" She revealed the pointed ear of a book hidden beneath her dress.

The old man ruminated long before answering, but when he spoke it was with wisely twinkling eyes.

"There's plenty of lovin' and hatin' and great folk fightin' and killin' each other—yes, an' dancin' and feastin' an' the wearin' of fine clothes—in the Bible. An' it ain't wicked to read the Bible, is it, Samantha?"

"Oh, Tom!" Her arm went about his neck. "And there's the bell."

Springing to her feet she ran like a wild thing towards the great ugly building that had been her home ever since, years ago, she had been found wailing on the steps, a tiny, hungry mite. A few moments later she was counting the A and B orphans, the two youngest classes, as they filed into the supper room.

"What's that you have under your arm, Samantha?" suddenly inquired a harsh, mannish voice behind her, and involuntarily the girl cringed. She turned to face Sara Prue, the superintendent, a big, coarse woman who ruled with a rod of iron.

"A-a book," the girl stammered through

white lips, and handed over the wretched thing."

"And a story book!" roared Sara Prue, her hard little eyes glittering through her spectacles. "How many times have I told you—" She took a threatening step forward, and then controlled herself. "Go to your room and I'll attend to you later."

When she had been "attended to," Samantha lay a quivering heap on the floor, her body tingling from the blows she had received, and a wild rebellion in her heart. The thought of her utter aloneness in the world, that nobody really cared whether she lived or died, hurt with all the poignancy that childhood knows.

But after all, it was not the pain or humiliation that was the worst, but the fact that her dreams could not be her own; that the bright world she had created from books and lived in so happily, must be subject to the will of Sara Prue.

And, oh, the fairy Prince, so inseparable from her bright imaginings, what of him? Must she give him up, too?

She rose and crept to the window seat where so often she had drifted through the golden reverie of her romance. And, de-

spite the tingling flesh and the hurt spirit, she dreamed again, and the Prince came. Very gentle he was, and compassionate; he seemed to know all that had happened.

"Brave, brave little girl, to have endured this for my sake," he comforted. And she, glowing, radiant, curtsied proudly in her profound humility (as always during their imaginary interviews), and replied:

"Disgrace for your sake, Sire, is my greatest honor!" (A remembered sentence from the book that Sara Prue had confiscated).

And then in the poverty-stricken garret room the illusion faded, and the hopeless drab fear returned. How could the fairy Prince—for of course he existed—how could he ever find her here behind brick walls in a jail-like Orphanage, disguised in seersucker? For she never doubted a moment that she was beloved, and that he was searching the world for her.

Against such a situation as this, the loves of Tom and the frog and the A's and B's became as nothing, and that night, braving the unknown, Samantha ran away. And once she had scaled the wall by the aid of a friendly cherry tree, she fled from the village into the nearby woods.

Ah, how nice it was to sleep on the soft grass and the heaped up fragrant pine needles! To look up through the stirring branches and see the great starry ribbon of the Milky Way wheel by! She dropped asleep with the dream-face of her fairy Prince bending above her.

Next morning she had just bathed her hands and face in a brook and screwed up the defiant pig-tails afresh, when something invisible suddenly whistled by her head and buried itself in the tree behind her. An instant later there was a sharp report.

Startled, Samantha leaped out into the open, and saw before her a slim, handsome young man in hunting costume who carried a smoking rifle in one hand.

No less amazed, George Stuart stared at the strange game his shot had driven from the thicket. His lips twitched at sight of the outgrown, faded seersucker and the ludicrous pig-tails. But there was something in the wistful face and beseeching eyes that dominated these things and stirred something deeper within him. Setting his rifle down, he came toward her and gravely took both her hands in his.

And she knew then that she had found the Prince of her dreams; for who but a Prince would act like that to a frightened, friendless, runaway orphan known to the world only as Samantha?

And his own name! Was any further proof needed?

George Stuart, he said it was. Why, the Stuarts were the kings of England once!

With unembarrassing kindness he drew her into conversation. He was considerably alarmed at first that she insisted on calling him Sire, and attempting Court curtsies; but he did not laugh, and, as their acquaintance progressed, she forgot to do both. Then, gradually he learned her story.

At mention of Sara Prue's cruelty the young man's face darkened.

"I've always suspected that woman," he declared, and thought a moment. "And now I suppose they're looking for you."

"Oh, yes." She quivered with fear. "And when they catch me Sara Prue will beat me again—"

"No, she won't," he assured her grimly. "Trust me for that. They won't catch you." He studied her bright, eager face an instant. "Will you trust me to take care of you for a little while?"

"You!" she answered. "I'd trust you forever."

"Then come with me. You must be hungry, poor kid!"

With a runaway orphan on his hands Stuart turned to his former nurse, Ophelia Holebrook, who lived in a little rose-covered cottage at the far end of the village. He took the girl there, and while Samantha devoured a wonderful breakfast of unimagined good things, laid his problem before the old servant.

"You keep her here, Aunt Ophelia," he urged, "and I'll take the responsibility. One thing's sure; she's not going back to that orphan place. When the first excitement's over we'll see what to do next."

The kindly-faced old woman looked at her former nursing with adoring eyes and smiled.

"Ah, George, darlin', never was the time I could refuse you anything, and I can't now," she said. "I'll take her. The poor lamb does need motherin'. But, George—" she hesitated—"you must remember that it's no child she is. She's almost a woman now."



"Princess," he said, "do you believe in fairy stories?"

Stuart, in whom the unconscious loveliness of Samantha's fresh young beauty had already stirred something deep and sweet, said quietly:

"I know, Aunt Ophelia, and I'll be very careful."

So Samantha entered upon a new period of existence, a period of freedom and joy in which she unfolded and bloomed like one of Aunt Ophelia's roses. And the old nurse grew to love her. She bought her pretty clothes and gave her books to read at Stuart's direction, and in every way sought to obliterate the influence and memory of the old life. And the change in Samantha was so great, she looked so

beautiful and radiant that Stuart, when he came to visit them, could only marvel and be more careful than ever.

Then one day what they had feared so long happened.

Old Tom Davitt, who had learned through Stuart where Samantha was, came hobbling to the cottage, breathless with fear.

"She's comin'!" he gasped. "Sara Prue's comin' here to search for Samantha. Somehow she heard—I don't know how—what shall we do?"

Ophelia Holebrook's usually gentle eyes grew defiant.

"She shan't have her!" she declared, and then with an inspiration: "the clothes chest upstairs! Come, Samantha, quick!"

And then, while the others watched and listened, Samantha climbed into the great box and crouched there trembling like a hunted thing while the search went on all about her.

When Sara Prue had gone away baffled, Stuart came. And when he had heard the story, his handsome face clouded with anger and resolution.

"This persecution must stop!" he declared. "I shall have myself appointed Samantha's legal guardian and then they'll leave her in peace."

To accomplish his purpose, he went to his father. He found him in his luxuriously appointed law offices and, as he told the story of Samantha's life, and of his own growing love for her, he became aware of a subtle change in the other's manner. All their lives there had been certain reservations between these two, and now the son

felt that somehow he had intruded upon one of them.

"Of course any such step as you propose is ridiculous and impossible," the elder Stuart said imperiously, but without meeting his son's eyes. "Besides the disgrace of marrying a nameless girl, you will make me a laughing stock as one of the trustees of the Orphanage. That girl has escaped from the Home provided for her by law, and she must go back."

"What!" cried the young man, his eyes blazing, "back to that place to be beaten and treated like a servant. How can you say such a thing! If you're a trustee why hasn't that brute of a superintendent been removed? It's a disgrace to have her there!"

"Mrs. Prue is perfectly satisfactory to me," the father said coldly, but, George thought, with some uneasiness, and changed the conversation. "What did you say this girl's name was?"

"Samanthy."

The elder Stuart looked startled and got up from his chair.

"I must see her, he said, 'take me to her.'"

In the hope that Ophelia might succeed where he had failed, George acquiesced. At the cottage Samanthy came down to them radiant and fresh as a field daisy, and James Stuart looked at her long in silence. Then he turned away very pale, but a moment later, his anger returned, faced her again glowering.

"You go back to the Orphanage," he told her, "and there you stay."

The girl, dazed by the unexpected shattering of her happiness, pleaded as she had never pleaded before. But her words as well as George's and Ophelia's were powerless to move him.

A little later Sara Prue came, and Samanthy, dressed once more in the hateful old seersucker, went with her, sobbing as if her heart would break.

At the door she turned instinctively to George, her fairy Prince come true. But he, mastering himself, only took her hands, and looked deep into her eyes.

"Never mind, little Princess," he said, "we'll see this thing through yet, and we'll win. Be brave and remember that I'll be waiting for you when the time comes."

So Samanthy went back to the Orphanage and the A's and B's, and Tom and



"You go back to the Orphanage," he told her.

Johnny Greenback, the frog.

Then, as time passed, young Stuart commenced to act in a way not usually expected of Princes, fairy or otherwise. He started a campaign for a thorough investigation of the Orphanage, Sara Prue, and all concerned.

He laid his fuse ready to set off this explosion with care and precision, and then went to the great, gloomy building to deliver his ultimatum, which was that either he was to become Samantha's legal guardian, or certain persons would lose their fat State jobs.

But as he was shown into the musty parlor of the institution he was met by a surprise. His father was there talking excitedly to Sara Prue. The young man listened a moment with increasing amazement and then interrupted them, and told them what he had come to say.

When he had finished Sara Prue laughed harshly.

"Start all the investigations you want to!" she said, "but be careful you don't cut your own head off. Ask your father what I mean."

Startled and bewildered, the young man turned to his father.

The elder Stuart was very pale, but there was a new look of resolution on his face.

"What she says is true," he said, quietly, "but I don't care now. I'm going to make a clean breast of the whole thing."

"Clean breast—what is all this?" cried the young man.

The other raised his hand for silence.

"I'll tell you. When I was young I loved Dorothy Barrett. But she didn't love me. She married Tom Loomis—"

"What! Not your former partner!"

"Yes. And I never forgave either of them. I loved Dorothy all my life, even though I married your dead mother, my boy. I swore I'd have revenge, and I had it. I took Tom into partnership just for that purpose and he thought I was the best friend he had in the world.

"Tom had a little daughter, Dorothy, and when he and the woman I loved were killed in a railroad accident I became her guardian by Tom's will, and the trustee of her fortune."

"Good Lord, dad!"

"I brought that little girl here and left her on the steps of the Orphanage, and I've been using her fortune ever since. But

when I saw Samantha the other day—"

"Samanthy!"

"Yes, she was the child. And when I saw her—," the elder man's voice faltered—"she was so exactly the image of the woman I loved when I first knew her, that I just couldn't go on any longer. I saw my revenge then as the thing it was, futile and wicked. At first I was only angry and sent the girl back here, but now she has changed me. I've already paid back the money I have used, and I shall devote my life trying to make up for what I have done."

George, unable to speak, sat down hastily because of his trembling knees. Then, after awhile, he asked for proofs that Samantha really was Dorothy Loomis, and his father furnished them aided by Sara Prue, who it now developed, had been blackmailing the elder Stuart regularly, ever since the night years before when she saw him leave the baby on the Orphanage steps. And George realized then how powerless his father was to remove Sara Prue.

The woman herself became ugly as she saw her scheme of revenue falling to pieces in her hands, but George settled that once and for all.

"You say a word about this," he said, "and I've got facts that will ride you out of this town in a coat of tar and feathers. And I'll heat the tar myself, and it will be boiling."

At which the woman became whiningly subservient and went to fetch Samantha, as he commanded.

George awaited the girl at the bottom of the dark, uncarpeted stairs. She came shyly, but gave a little glad cry when she saw who it was.

"Princess," he said, when he had taken her hands in his, "do you believe in fairy stories?"

"I don't know," she answered softly, "but I believe in fairy Princes. I found mine."

"And I have found my Princess if she will have me," he said, and bending, kissed each of her work-worn hands.

When he looked up again he saw that Samantha, the child, had gone, and that the woman stood in her place.

"If she will have me," he repeated softly, and held out his arms.

"Oh," she said, breathlessly, and came to them, a lonesome heart no longer.

Fashions in Feminine Fans

WOMEN fat as Pauline Bush, women thin as Roscoe Arbuckle. Virginal-eyed Pickford women; cruel-lipped women a la Bara. Intriguing Lillieslie women, impudent Brice women, Machiavellian Wayne-Gordon women, seductive Barriscale women. Jewel-women like Jolivet, and Ethelclayton pearl-women. Ethereal Stewart women, women material as Dressler. Ingenue Ostriche-women, reliquary Finch-women, spare Vivianrich-women. Burning Maryalden women, cool Gishwomen, delightful Loveridge women.

Pal women like Kathlyn, queen women like Nance O'Neill. Passionate Petrova-women, fascinating Billington-women, humorous Normand-women, Wintergardeny Washburn-women, tragic-sweet Marsh-women, bizarre Janis-women, saucy Clarke-women, uproarious Tincher-women. Women who pout like Sweet, women who kiss like Joyce, women who cling like Betty Gray.

Adorable LaBadie women, irresistible

Normatalmadge women, commanding Nansen women. Diana women like Helen Holmes, adventurous women like Pearl White, voluptuous women like Mary Fuller, childish women like Marguerite Courtot, brilliant women like Lottie Briscoe, bread-and-butter women like Viola Dana.

Appealing women, as Razetto; interesting women, as Trunnelle; statuesque women, as Nesbitt; girlish women, as Claire; piquant women, as Pickford-Lottie. Women who are symbols, like Purviance; women who are ideas, like McCoy; women who are intensity, like Storey. Women with wonderful hands, like Meredith. Women with wonderful eyes, like Bayne. Women with wonderful mouths, like Mayo.

Supple, sinuous, sensuous Keystone women.

Ballroomy, limousiney Lubin women.

Miraculous Griffith women.

Women of the world—Ince-women.

Western Selig women.

New York women, after Vitagraph.



That beauty is always beauty in no matter what land or costume it may dress, is well illustrated by the above pictures of Clara Kimball Young. In the left hand picture, she is a lass of old China; next she is a Geisha girl from far Japan; then she is a lady of Siam, and on the right we have her as a daughter of Egypt.



Reinforcing daylight with arc lamps and Cooper-Hewitt lights in producing "The House of a Thousand Candles" at the Selig studio, Chicago.

Sun Substitutes

HOW SCIENCE IS MAKING THE PRODUCERS INDEPENDENT OF SUNSHINE

WHEN the world went mad over moving pictures, when photoplay theaters were being banged together over-night, and chicken-houses, stables, stores and every available building were being commandeered by promoters eager to handle the public nickels, the business, from the standpoint of producers, directors and actors, suddenly took on a sinister aspect. All at once it was discovered that there was not enough light in the world.

There was an eager, famished demand for more pictures, and more and more; but they could only be made on sunshiny days. Rain was as disastrous to the business as to a crop of mown hay. The direct sun, or, in a pinch, a fairly bright day, furnished the only light that was at once steady and fleet enough to work in with a fast shutter and the swift action of the players. The electrical engineers immediately began the search for an artificial light which would permit work in a studio, on days that were unfit for out-of-door photography. Electricity is of high actinic value and capable of great intensity when

expressed in light, and these features at once recommended it as the probable correct candidate among the artificial lights.

The result of the research has produced lighting systems that make studio work far more satisfactory, as far as lighting goes, than work outdoors, where the movement of clouds frequently cause differences in shade on the films. Electric light being constant in actinic, it is possible to diffuse the lighting and shadow effects as desired and to produce even-toned films.

There are three types of electric lighting used for photoplay work—the mercury-vapor lamp, the arc, and the 1,000-watt, gas-filled tungsten incandescent. The last-named is a new invention in its application to studio work, and it is asserted by some experts that it is meeting with great success. Its principal advantage is that it can be used to reinforce daylight, a use to which the other systems are not so susceptible. The mercury-vapor tubes and arc lamps enjoyed the most general use at first. An advantage of the mercury-vapor tubes is that its light is exceptionally high in actinic rays. Furthermore, the distribution

of the light is wide and uniform. The tubes are usually arranged in unit banks containing eight tubes each.

The enclosed arc, on the other hand, has an advantage in its peculiar effectiveness in work requiring concentration of rays. It is also adaptable to special lighting effects, such as lightning and the glow in fire-places.

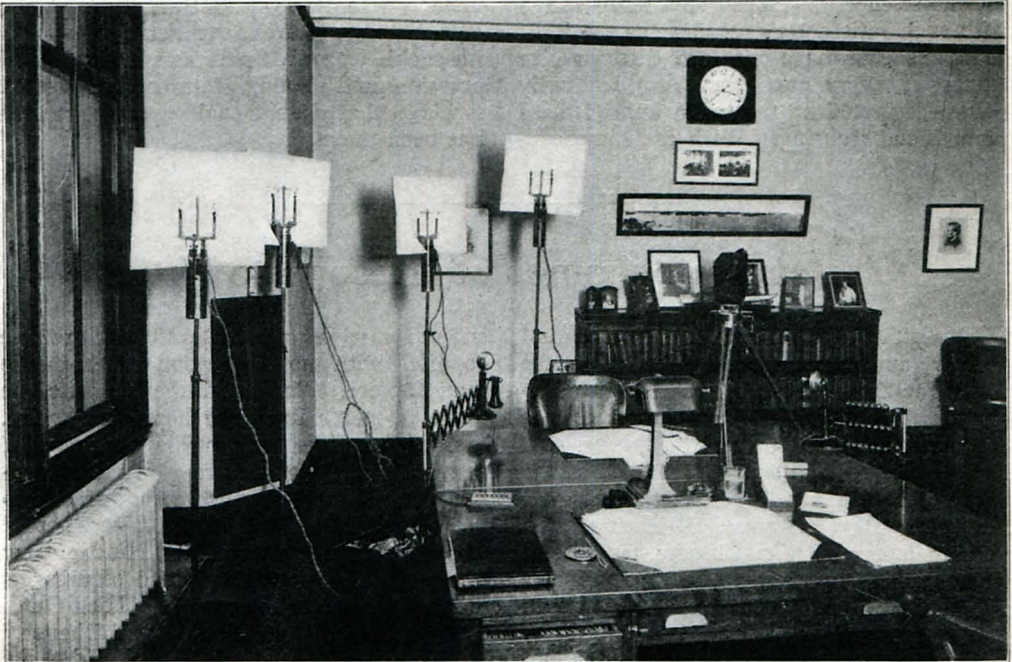
There are two general methods usually followed in motion picture studio lighting: the fixed light method, and the portable system. Where the former is favored, a comparatively large area must be lighted, and the players are confined within those limits. With portable lights, smaller scenes can be illuminated and the lights readily moved from scene to scene. Overhead trolley or mono-rails are used for transporting the lights from place to place in the studio. Another device for moving the lights is to have them mounted on frames which are pushed about on casters.

It is frequently found that deep shadows are cast by the artificial lights, and to offset this a screen of heavy canvas is used to reflect light in the places desired. Sometimes the same effect can be attained by the interposition of translucent screens of tissue

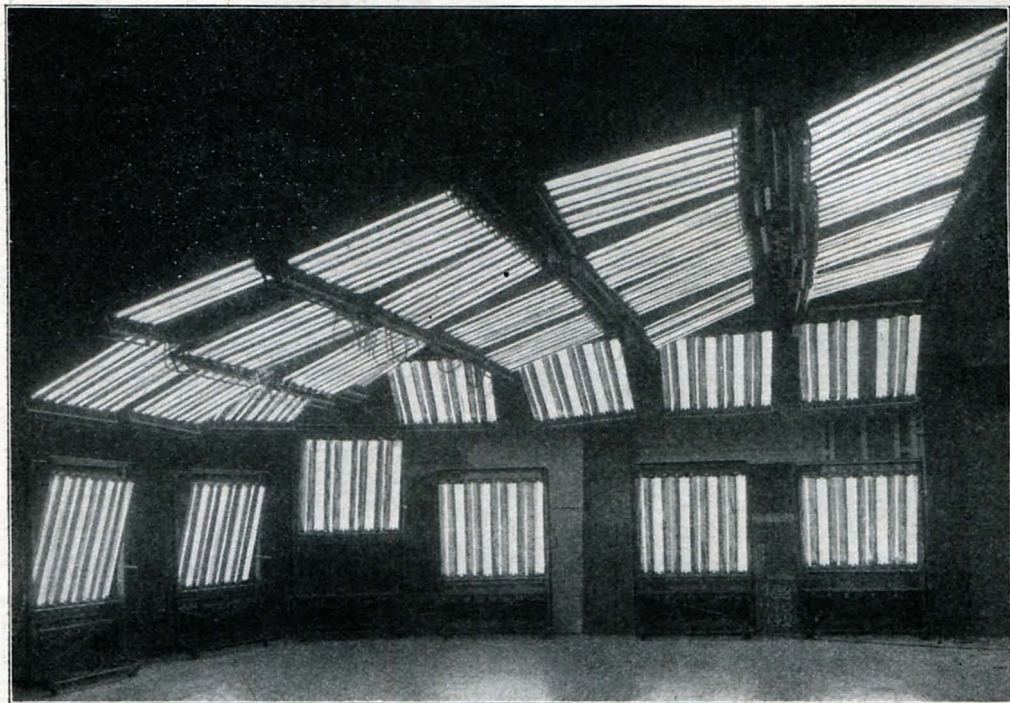
papers between the light source and the objects to be photographed.

There is another little portable fellow, the very genius of light, the fire-when-you're-ready little midnight sun of the moving pictures which can be packed in a container and carried from place to place like a suit-case. When packed it is only 18 inches long by 12 inches wide, and weighs but 19 pounds. It can be used on direct or alternating current and needs only 15 amperes on 110-volt circuit. With this light actual night pictures can and have been made outside. It is invaluable for getting pictures in a ship's hold, for instance, or a cellar, or other dark places which are so frequently necessary to the film story, and which formerly compelled the erection of a studio scene. With this light the location is made, the company goes out, and pictures are made regardless of the local lighting arrangements.

Just as in every other branch of the business, shrewd experts and scientists are probing for further knowledge, for even better lights, such as will give the perfect picture independently of natural lighting. The moving picture business has keenly spurred invention in many directions, but none of



Taking interiors in offices at the Grand Central Station, New York, with the aid of portable lights.



Interior of a New York studio—Showing how Cooper-Hewitt batteries are used to replace Old Sol with his irregular habits.

its sub-sciences has been so keenly tested with such satisfactory response as the light problems that have met the director like jinxes at every turn, but are gradually being dissipated by the rapid improvement of artificial lighting. With each improve-

ment, no matter in what line, the public gets better pictures, the actor is further unshackled towards perfect freedom in expression, and moving pictures gain another stride in that phenomenal popularity which has been theirs.

Clergyman Becomes Staff Scenario Writer

TO write photoplays that convince and move audiences requires more than some slight facility at handling the English language; it requires first-hand knowledge of life, and the vision to see the human soul and its motives and aspirations back of the commonplace struggle for bread and butter. The Rev. Clarence J. Harris, who as missionary to the Chinese, as circuit rider among the poor white mountaineers of the South, and as pastor of rich and important churches in San Diego and Oklahoma City, has gathered a fund of material from which he can build with the certi-

tude of a master, photoplays which are true to life, with no suggestion of hothouse manufacture. The weird, the fantastic, the outre in men's lives and hearts he knows, and he has been responsible for some of the most striking picture plays ever produced. His first scenario was written two years ago, "The Trail of the Lost Chord," and was instantly successful. His first play under his new contract, which secures his output to one company, "The Kick-Out," will be followed by "The Cup of Chance," "The Fool's Paradise," "The Edge of Night."

The PICTURE GANG

By JOHNSTONE CRAIG

Illustrations by Glen C. Sheffer

AN August morning. The dazzling sunlight seemed to pour from every quarter of the violet sky, but a buoyant breeze, cool with the caress of limitless ocean miles, swept invigoratingly up Brooklyn's Ocean Avenue. Beaches and mountains had claimed numerous folk. The greater houses all seemed closed, and only beneath listless awnings on the apartment buildings were sashes raised, and flowers stretched their part-colored fingers sunward from the sills.

An elegantly nondescript black car rolled in slowly from Manhattan. Its driver was scanning the house numbers. He stopped—very suddenly.

A man on the rear seat of the car leaped out, drawing the distinctive mechanism of a motion picture camera after him. The chauffeur handed him a folded tripod. A tall, athletic chap in British tweeds, dismounting, walked about the squarely elegant house of gray stone, eyeing it with practical artistry. Two more men got down, and at last, a slender, gray-eyed girl of vivid youth, ecstatic buoyancy, dark hair and vivid coloring from the palette of sun and wind.

The man in tweeds touched the bell beside the huge weathered door. His associates waited expectantly at the curb—all save the girl, who ran up beside him. He seemed surprised when the door swung back to reveal a square-shouldered butler of undeniable youth and figure.

"Why, I thought—" he began, confusedly.

"Perhaps it's a mistake!" interrupted the girl, in smiling explanation. "I am Miss Violet Hardee, this is Mr. Donald MacVeigh, and we're both of the Manhattan Film Corporation. Mr. MacVeigh 'located' this house for an elopement scene the other day—"

"I made arrangements with an elderly woman—the housekeeper," continued MacVeigh, resuming the thread of his narra-

tive. "She told me that the Bruce-Browns had gone to the Canadian Lakes, and that there would be no objection to our using the portico and upper windows for—say—half an hour. Of course, if the Bruce-Browns have returned, as I infer by your presence—" MacVeigh lifted his hands in a deprecating gesture.

"They have not returned," answered the butler. "I am here to superintend some painting, but I know of no objection to the picture."

"It will be worth your while."

MacVeigh drew out a bill-fold. The butler waved it away. MacVeigh paused, and looked swiftly and searchingly into the girl's eyes. Whatever his query, she laughed it away.

"Go ahead, Don!" Again he gave her the glance of serious questioning. Still laughing, she turned to the cameraman on the curb.

"Aloys—focus on this big winding vine—here! On this corner post. It's what Don must carry me down on."

"Are you ready—sir?" The question was the butler's. The "sir" seemed an after-thought.

"Yes—not quite." The actor-director seemed uncertain.

"When you are, sir, ring," concluded the servant. "I will arrange the house."

As he closed the door the butler lifted his hand and stood motionless, listening. Then he snapped his thumb and middle finger; not loudly, but distinctly. A woman, white of face and hair, glided from the darkness of the drawing-room, and came toward him with trembling, outstretched hands.

"Oh, I'm so afraid, Mr. —"

"There's nothing to be afraid of. Go to your own room, lock the door, and stay there until I call you, no matter what you hear."

The old woman sighed, nodded acquiescence, and after a moment's hesitation dis-



"MacVeigh . . . rehearsed her cling about his neck, his support of her supple body, his heavy-weighted climb down the bending, crackling trellis."

appeared up the dimness of the great green and gold staircase.

Within the ivory recesses of the drawing-room, whose long French windows had been shuttered and Yaled since early June, a great door-drape of purple velvet stirred suddenly, as though trembling in a phantom wind. The butler took a quick step toward it. There was a tapping on the front door. He returned to open it.

"I shall ask you," explained MacVeigh, now wholly at ease, "to permit us to use the corner bedroom, opening on the upper veranda, and to remain with us while we are in that room; if you please. I should feel better about it. I think you understand."

The girl had changed her hat to a jetty turban unornamented save for a long scarlet feather. A fur neckpiece, torture in the tropic day, dragged hotly from her shoulders. Even the butler noticed the svelte line of her corduroys, and her chic, high, inner-lace boots of fawn. She posed with a foot advanced upon the first rise of the great staircase. MacVeigh, sweltering in an overcoat, shouted directions to the cameraman, now backing his three-legged artillery beyond the curb for range.

"Hurry! Hurry! Don," complained the girl, in a perspiring pout.

"Bob!" cried MacVeigh, to another of the company, who stood ready to assist the camera-man in the event of other duties failing. He came up at a lope, long, lean youth of shifty eyes and diffident air; cattle-rustler rather than actor of screen or stage.

"Watch this door," commanded MacVeigh, tersely. "We shall be upstairs, and the butler will be with us. Since the Bruce-Browns extend us the courtesy of their home—"

"Of course you don't wish them to be robbed!" concluded the butler, with such sudden

and unexpected ease that MacVeigh tensed every muscle. The girl laughed once more.

And so the picture progressed; but not as rapidly as one might think. MacVeigh rehearsed Violet at the window, rehearsed his own climbing of the vine for his modern Juliet, rehearsed some gibberish that would pass on a thousand screens for love-words, rehearsed her cling about his neck, his support of her supple body, his heavy weighted climb down the bending, crackling trellis. Even the butler, cautiously seated upon Madame's small dressing-table chair of Louis XIV frame and strange chintz covering, grew interested in spite of other thoughts—most interested, perhaps, in MacVeigh's oft-practiced kissing. The cameraman "found" it all, and, at length inwound it for the magic box.

A passing Police Sergeant looked on interestedly, then went his way.

The butler, who had risen suddenly, paused in some confusion as he heard the cameraman's last monotonous count, over the "taken" spaces, and his sudden cry of—

"Finish!"

And then a peal of laughter from the girl beneath the balcony—an uncontrollable, convulsive cascade of laughter.

"Well! Well! What is it?" This from MacVeigh, weary, perspiring, a bit impatient.

—"The camera-man, now backing his three-legged artillery beyond the curb for range."



"We've finished—what's funny now?"

"Nothing," chortled the girl, "E—e—except that I've eloped without my bag!"

The butler, standing tensely behind a portiere of Valenciennes at the chamber window, emitted a soundless laugh of relieved understanding, and sank back upon the miniature chair.

There was a second's silence. Then MacVeigh burst forth in raucous anger.

"Bob! You had that bag—I gave it to you—where in Hell was your mind?"

"I thought you weren't ready, Mr. —"

"Oh, thought be damned. You ought to sell your head for a billiard ball; it's ideal. Mr. Spardon, have you any more film?"

"Certainly, sir; about 500 feet."

"Very well. Put it in, and we'll retake." To Bob, at the door: "Your blunder will be charged up to me; this extra film is off my salary."

"Don't cry! I'm not sore, and it's harder to be loved on a hot day than to climb down a tree!" So assuaged the girl, entirely unruffled though moist, as she took the porch stairs lightly, two at a time.

The butler was standing as they came up. He shook himself in his clothes, as you've seen a dog expecting a run shake himself in his collar. MacVeigh entered the sleeping apartment dreadingly enough—with the bag, which he deposited carefully near the door. His slouch through the hinged windows to the upper porch was a too patent bit of acting. The girl, entering, looked about for the bag, found it, and advanced toward MacVeigh's exit.

"That bag seems very heavy," interposed the butler, courteously. "Shall I not carry it to the window for you?"

"Why—no!" The girl shrank back, startled.

"I insist," said the butler, and he took it from her. A shadow fell over them.

"What's the idea here? Haven't we had trouble enough already?" snorted MacVeigh, reappearing at the window after a stop-signal to the camera-man.

"Not as much as you will have, I'm afraid," informed the spurious servant. He crooked his forefinger between his teeth, and a quick, screeching whistle rang twice through the house.

"Out—with this!" yelled MacVeigh, tearing the bag from its holder's hands in a flash of movement, and hurling it at the girl. She tried to catch it, but missed,

disconcerted by the pseudo-butler's quick leap toward her. She reached for it, changed her mind, darted into the dim hall—disappeared.

Her pursuer did not follow. MacVeigh, giving the turn which had been expected from him, leaped for the porch rail, with the other man directly behind.

The scene below grew suddenly animated. The phantom winds that had fluctuated the royal drapes in the salon resolved into a pair of stalwart blue New York police uniforms. Another uniform came around the corner of the house, and a Police Sergeant dashed up from the basement staircase.

The picture chauffeur, thoroughly imbued with "Safety First," stepped on his throttle with elephant tread, and when his outraged tires appeared to strike pavement after the first long leap, he was well within the province of safety. He was alone, but out of it.

He who had been addressed as "Bob" flashed forth, a tigerish fighter. As the Sergeant passed him, he was felled with a blow on the point of the jaw. The two patrolmen within leaped on the man who floored him. The camera-man, with an oath, came burlily to his assistance. The camera-man was an unwieldy but formidable dreadnought; "Bob," a cyclonic combination of undersea boat, torpedo craft and battle cruiser. The Sergeant was not in this melee; his forehead had struck a brass rail in his fall; for the moment he slumbered. The policeman without, absurdly but homerically pursued the flying car on foot. The last unit among the attacked vanished behind distant billboards.

When the girl realized that the Sudden Surprise was no longer pursuing her, she returned. The door, which she had flung against her follower, was spring-locked. She pounded futilely on its thick panels.

Meanwhile, the amateur butler and the amateur actor were busily engaged. The first made a low tackle as the player of varied parts essayed the rail in a dive. They rolled to the sheet-iron floor together. The actor had the advantage of weight, reach and uppermost position. His smaller but equally sturdy antagonist had the persistence of Sparta and the morale of a righteous cause.

His gun availed him nothing. Drawing it early, the actor had slapped it out of



"Exactly as enormous sabres, Viking-swung, these gaunt, barked, ridiculous chairs planed through the air in a burlesque quarte and tierce."

his hand, and it had gone spinning to the lawn.

They struggled to their feet in a scratching, clawing, cursing deadlock. The actor swung, the other threw up his left to guard—exactly what the feint had intended. Instead of leaping to the rail, the released player reached behind him and swung above his head one of two heavy rustic chairs which, year long, occupied their outdoor, above stairs positions.

The other chair was behind the pseudo-butler, and that individual knew the Schlaager craft of the German cavalry. Exactly as enormous sabres, Viking-swung, these gaunt, barked, ridiculous chairs planed through the air in a burlesque quartette and tierce, crashing cumbrously, at each shock losing some of their rough fabric, always rising and falling in a timed thrust and parry, and—strangely—never entangling.

Though the bigger man was a willing fighter and an evident master of all weapons, his condition was not so good; his stamina not enduring. His antagonist had forgotten everything but the Satanic lust of an enjoyed battle. His butler's coat, fortunately torn to ribbons in the floor embrace, had been stripped from him, as was the most of his shirt. His blows came faster; his opponent was reduced to desperate but still-sure guarding. Slowly the victor turned him toward the edge and the inevitable headlong plunge or surrender. Something like a groan escaped from the bigger man as the other eluded his guard for the first time and sent the chair in for a scraping, glancing blow that tore the left side of his face from forehead to collar. The loser swung his wooden defence wildly—the chairs met—there was a crackling crash, and the winner of the previous moment found himself with a few bits of inch-long wood in his hands. The shattered fragments of his ungainly weapon lay on the porch floor. His opponent yelled and swung his own chair on high.

A fighter's ultimate moments—as are anyone's—are inspiration. As the actor extended up and backward for a crushing down-thrust his stomach and abdomen were taut, drawn, unprotected. And the pseudo-butler went in, all his weight and the added power of a jump on the end of his right fist. That fist stopped sickeningly deep in

the other's stomach, its owner went by, and chair and wielder together crashed impotently to the floor.

The Sergeant was pounding at the door, unsteadily nursing a bleeding temple, when the loser got to his feet before his unarmed conqueror.

"That you, Rand?"

"Yes—Lemme in!"

"Take him with your gun—I'll look into the bag."

"Good work, Connelly!"

And in the bag of the happy elopers Detective Sergeant Connelly found three precious paintings, cut and rolled; a statue of gold and jewels from Florence; three immemorial vases of Chinese jade; four original etchings; a miniature, and two priceless statuettes from Naxos.

"That 'Bob' of yours is not only a swift worker, but a connoisseur," remarked Connelly in complimentary badinage to his fallen foe.

"Here's the wagon; now where's the girl?" interrupted the Sergeant.

"She got away," muttered the actor, wiping his scarred face.

"I think so, too," ventured Connelly. The next moment he wondered why he said it.

There was no one, nor any sign of disturbance in the quiet upper hall. The perspiring and rumped patrolmen, guarding their handcuffed prisoners below, did not remember seeing anyone. The Sergeant conducted his personal prisoner to the patrol. One officer searched the lower part of the house. Connelly began pushing open the chamber doors. He opened one after another, realizing dank, sweet, hot darkness. Suddenly he felt a presence near him; there was a window within arm's reach of the casement; he quickly released the shade.

In the flood of light the girl stood out against the dark fireplace like a suddenly materialized spirit.

"Hello!" he said, as genial as anything in the world, putting out his hand.

The girl was plainly frightened. She put forth her two hands in supplication.

"I did this because there was only one other way, and I would rather die than go that way. I was alone in New York. I was hungry—"

"And I suppose your clothes were a month behind the style, which was lots

worse," interrupted Connelly, with a cynical grin.

"This is the first time! I'm not a bad girl—"

"And for your mother's sake—"

At Connelly's interruption the girl stamped her foot and clenched her fists in a paroxysm of dumb anger. Connelly smiled, and felt the place where his cigarettes should be, and of course were not. The smile faded, a strange compassion came into his face. The door was hurled open.

"Found the kid, have you? Come along with her!" The Sergeant leered at the pretty thing standing defiantly against the white marble. There was in the girl's eyes the terror of venturesome innocence upon the brink.

"You're wrong," corrected Connelly, quietly. "This is a niece of the household. Saw the fracas—frightened almost to death—hid in a closet."

"Why, she's a ringer—"

"Can't help that. Miss Bruce-Brown, Sergeant Black."

The officer dragged off his cap, and bowed with awkward haste. "I beg your pardon. I thought *everybody* was away."

Connelly looked at the girl again, his faint smile still flickering. And the girl gazed at Sergeant Black with unflinching grandeur, and inclined her head prettily to his sweeping salute.

"Your mistake was quite natural, officer, I'm sure. I wish there were more like you."

"Got a cigarette?" asked Connelly, breaking the tension. And to her:

"Miss Bruce-Brown, may I smoke?"

"Please do, as a favor to me," she answered. Black bowed himself out.

The girl and the detective listened as the officers and their charges clattered away. Both were smiling. As the last beat of hoofs came to them the girl broke the silence.

"What's the idea?" she asked. "Of course you can't call up 3100 Spring and say that you've made a mistake; that I'm not Miss Bruce-Brown, but—"

"Jewel Donnay."

The interruption frightened her. She stared at the man who knew her name, her lips parted, poised for speech, soundless.

"I know all of you," continued Connelly. "Chicago Red—confidence man—

that's MacVeigh. Your camera man was really in the picture game once, and his is the big idea. I've been trailing you since the May Day job—when you cleaned that Riverside Drive apartment. You realized \$10,000 on the art-stuff from 59th street—rather, Chicago Red did. All you got was a pretty frock. And as the artist is still in Europe, his ignorance isn't making him sorry. I hand it to you for putting a fresh art into an old game, but I think you're called. Of course you've seen nothing in the papers; we didn't want to tip you. We had to find all of you doing the trick. Bruce-Brown is the Commissioner's brother-in-law. I'm the guy who sent Chicago Red the hunch about this place."

"Good work—for a copper." The girl looked at him challengingly.

"I appreciate that compliment more than a medal," returned Connelly.

"Well, what's the plot? You can't tell them that I'm not really Miss Bruce-Brown."

"I don't intend to," said Connelly with easy finality.

"Then what are you going to do with me?" The girl's face suddenly became apprehensive.

"You are my prisoner; not the State of New York's."

The pretty face grew gray, like bright lake water under a breath of squall. Her hands, behind her, clutched at the smooth, cold marble. Her eyes were narrowing windows of terror.

"Take me to headquarters," she whispered. "I demand that you take me to headquarters. I'm just a common thief, and you've arrested me, and I've a right to go to headquarters."

"You are not going to headquarters," said Connelly in a voice equally low. He was pensively studying his prisoner.

"I've heard," said the girl, speaking with difficulty, "about the horrors of the law . . . about you policemen . . . about some other things . . . but it won't happen to me—I shall kill myself! I'm not afraid!" Her tone rose to a cry.

"Where do you live?" asked the detective, impersonally. She did not answer. "Where do you live, I say!"

She jumped at his imperative repetition. "On Ninth avenue, near 28th street," she replied, sullenly.

"That's not a nice place for you to live,"

said the detective, suddenly gentle. "Were you ever really in the picture game?"

"I was an extra girl for a few days at the studio on Fordham Road."

"Got any money?"

"Yes—sir."

"Give it to me."

A tear bubbling down her cheek, her lips trembling, the girl drew a small roll of bills from the bosom of her shirt-waist, and handed them to Connelly. He came close, counting them.

"A two—another two—one—one—my, but they were liberal with you. They let you have as much as six dollars!"

He drew from his own pocket three crisp tens, placed the girl's six dollars upon the new bills, and dropped the new-made roll into the side pocket of his coat.

"Come along!"

"What are you going to do with me?"

"I told you to come along, didn't I? Must I drag you down stairs?"

Her eyes distended with terror, she moved in the direction he indicated. They

passed through the hall, down the stairway, into the blazing sunshine of the porch. Jewel Donnay moved only as he told her; she was a terrified automaton.

"I've been watching you quite awhile," said the detective, himself embarrassed. "I . . . I don't exactly know what to say to you. My name's Ned Connelly. I'm glad I landed the picture gang today, for they've been playing you pretty bad, girl! They're the real thing—clever enough to make capital out of your innocence. Here's your money."

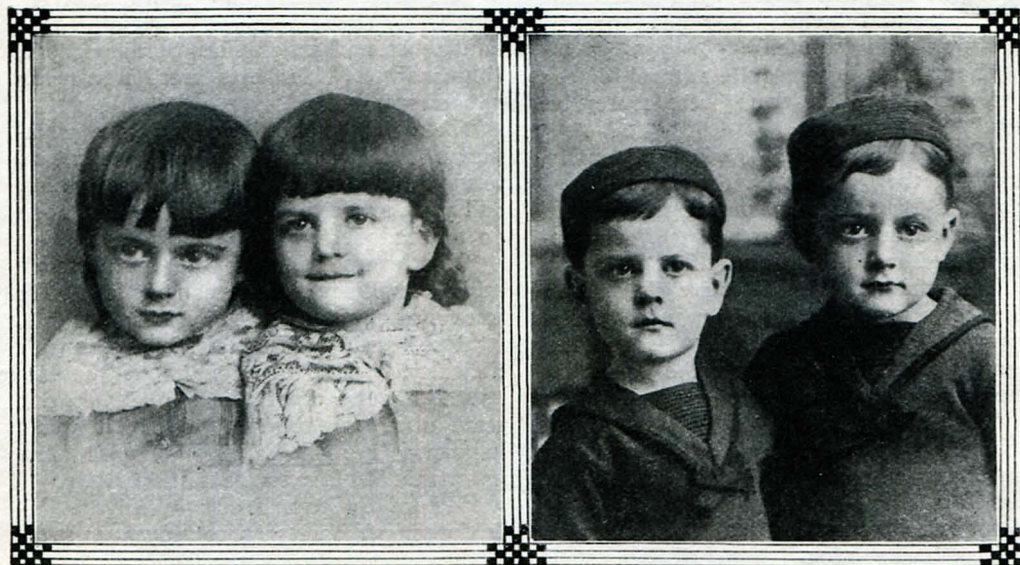
He handed her the six dollars, securely wrapped in its envelope of clean and shining tens.

"Now beat it!"

"Why—!" The girl stood bewildered. "I'm to go—? I'm free? But this is *your* money—I don't want to take *your* money!" She tried to press the tens into his hand. He led her to the walk, and waved her away.

"Put those tens back where the six came from. Beat it and behave yourself!"

The Kerrigan Boys: Jack and Wallace



In the two pictures J. Warren appears on the extreme left, and again on the extreme right. Though the distinction between baby frocks and sailor suits appears to make years of difference in the boyish faces, in reality but one day elapsed between the taking of these pictures! The photograph in frocks was taken on the twin brothers' third birthday. William Wallace Kerrigan is now his stellar brother's studio assistant.

Norma Talmadge

POST-IMPRESSION OF A GIRL OF THE
PHOTOPLAYS WHO HAS ENACTED
EVERY SORT OF FEMININE ROLE,
FROM CHILDHOOD TO OLD AGE

By Arthur Hornblow, Jr.



*"I've always loved to
make faces!"*

SHE finished sifting all the sand in her vicinity through her hands and gazed idly at the white-capped surf before us.

"I love the sea," she said—"you see, I was born almost beneath the spray of Niagara, and perhaps that has something to do with it."

I turned to look at her as she leaned back easefully against the canvas rest. Her face, of gentle contour,—she was more child-like than woman-like in the formation of its features, but its expression and thoughtfulness gave token of a mind and character developed far beyond their years.

Norma Talmadge, considering the importance of her position in the movie world, is very young,—she was born as recently ago as May 2nd, 1895, in a little cottage just outside of Buffalo, where the booming of the mighty falls formed a regular part of one's life, and where wistaria climbed lovingly about the porch, a symbol of the peace within.

Before she was old enough even to realize that she lived within calling distance of one of the world's greatest scenic splendors, she was whisked off to Brooklyn and has remained there ever since. She romped in the streets of Brooklyn with her two little sisters, Constance and Natalie, went to Public

School 92 and later to Erasmus Hall High School, and then, when still in short skirts, obtained the position with the Vitagraph Company that, in very short time, placed her in the front ranks as a star.

Just how she obtained that position and what she did when she got it, is one of the most unusual stories of Filmland.

In her brief time she has played many parts, from young girl to old woman, from chorus girl to young wife, from nun to adventuress,—she has run the gamut of human experience in the great world of "make believe."

"I take my work seriously," she suddenly said, bringing a stop to my meditations, "—that's why I love to come down here to the shore sometimes and be lazy and do nothing but listen to the sea,—and play with Honey."

As she said "Honey," there was a slight agitation in the sand behind our chairs, and a nondescript bunch of white fuzz, too large to be a germ and too small to be a dog, scampered through the sand into her lap.

"Isn't he cunning?" she asked enthusiastically.

"A thoroughly delightful animal," I ventured, neutrally.

"He's not an animal—that is, I never think of him as an animal. He's more like a little lovable bundle of happy spirits that's come into the world just for the



*Norma
Talmadge*



"I was quite incorrigible,—played hookey all the time and would never study—and it had been decided to take me out of school and make a stenographer or something out of me."

purpose of making me happy. When I think of an animal, I think of something to hunt and eat. And just imagine hunting and eating Honey.

I was forced to admit that he would be a poor meal at best, even for a poet.

"I think that next to Honey, I love flowers best. Is there anything in the world more lovely than a rose?" Somebody sends me a dozen American beauty roses every day from New York, and they make me so happy. I don't know who they're from,—somebody, I suppose, who has seen me on the screen,—but it's very kind of him. No, I shouldn't like to meet him at all, at all! It might spoil the illusion for both of us! Others send me letters—

"Oh, but why should I talk this way!—You want something that can be printed,—hadn't you better start your interview?"

"Oh, no," I replied, trying to appear casual, "I'd much rather talk this way now. Er—you were saying—?"

"Oh, yes,—about the letters. Some of them are really very funny. Only recently I got one from a girl out West who asked me if I wouldn't please be a little Santa Claus and send her a diamond ring,—she didn't mind how small it was as long as it was real. I felt like writing to her and saying that I wouldn't mind finding such a Santa Claus myself! And then I got another letter from a Mormon in Utah, who wrote saying that I was much too good and pure looking to remain an actress and inviting me to come out and join his harem!

Oh, they're really delightful, some of them,—and I'm mighty lucky that anybody should like me well enough to write to me. But I've always been lucky. Marie is my middle name, but it ought to be Horse-shoe! Norma Horse-shoe Talmadge! *Lovely!*"

She laughed, heartily and naturally,—a tinkly, girlish little laugh that made me feel sorry one can't hear it on the screen.

"Talking of luck," she went on, "the day that I went down there to the studio for the first time is the sort of day you read about in books. I was fifteen—that was just five years ago this August—and there had been a grand dispute at home as to what should be done with me. I was quite incorrigible,—played hookey all the time and would never study,—and it had been decided to take me out of school and make a stenographer or something out of me. Then sud-

denly mother was seized with a great idea. She had been reading about the growth of the movies, and she conceived the idea of my going into the picture game."

I looked up, a trifle surprised. Had she had no experience—?

"Oh, no, I had never really acted in my life,—never even in an amateur play. But, all the same, there was something in me that made me love the 'make-believe.' I had the—the dramatic instinct, I think you call it. When I was just out of baby clothes, I used to pay the kids in the neighborhood pins to come in and watch me perform on an inverted wash-tub. What did I do?—Nothing,—just made faces and kicked! I've always loved to make faces!"

Honey, disheartened by neglect, shook its four inch frame, and retired to its self-manufactured bunk behind us. Norma didn't see it go,—she was living in the past, and, as she spoke, her face, made mobile by the art of her profession, seemed to express the thoughts that were playing through her mind. It would have been fascinating to watch her even though she didn't open her mouth.

"So dear little mamma thought she saw dramatic talent in me," she continued, "and came to the conclusion that it might as well be put to some use. I was crazy about the movies at the time. I used to go all the time to see them—stayed away from school to do it sometimes!—and I was especially fond of Florence Turner and Maurice Costello. We didn't know their names then, and we called them 'Dimples' and 'Curley,'—and when mother made her suggestion, my first thought was to go where they were! So off we went to the Vitagraph Studio,—they had the old building then, and we scurried around in a terrible tangle of scenery and props, getting in everybody's way, and wondering what to do.

"Nobody would pay the least attention to us, and, just as we were about to give it up, dear old Charles Kent, the famous Vitagraph director, walked by. I touched him on the arm, and the next moment was sorry I had, for he did seem so busy. But he turned around, and, with a kindly appraising look, he said, 'A job, eh? All right, you're engaged. Come around tomorrow morning,—we're just starting a new play with a fine part just your type.' And he said I'd get twenty-five dollars a week to start with! I almost fainted,—



"In her brief time she has played many parts,—from young girl to old woman, from chorus girl to young wife, from nun to adventuress."

I didn't think there was that much money in the world!

"If I had known anything at all about the business, I should have probably been frightened to death at the very thought of going on and trying to do what I had to do. But as it was, I just didn't care,—it was another case of ignorance being bliss! I took things as they came and learned with experience. It all seems like a dream now,—a wonderful dream that is still going on."

A sea-gull was circling fantastically about in front of us, and, as it suddenly swooped down into the water for its prey, Norma gasped slightly, and leaned forward interestedly.

"Wouldn't that make a wonderful picture!" she exclaimed enthusiastically.

"I should think you would come down here often to make pictures."

"Oh, we do,—often. And I'm so fond of the sea that I always try to get into pictures that have it as a background. That's one great trouble—we players can never

decide or choose the plays we are to be in. We're assigned to a part, and that's the end of it. Often I think that if we were allowed to select the roles we wanted we could play them much better."

The sun had crept well over into the Western sky, and I rose to shift the umbrella. Norma glanced at the little ribboned watch on her wrist—

"Oh! — snookums!" she exclaimed.

I confess to being taken back for the moment, but was immediately relieved by a renewed agitation behind us, and by the sandy figure of Honey scrambling to the side of its mistress. It looked at her wistfully.

Norma drew her legs up under her chin, and hugged her knees, as she looked seriously at the wool-hound, who was now wagging its tail violently.

"I really think we'd better start for home now,—but when will you get your interview?"

"Oh, that's quite all right," I replied—"I'll get that some other time!"



"Too large to be a germ—too small to be a dog."

Bill Was Barred Out

"BILL" RUSSELL, the big, handsome juvenile in "The Diamond From the Sky," has had his troubles lately as the result of his artistic career. "Bill" is one of the leading amateur heavy weights of the State of New York, and has been a contender for the amateur championship of the Empire State.

Some time ago, it was rumored around the studios out in California that "Bill" was going to challenge Jess Willard.

"Listen, Bill," said S. S. Hutchinson, president of the American Film Manufacturing Company, when he heard about it, "I've had you insured for this picture, and I don't want your map changed until after it's done, see?"

And "Bill" has decided he'll wait until the serial is completed, anyway.

To Film the Holy Grail

NEGOTIATIONS are under way between representatives of David Griffith and representatives of the widow of the late Edwin A. Abbey, which are understood to prelude the obtaining by Griffith of the right to use Abbey's wonderful series of paintings illustrating "The Quest of the Holy Grail" as a foundation for the staging of a photoplay of that wonderful and beautifully mystic story.

Mr. Griffith informed an interviewer recently that to his mind the ancient legend of Sir Galahad and the quest of the Holy Grail would be an exquisite subject for photodramatization, and it is certain that no man on earth is more capable of producing a picture worthy of that immemorial tale. Mr. Griffith is now engaged in collecting a library on the subject.

Ince of the Atlantic

A GIANT'S GIANT BROTHER; HIS YOUTH, ACHIEVEMENTS, METHODS, ENTHUSIASMS, AND PROBABILITIES

By
Julian Johnson

ON the first lazy-warm afternoon in June a tall young man under a Panama hat captained a big automobile down a shady, quiet street in Brooklyn's Asia Minor.

Quite suddenly, it stopped. A big, shirt-sleeved motion-picture cameraman got down, dragging his artillery after him to range-finding position. A girl in a Grecian robe of yellow (yellow "takes" white) with

Greek sandals on feet in pink hose, got down also, laughing as she conversed with a well-knit young man guiltless of any make-up. Her smooth, bare arms and shoulders bore the tan of wind and sun. In the car only the chauffeur remained. The engine purred. A girl in nurse's attire ran up—apparently from nowhere, and also from nowhere came the inevitable crowd that would spring on the Sahara desert at the very hint of a fight, a fire—or a picture. They were there to gaze and grin—not to participate or be serious.

"Boys," cried the young man under the Panama, "this girl has been hurt in a fire—you've been watching this blaze, and you crowd around." The cameraman started to grind.

As the two stopped laughing the young man swung the young woman to his shoulder; her eyes closed, and her head drooped pathetically.

The man under the Panama: "Here they come, boys—I know you want to see, but give them room—give the girl air!—don't look at the camera, little girl!—that's it! What if it was your sister!"

And every man, boy and girl at that moment ceased to be any-



"At twenty-eight years of age Ralph Ince is foremost director of the Vitagraph Company and draws a salary bigger than some railway presidents."



The "Goddess" company in the North Carolina Mountains—Left to right: bottom row: Mrs. Stewart, Mrs. Ince, Ralph Ince, and young George Stewart. Middle row: William Dangan, Earle Williams, Anita Stewart, Baby Marshall, and her mother. Top row: Andy Dowling, Paul Scardon, John Forshay, James Dent, Edward Montague



Mr. and Mrs. Ince in the tent in which they lived in North Carolina during the filming of the first episode of "The Goddess."

thing but a good actor.

Everybody tensed toward the machine, and when the little nurse said reassuringly "She's all right, now!" and the car started, the crowd gave a wholehearted, human yell that would have been honorable from a charging regiment.

So, under the direction of Ralph Ince, with Anita Stewart and Earle Williams as principals, was an episode of "The Goddess" taken.

The very next morning the little yellow-robed Goddess must needs progress through the concourse of Pennsylvania Station, New York's railway Parthenon. Jess Willard

was due, though he didn't arrive, and Ince's assistants were all for improving the time and the crowd without the crowd's knowledge. But not

Ince.

He shouldered a smiling way through the throng, his right hand aloft, his voice compelling attention.

"Folks," he cried, cheerfully, "we're going to take a picture. If you don't wish your picture taken, get over there. If you do, stay where you are, but do as I tell you."

Not a man or woman moved to the refuge appointed for those suffering from lens fear. In a moment Ince had not a handful of players and a mob of spectators, but two thousand willing actors, all consciously or



*Ralph Ince, director, and
Anita Stewart, star.*



*Mrs. Ralph Ince and
her sister, Anita*

unconsciously following every one of his natural, friendly-voiced suggestions.

At twenty-eight years of age Ralph Ince is foremost director of the Vitagraph company, draws a bigger salary than some railway presidents, and every month makes productions which in size and cost exceed the prodigalities of a whole year in the theatre of roof and walls.

Ince is the man who chronicled in shadows the psychologic subtleties of "A Million Bid," and the emotions of "From Headquarters"—to name two plays abruptly opposite his spectacular "Juggernaut," or the melodramatic "413."

Ince stammers like a school girl when you ask him to tell how he secured effects which you have been rapturously acclaiming, but he is willing enough to summarize his abstract scheme of direction.



*Vitagraph's leading director
in the days before the movies
came*

"Real direction," he says, "is not showing a series of incidents on the screen, either with or without fidelity to life.

"Real direction is the delineation and development of human character, as originally outlined by the author's story, and expressed through the people of his plot.

"My way of getting expression is applied to Miss Stewart and to the newest member of the cast in just the same way.

"First of all, I describe the character in the particular situation as I see it. I try to do everything the character would do. If it is a man in a rage, I get in a rage. If it is a woman crying—for the moment I'm the woman crying. I enjoy funny situations. I don't pretend to laugh at them; I laugh in them.

"When I've done my best, I take the suggestions of the player. Often these are



Ralph Ince's magnificent home, in the midst of its three acres of lawn and terraced garden, at Brightwaters, Bay Shore, L. I.

exceptionally good, and it is only the player's own manner of expressing your thoughts and the author's which will give his role individuality and color.

"At the last rehearsal before taking the players express their emotions in my way—with their own individualities.

"If they 'pull anything new' in the actual taking of the picture I stop the camera and throw the film away. I don't trust a gesture, a movement, or even the glance of an eye to chance inspiration. It may have been inspiration in the rehearsal, but in the actual taking everything is deliberate."

So much for grown-ups.

I asked Ince what I'd been longing to ask him for weeks: "How did you make the baby cry in the first episode of 'The Goddess?'"

"Told Prof. Stileter, who was holding her, that I wouldn't let him take her back to her mamma. I brought the sunshine back through the clouds by giving her a graham cracker. The trouble was that she saw the graham cracker in my hand all the time, and I had to pretend to eat it myself



A snapshot of Ince showing the smile that is responsible in no small part for his remarkable ability to manage folks

before she'd cry over the loss of her parents or anything else. The false report of the loss of that cracker was the tragedy of tragedies."

But Ince's own faculty of shedding tears (in rehearsal) is real. All the Vitagraph actresses speak of it with great jealousy.

Ince of the Pacific, who occupied these pages last month, is no more a giant than Ince of the Atlantic. They are brothers. The third director in this family of photoplay sons is John, who wields a wand of productive office at Lubin's.

Their father was John E. Ince, old-time California comedian. Their mother, Emma Ince, an actress of note. John E. Ince is now dead. The mother has since remarried.

John Ince, the oldest son, was born in New York City.

Tom, of New York motion, was born in Newport, R. I.

Ralph, youngest of the family, was born twenty-eight years ago in Boston.

He has been in the picture game longer and with more constancy than any of

them and is the most experienced.

He entered Vitagraph employ nine years ago, under the late W. D. Ranous. Company there was none. Ranous hired some actors at \$5 per day, each, and put on a few pictures. These actors had to furnish their own props, help build sets, and put equipment together. Caesar was not Caesar unless he could carpenter, and the Napoleon who couldn't borrow was scarcely Napoleonic.

Since the brothers arrived at maturity, their paths have not often crossed.

Ralph was sent early to boarding school in Pennsylvania, and later to a preparatory school of military proclivities at Flushing, L. I.

"My own parents were on tour so much that brother John seems to have been my real father," says Ralph in admiring reference to his Lubin relative.

In his early 'teens Ralph took up drawing with McCarthy of the New York World, and afterward, winning a scholarship, studied the graphic arts with Chase and Henri for two blessed Latin-Quarter years. He found art as unremunerative as its worst traditions. Then to the stage, his ancestral calling.

For speculative or trial reasons his father put him, first, with an uncertain organization presenting "Hazel Kirke." Making good there, he progressed to Richard Mansfield's company, and played numerous small parts with that great delineator. He understudied his brother John, who played Messala in "Ben Hur." In a return engagement in New York Ralph played Messala to John's depiction of the title-role.

A season as the coach, Larrabee, in "The College Widow," was followed by more or less of a family reunion in "The Unexpected Happened," a vaudeville playlet put out by Tom.

Ralph Ince's achievements with the Vitagraph company have been those of kindness,

patience, rugged personality and indomitable persistence.

How he met Lucille Lee, pretty little blonde soprano in the choir of the Episcopal church in Sheepshead Bay, married her, and made her baby brunette sister, Anita Stewart, a world-famous star of silent drama, I have told in another story.

But the wonderfully happy domestic life of this pair of lovers, their unselfish devotion and its artistic and material results must be in the brief province of this tale.

Lucille Lee, an actress of promise, resigned her professional career that she might devote all her energies to shaping the fame of her husband.

What they have done in eight years—she alone believed in him, when, flying in the face of



Ralph Ince's famous characterization of Lincoln in one of the big Vitagraph releases

family advice, which dubbed him a nincompoop, he cast aside good vaudeville bookings to trifle with "those silly little pictures"—is attested in the magnificent home at Bay Shore. Though it is fifty miles from Mr. Ince's breakfast table to the Vitagraph gate, he commutes every day, and is on hand at 9 A. M. Great country house and terraced gardens, books and rare flowers, tennis court, boats and a garage full of motors for every weather, appear to prove that the young man and his staunch tiny wife knew what they were doing, more or less, in the "silly little pictures."

And Lucille Lee-Stewart-Ince is prettier and more flower-like, in the pearl cushions of her six-cylinder brougham, than she was in her first days of dauntless faith and poor man's honeymoon! She is only twenty-five, now.

And what is the future of a genius who, at twenty-eight, has really arrived?

If he were a poet, I should say that the only thing left for him would be quick death and post-mortem fame. Early success for poets presages spring funerals.

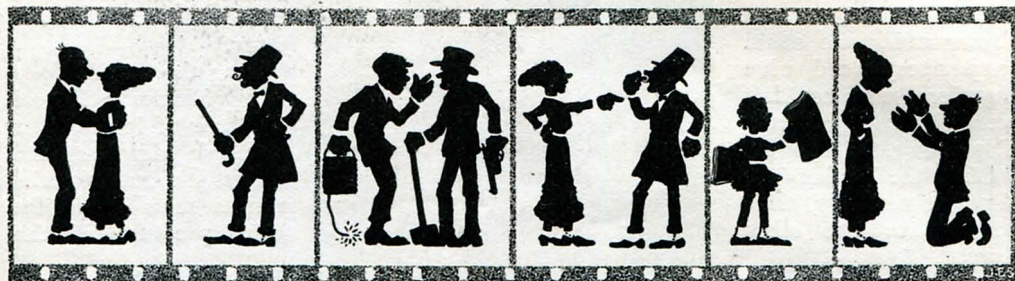
Fortunately, early success in the con-

structive arts—and photoplay direction is surely as constructive as architecture—leaves the youthful mind untrammelled by technicalities, free even in its youth to dream big dreams, and, no longer hindered by material difficulties, to realize them.

Ince has a sophomore's enthusiasm, and

he has mastered every foot of his colossal groundwork at an age when most men have just begun to study.

If you would lay a wager on a revolutionizer, a master-builder, the gods of chance proclaim R. I. a likely carrier of your money.



Captions

A Melodrama, in Three Dozen Subtitles

"I love you!"

"We can never marry."

She Avoids Him.

Weeks Go By.

His Unjust Suspicion.

She Tries to Forget.

Time Passes.

Meanwhile—

In the City.

A Rival Plots His Ruin.

Discovered!

"He must be Saved at any Cost!"

That Evening.

The Man She Hates.

Midnight.

"I will do as you ask."

Later.

The Plot to Rob the Bank.

The Next Morning.

"You Dog!"

"Give Me those Papers!"

The Police!

"Twenty Years!"

He does not Understand.

Outcast.

The Child sells Papers.

That Night.

The Chauffeur is Blinded by Snow.

"Quick! A Doctor!"

"She will Recover."

The Waif's Story.

Evening in the Attic.

A Voice of Other Days.

"Mamma!"

"Can You Forgive Me?"

Home, Gus!

"Tears"

That's the title of a remarkably interesting article in the September issue—out August 1st. It tells you just how famous stars bring tears to their eyes—what they are thinking about when they look so sad. It took Blanche Sweet 24 hours to "get tears" once—Mary Alden can turn on the tears like turning a faucet.

Did you ever see a photograph of Mary Pickford crying? Well, there's a full page picture of this star with the tears coursing down her pretty cheeks.

Order your September issue from your newsdealer in advance

Phantasma

By E. B. FREDERICKS



MONSTROUS shapes are before my eyes. Around me strange sounds arise—gurglings, gaspings, exhalations of the murdered, inhalations of the murderer; wheezes, snorts, coughs, groans, shouts, barks, feline laughter. The phantoms in front of me cavort dizzily. They are all gray, and shot with light. My head whirls—a thing advances toward me, like a man, but I cannot distinguish its features. It falls! I think it falls, if I see aright in the dimness, and it struggles fearfully to rise. It rises! It falls, more terribly than before! Awful sounds are about me now: I am drowned in a tide of discordant sounds.

¶ The terrible gray shadows whirl faster. I see flying feet, I see the semblance of skirts that are lifted distractingly, I see horrid blows, I see ribald assassination. I see these things, and I do not see them. These horrors have no faces!

¶ This is chaos. Humanity is disintegrating. I am gazing into the dull abyss where everything formed is dissolving into formlessness. The hideous sounds beside me continue. It is good to hear these sounds; it is good to hear a scream, if only to know that another beside one's-self lives—and suffers.

¶ There is nothing before me, now, but insane, mad movement. The colorless maelstrom rushes along like the death of a universe. The nebulae are sun-stabbed more quickly, more frequently; the things that are faceless, though legged and alive, fly wildly, as though pursued by a demoniac hurricane.

¶ I cannot look at the pale mass any more, yet I must look. I am spellbound. I am thonged to the wheels of an optical Juggernaut. My eyes are poniards at my brain, yet I cannot take them from this formless, senseless thing which I cannot understand. The casualties about me increase momentarily; soon I shall be alone, a gray thing like the composite thing before me, formless as the faces that should be and are not, reasonless as their speed—

¶ Thank Heaven, that's over!

¶ May some one kick me all around the block if I ever patronize another Keystone without my spectacles!

The Players from Ocean to Ocean



Anita King

ANITA KING, of the Lasky Company, is a widow. Her husband, Carey King, the automobile racer, died at El Monte, Calif., on May 7th, of tuberculosis.

The Kings were a "pally" and plucky little team. Last summer when Carey was first taken ill, Anita undertook to drive his car

for him in an Arizona race, and held her own splendidly for a few miles; but the hours she had spent at her husband's bedside proved too much for her. A spell of dizziness came upon her, she lost control of the wheel and was dashed into a fence, being taken from the wrecked machine insensible and with a broken leg.

Carey King left a considerable estate.

LOUISE GLAUM was married quietly a short time ago to Harry Edwards, chief comedy director of the L-KO Company.

JANE GREY and Hale Hamilton, both in the recent Broadway success, "A Pair of Sixes" have been added to the artistic personnel of New York Motion.

BOB RYLAND is the colored guardian of the vacuum cleaner at the Vitagraph Theatre in New York. Bob formed the habit of touching the box office for a dollar at a time quite frequently. Disappearances on the part of Bob into the cellar became somewhat frequent, also.

The manager determined to discover what was undermining Bob's character and followed him into the cellar one day.

There he discovered him in the act of rehearsing what appeared to be the most perfectly trained pair of dice in captivity.

"Bob," he asked, after watching them perform awhile, "if you can make the dice behave like that, why do you have to tap the till so often?"

Bob raised a black and puzzled face, stood at attention and explained: "Dat's what Ah can't understand, suh. When Ah's down cellar dey does everything Ah tells 'em; but when Ah get upstairs dey jest natcherly won't behave and I natcherly loses. Ah done come to de conclusion dat dese heah are cellar dice, an' when Ah can git some o' dese niggers aroun' heah to play in de cellar, Ah'm gwine to clean up!"

THERE are two Gertrudes known to the movie world: Gertrude McCoy, who does plays for the Edison Company and Gertrude Lyon, who does scenarios. Each Gertrude has been most successful in her particular line. Are they sisters? Or perchance twins? No: they are the same. Gertrude Lyon is Gertrude McCoy's *nom de plume* when she takes pen in hand to synopsis plots.

THE four leading motion picture companies in France have been enlisted by the French Government in the taking of a series of fine new news films illustrating the operations of the Allied troops in Northern France to combat the moving picture propaganda which the Kaiser's ever-active press agents have been disseminating throughout these United States.

MISS CHARLOTTE WALKER is at present at the Lasky studio in Hollywood, Los Angeles, engaged in the production of a photodramatization of "Kindling," which is to be the first Lasky problem photoplay.

MARGARET GIBSON has left the Vitagraph Western company and has joined the forces of New York Motion under the direction of Thomas H. Ince. Miss Gibson, incidentally, won a beauty contest at one of the California beaches last summer, and if you know those California girls, you know what that means.

LOUISE RUTTER, the graceful young New York actress, who won renown for herself in "Secret Service," "The Devil" and "The Man of the Hour" is the latest addition to the new personnel of the Thanhouser studios at New Rochelle, N. Y.

CHARLES WEST, a leading man with the Biograph company who was one of the actors engaged by David Griffith when Griffith was with that company, has rejoined his old director in California and will appear henceforth in Mutual photoplays.



Charles Clary

CHARLES CLARY, who played the part of Umballah in the Selig feature, "The Adventures of Kathlyn," and whose work with the Selig studios has attracted wide attention from critics for several years past by his work in stellar roles with that organization, has joined the Reliance Majestic-

Mutual stock company at Hollywood, California.

Mr. Clary began his theatrical career in the old Third Avenue Theatre, Seattle, Wash., whence he went to New York and appeared in support of Mary Mannering, Mrs. Leslie Carter and other celebrities of the speaking stage.

Mr. Clary has been appearing in the photoplays for five years.

And What They Are Doing Today



Cyril Maude

CYRIL MAUDE, the English actor, who made perhaps one of the greatest theatrical successes of the past five seasons in "Grumpy," an imported offering at the old Wallack's Theatre in New York last year, is to play leads henceforth for the Bosworth-Morosco photoplayers at Los Angeles.

Mr. Maude is a character actor of exceptional ability and has led successful dramatic and comedy tours throughout all the English speaking countries as well as the United States. His acquisition by the Bosworth-Morosco forces is another recognition on the part of two astute directors of the value of the dramatic character actor in photoplay production.

THE report of an investigation of the motion picture theatres made for the State Teachers' College of Cedar Falls, Iowa, says, amongst other things:

"Our investigation indicates that moving pictures are doing some good in the way of education. Children are learning things that they use in their history, geography and science. They read newspapers more as a result of attending the shows. Very few of them say that the shows affect their religion. Scarcely any of the teachers attribute poor work to the influence of the shows."

A MAN who entered a photoplay theatre in Washington, D. C., and sat on a seat which gave way and dropped him twenty inches to the floor of the theatre, has brought suit against the management for \$10,000 damages. At this rate, figuring five hundred dollars an inch, some of the movie comedians ought to get a million dollars a day.

GRACE CUNARD received a handsome present from an admirer on the occasion of her birthday recently. The gift consisted of an original oil painting of Joseph Jefferson by Knapp. Miss Cunard has hung the picture in the new home she has just completed.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL spent a few days at the mud springs near Los Angeles recently tuning up his nerves. He claims the results are great. It is probably about the only time he ever came into close touch with mud in his life, judging from the immaculate appearance of him both on the screen and off.

SAM BERNARD, the hero of "The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer" and "Nearly a Hero" as well as a dozen other musical comedies has made his initial plunge into the pleasant waters of moviedom. He is now a member of the staff of artists engaged by the Famous Players Company.

DOROTHY DONNELLY, the heroine of "Madame X" in its stage production and more recently of "Maria Rosa" with Lou Tellegen, and Sudermann's "Song of Songs," is now a member of the Dyreda Art Film players. Miss Donnelly also scored a success in the road tour of Robert Hichens' "Garden of Allah."

Her first engagement in the studios will be in the production of "The Iron Woman," which is a photodramatization of a novel which appeared serially some time ago in one of the monthly magazines.

HELEN HOLMES has discovered a new method of being murdered in one of her new series of "Hazards." She is overtaken by the villain as she flees from him in an engine, and is tied by said villain to the piston rod of the engine so that when he starts it, she will be mangled in a horribly new and fascinatingly bloody manner. Fortunately, he is foiled.

MRS. FANNIE BARRISCALE, mother of Bessie Barriscale of the Ince, died last month at her home in California.

OTIS HARLAN has joined the Selig organization and will appear hereafter in that company's comedies.



A gift from New Zealand

THIS turtle ring, which belongs to Myrtle Stedman, of the Bosworth Studios, is about the size of an almond, exquisitely carved in rich old gold, and studded with a small fortune in gems.

The ring was sent to Miss Stedman by a woman admirer in New Zealand. In sending it, the generous donor referred to it in an accompanying letter as "a trifling little gift" and expressed her admiration of Miss Stedman and her work.

In the letter, also, is one of the most perfect tributes that has ever been paid to one whose life work it is to entertain. It is as follows:

"May the knowledge that people look for you and find pleasure in you even in the farthest ends of the earth, make you that much happier in your beautiful work. My very deepest and kindest regards, my dear, for your every success."

Truly a tribute any artist may carry in her heart to the end of her days!

THE PLAYERS



Miriam Nesbitt

mott, one of the most brilliant raconteurs of the studios, is said by tea experts to be the "lion" of the gathering.

THE life of the scenario editor is a hard, hard life these days. Everybody's writing 'em. Mary O'Connor, a scenario writer at the Reliance studios, got one from the girl who served her at luncheon recently.

She's afraid to go to the back door after the milk mornings since the milkman left one wrapped around a pint of cream.

ALLAN DWAN and Mrs. Dwan, who was Pauline Bush, have left, respectively, the Famous Players and the Universal in Los Angeles, and gone to New York for the Fox Film Company.

Mrs. Dwan will star with Fox and Mr. Dwan will be her director.

WINIFRED GREENWOOD swam from a point two hundred feet out at sea to the Point Conception lighthouse during the taking of "The Guiding Light" recently for the Mutual. She was fully dressed and was whirled nearly unconscious by the treacherous currents that storm constantly along the reef before she reached the rocks and safety. It was one of the pluckiest swimming feats that has ever been done for the camera.

A BLUE-EYED, golden-haired girl named Loretta Blake joined the Griffith forces about fourteen months ago.

She never had any theatrical experience, and only weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds and is five feet two inches high. But she is another of Griffith's "finds" and promises to become one of his galaxy of stellar character women.

"PINTO BEN," William S. Hart's poem of the West, is to be the inspiration for a real Western Rodeo and barbecue with huge bonfires to be given by the N. Y. M. P. company in the Santa Monica mountains.

The rodeo and barbecue will be used for the double purpose of furnishing several scenes for photoplay of the same and for the entertainment on a lavish scale of visitors to the N. Y. M. P. studios.

A BRASS band has been organized at the Lubin studios in Philadelphia. Lawrence McCloskey, one of the scenario editors, and a master tooter on the cornet, is the leader thereof.

LEWIS S. STONE, recent leading man in "The Misleading Lady" in New York, Boston and on the road, will renew an old business affiliation this summer when he goes to the Pacific Coast to play opposite Bessie Barriscale at the Ince studios. Mr. Lewis and Miss Barriscale were associated formerly at the Belasco stock theatre in Los Angeles.

FRANK REICHER, stage director for the late Henry B. Harris, and universally considered one of the greatest theatrical directors of the country, if not in the world, is to become associated with Cecil B. DeMille in the direction of photoplays for the Jesse Lasky Company.

POLITICS have at last awakened to the power wielded by the photoplay. In recognition thereof, Frederick J. Whiffen, a candidate for Mayor of Los Angeles, made a trip to all the motion picture studios in the course of his speechmaking for election, and added a new plank to political platforms. He promised the picture people a square deal—a plank some other candidates might be able to use hereafter 'round about the country.

FRANK CRANE, a World Film director, used to howl directions, particularly to his mobs. One day, he howled himself out of voice and arrived at the studio next morning possessed only of the very shadow of a whisper. Whereupon he informed his company via his camera man that he would direct by gestures as a bandmaster directs his band. He was so successful that nowadays one never hears a word from Crane from one end of a rehearsal to the other, and his gestures from long practice, are all the heart of Chaplin himself could desire.

WILLIAM DESMOND, one of this country's most noted matinee idols, who has been with Oliver Morosco for the past ten years, has been engaged by the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company in association with Bosworth, Inc., to appear on the screen opposite Leonore Ulrich.

Mr. Desmond played opposite Miss Ulrich for the past two years in "The Bird of Paradise."



Florence La Badie

FLORENCE L A BADIE has made a hit as a teller of ghost stories. She told one to Helen Badgley, the four-year-old leading lady of the New Rochelle Than-houser studios, one day, and Helen promptly let all the children of the neighborhood know about it. Since that time Miss La Badie cannot appear at the door of the studio without being met by a small collection of admiring youngsters begging for a story.

So now she's looking for one that'll scare them "just a teeny bit" so that she can have some time to work.

THE PLAYERS

A JAPANESE youth from our fair mid-Pacific possessions, where it is always June and the barkeep at Young's Hotel serves the finest bourbon between two continents out of a silver tea pot, writes as follows to Mack Sennett of the Keystone:

Honolulu, T. H., May 1st, 1915.

Hon. Mr. Sennett of the Keystone Management:

I grab my honor of reporting you that, in before I used to think "Keystone" mean a funny movy picture, but Later one of my cousin boy tell me it is not so and over more he urged me it is a name of movy picture production comp.

As I am a very sensible boy I soonly find out it is no use fighting back him because I am less skill in Jiu Jitsu than him. So, quietly, with kindness I speak out thusly, "Anyhow the Keystone are funnyest of all so its all the same. Then he make no answer yet.

Hashimura Togo, Jap school boy, and Newwaw are funny fellows I think, but when I am compared to them I Drive them to naught. I cannot play with other comp. programme. Anybody that drives me on the scenario are sure to laugh his head off and get money. Much comes from my funny-idea-store-house of Brain.

Supposing your heart was pulled by me and wished to take peep at me. You will kindly fill the date and o'clock on the seprate post card. Then I will soonly be ready to make my debut in front of you. I thank you.

Yours truly

MIYA OJOU

THEDA BARA, the villainess in the photo dramatizations of "A Fool There Was," "Kreutzer Sonata" and "The Clemenceau Case" is said by New York sculptors to have the most fascinatingly wicked face of any actress today on the stage or in the studios.

Miss Bara will be the villainess of "La Gioconda," a coming release, which is the quintessence of all "villainess parts." It is by Gabriel D'Annunzio, the author of "Cabiria" and is one of that eccentric genius's masterpieces in the characterization of ruthless personalities.

PAULINE FREDERICK, who was Donna Roma in "The Eternal City," has signed a contract with the Famous Players which gives that organization the exclusive right to her film services for a number of years to come.

Miss Frederick is a fascinatingly beautiful woman, and has won fame for herself both on the speaking stage and in the studios.

Her next characterization is to be that of the sinister heroine in a photodramatization of Robert Hichens' "Bella Donna" for the production of which Miss Frederick and a company are to be sent to Egypt.



Chester Conklin

Allowing for his inexperience, he is doing well. If the gasoline holds out, he ought to make the Supreme Court in a couple of months.

YALE BOSS is the recipient of a simple but touching tribute from far off New Zealand. It is a photograph of a New Zealand native in his native dress, under which is inscribed simply, "Maori Haka, Whakarewarewa, N. Z."

A CHARLES CHAPLIN ensemble number is playing on the roof of the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York, this summer, as an addition to the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.

MABEL NORMAND, comedy Grand Duchess of the Keystone, was offered thirty weeks on the "big time" at a salary that would stagger a Maharajah recently; but for several reasons, including her contract with the Keystone, she turned it down.

"MADAME BUTTERFLY," according to the most authentic reports, will be the first vehicle through which Miss Geraldine Farrar will make her debut as a motion picture star.

WALTER EDWARDS, now appearing in Mutual dramas, worked throughout the photoplay, "A Hostage of the North" absolutely without any makeup. This *dernier cri* in realism will be watched on the film with much interest by professionals, as the question of makeup for the movies has been the matter of much argument pro and con and hither and yon since Lumiere and Edison first conceived them.

FAY TINCHER, attired in some bathing suit, the same being modelled after the far-famed "typewriter dress" reproduced in PHOTOPLAY this month in which the fair and frolicsome Fay has appeared "in the human" at several theatres, won the first prize for everything in the bathing suit parade held at Venice, California, home of movie street scenes, constables and prize fights, recently.

The prize consisted of fifty simoleons of solid silver.



Pauline Frederick



Marguerite Loveridge

MMARGUERITE LOVERIDGE, of "Runaway June" fame, has recently joined the Reliance-Majestic studios.

Miss Loveridge is the elder sister of Mae Marsh, and it is owing to Miss Marsh's desire to have her sister with her permanently in California that Miss Loveridge has made the change.

Miss Loveridge is the cause of her sister's entering the movies, having brought Mae to the studio, one day, where Director Griffith saw her making faces, and spotted her as "material." Both Miss Loveridge and Miss Marsh have been playing in stellar parts for some months.

AT UNIVERSAL CITY, California, they have a flag on which is written in large letters, "Don't Shoot." When Lee Bartholomew, the head camera man, wakes up in the morning in his little cot, he takes a look at the weather from his boudoir window. If it is bright and sunny he arises, takes his morning plunge and marmalade and sallies forth to marshal his army of camera men.

If, on the contrary the weather is bad, he goes to the roof of his domicile, hoists the "Don't Shoot" flag, and returns to his downy couch, the other camera men, looking from their windows and seeing the flag, doing the same.

On cold, wet mornings, when the rain is pouring down—good mornings to sleep—the flag is highly popular.

FLORENCE HACKETT, one of Lubin's leading villainesses, has left the big Philadelphia studio. With her are Raymond, Albert and Jeannette Hackett, all at one time Lubin players.

Miss Lilie Leslie, another Lubin villainess, and her husband, Joe Smiley, one of the oldest directors with the organization, have also left. None of the players had announced any plans for the future at the time of writing.

MARIE DRESSLER is now engaged in the creation of comic parts and general good humor at the Lubin studios in Philadelphia. It's some car ride out to that studio, and the sylph-like Miss Dressler should prove a sunbeam on rainy mornings for those, unfortunately who have spent an hour or so on one of those slow Philadelphia cars.



Marie Dressler

BILLIE BURKE, the inimitable titian haired Broadway comedienne, has been captured by the scouts of picturedom and enticed into being the heroine of a six reeler. Miss Burke has been approached several times on the subject; but she refused and refused and refused; till some friends took her over to the Strand and one or two other photoplay houses and showed her just what fine work was being done by the directors of modern photoplays. Then she changed her mind.

Miss Burke is one of the most popular young women who attained stellar prominence under the direction of the late Charles Frohman.

TOM MIX is slowly recovering from the injuries he sustained at the Los Angeles Rodeo recently. The telephone in his room in the hospital keeps ringing constantly and everybody seems so durned glad that the cowboy-actor is recovering, that it's helping Tom a lot to convalesce. There's nothing like team-work.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN is now well settled in Los Angeles. With him are his new leading lady, Marguerite Snow of "Million Dollar Mystery" fame and Mrs. Helen Dunbar, one of the famous "Mothers" of the movies. Mr. Bushman's new studio is located at Sunset and Gower Streets in Hollywood, the photoplay suburb of the city, and is said to be one of the most artistic in existence.

CHARLES and Ad Kessell, part owners of the Keystone, prevailed upon Mack Sennett to take a vacation one morning recently. He agreed, and left the studio forthwith. At five-thirty he returned and informed the Kessells that he had driven to Riverside and back and felt that that was all the vacation he needed for a while.

Mack is hereby blacklisted for membership in the Gentlemen-of-Leisure Club.

THE Shuberts have offered a prize of \$1,000 for the best practical suggestion for the use of the tank at the Hippodrome, their big New York theatre. Here's one: turn the place into a studio for producing movie comedy. No comedy is complete without a splash.

ALTHOUGH J. Warren Kerrigan will not be able to do any work in the studios for several weeks as the result of his recent operation, he is reported to be convalescing rapidly. Mr. Kerrigan has been at a hospital at Pasadena, where the operation was performed. So far, owing to the uncertainty of the time of his return, the next photoplay in which he is to appear has not yet been selected.

MMARGARITA FISCHER and her husband, Harry Pollard, have left the American. At this writing they had not announced their plans for the future.



"My daughter defiled by the touch of an infidel!"

The BECKONING FLAME

By MRS. RAY LONG

*"Oh, East is East, the West is West
And never the twain shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently
At God's Great Judgment Seat."*

Illustrations by the Thomas H. Ince Studio

THERE is a belief among the Hindus that the maiden who places her lighted lamp on the waters of the Ganges and sees it sail into the distance without going out, shall find a true lover and good fortune; but to her whose lamp flame cannot ride the river's wavelets, shall come unhappiness and disaster. Janira, the loveliest maiden of Cawnpore, eagerly set her lamp on the sacred waters one festival season, eagerly watched it

dance and beckon like a friendly star, then saw it struggle and splutter and die out.

Janira was the beloved daughter of the powerful Ram Dass. She had budded and bloomed in his walled-in garden lovely as his favorite trees and plants. And she was proficient in the many duties of the Hindu girl of high caste, that should bring her at last, blessed, to the supreme place of the Fulfillment of Desires.

Chief of this. Hindu maid's duties was the cooking of her father's food. For well she had learned that if any other person less high or pure than she should touch the vegetables or mold the bread that came to her father's table, misfortune would attend him and his family. So each day, dressed in cleanest white, she had gone, serene and obedient as a vestal virgin, to fulfill the household duties that were religious rites, and she was content till the time when the beckoning flame of her little lamp lured her to dreams of happiness only to quench them in the dark, prophetic waters of the sacred river. From that time Janira drooped. The grain of her bread was not ground to its sweetest savor and Ram Dass brooded.

It was at this season that Harry Dickson, a new deputy commissioner of the British Government came to Cawnpore. Janira heard of it from her father. She was soon to learn more by herself.

One night, troubled, sleep-disturbing thoughts led Janira into the cool of the garden. The dark vault above was gay with mystic, starry designs. Janira searched to the north till her gaze came on the Pole star. There it rested.

"I am firm, firm and true as thou—" Janira stopped. She was unconsciously repeating the ritual words of a Hindu bride as she stands with her husband and looks on the star that never wavers. She remembered the prophecy of Ganges and turned disconsolately, to the high wall that separated the garden from the street. Footsteps sounded, and with a graceful leap she was on a bench and looking over—straight into a pair of deep blue English eyes that showed clearly under a white helmet in the moonlight.

Janira did not scream or jump. She just looked and looked.

"Some eyes, well, rather," said the new deputy as he gazed up into Janira's dusky loveliness.

Janira did not understand the words. But the admiration in men's eyes speaks in all languages. She felt the look and smiled. At once Dickson was on fire to do the thing that of all things he knew he should not do, invade the seclusion of a Hindu girl. He ordered his native servant, Muhmed, to help him scale the wall.

Muhmed stood terror-stricken. He begged his master to come away. But Dickson's resolve only hardened with the

native's fear. He leaped onto the brown shoulders of the astonished Muhmed, drew himself up and sat on the wall. Beside him was the little face of Janira, below him the garden, fairy-like in the moonlight. With a reckless twist he flung his feet over and dropped onto the garden side of the wall. And there, for the first time in her life, Janira laid her slender brown hand in the hand of a stranger.

In the calm thought of the next day Dickson knew his visit to Janira had been madness. Also that it had in no way stilled the seething in him to break out anew. And he tried to reason with himself.

When he had prepared to leave England some months before, all of his plans had been made for two, himself and Elsa Arlington. He had pictured the pleasure of showing her the wonders of Port Said, the centuries old water tanks of sunbaked Aden, Ganges' cities of spires and minarets. And most of all he had dreamed how the beauty of her cool English cheeks and of eyes like fresh violets should refresh his spirit and proclaim her, his wife, queen of this beauty famed orient. But no arguments could move the beautiful girl to come and so Dickson had found Port Said only a dirty hole, Aden a town of screaming beggars and the Ganges a never-ending hotbed of awful smells.

On that followed the hot dust of Cawnpore, long rounds of dull duties, the ceaseless chatter of the exiled, idle Englishwomen of the station and, at last, the diverting visit to Janira, the Hindu. Dickson's attempt to reason with himself ended no-where.

He repeated that visit again and again under the cover of the night. He hated himself for a sneak. He knew what disgrace had come to other white men, who had stooped to a native. He had heard rumors of what had come to the native girls, and shuddered. Still he crept away to the garden where two eyes like deep moonlit pools and a lithe little figure, gay in its vari-colored saris, drew him with sweet lure to the velvety shadows of the garden trees.

For these meetings had come to mean much to Janira. She thrilled at the thought of them. They had set her thinking and her childish soul was in hot rebellion against the set customs of her life.

She began to watch the beautiful blue-eyed mem-sahibs (English women) of Cawnpore. They were wonderful to Janira as she covertly viewed them from the seclusion of Ram Dass' high walled garden.

In the first place, their skins were like the white milk of goats. Janira gazed at the golden dusk of her own cheeks in her burnished silver mirror and marveled. But even their whiteness was not so wonderful to her as their idleness.

They didn't work in the households of their august masters. They drove all morning holding parasols over their white faces and went all afternoon to teas and games, accompanied by the white uniformed men. And then again at evening, when Janira was supposed to be asleep, they dressed as the native maiden thought the white man's angels must dress, and danced and frivoled. And yet, for all that, the husbands and fathers didn't seem to care that they were served with food contaminated by the hands of lowly servants, and, more remarkable still, no harm seemed to come of it.

"Poor little hand," Dickson said in the native tongue one night, as he held Janira's brown palm to the moonlight and showed a small cut on it. "You work too hard."

And he pressed his lips to the hand.

"Your beauteous ladies, they do not work at all, not even make bread?" There was wonder in Janira's questioning tone.

"You little moon-stone, sweet spice of delight," exclaimed Dickson, and raised her and clasped her brown arms around his neck.

"How I'd like to pluck you out of this garden and take you with me."

Janira was looking rapture into Dickson's eyes when a slight noise caught her ear just behind. Her eyes followed the noise and stopped, staring. Her lissom body stiffened. And as Dickson's eyes sought her face again, it was fixed and tense and terrible as a wooden idol's.

"My daughter, defiled by the touch of an infidel!" thundered out of the darkness. Janira slipped from Dickson's hold and sank at his feet. Dickson turned to face Ram Dass.

The Hindu ignored him. He called loudly and servants came running.

"Throw the dog of a defiler outside the gates," he ordered. And before Dickson could say a word or make a motion, he was seized and hurled from the garden.

The next day the white-draped figure of



"Dickson had come prepared with a disguise."



"That morning the English girl and her party had asked to visit his bungalow."

Ram Dass was admitted to the office of the Governor of the Province. When he left, an order was dispatched for Deputy Commissioner Dickson.

The Governor had things to say to Dickson. They were short and sharp. And yet not a muscle of the Englishman's bronzed face twitched while he was being read out of the Cawnpore station and transferred to Lucknow.

When that was over, Dickson asked if he might know what would be done to Janira. His voice and lips trembled now. The Governor looked gravely down and toyed with his paper weight miniature of the Car of Juggernaut.

"The daughter's punishment is left to the discretion of the father," he said.

"And no matter what was contemplated, you would not interfere?" There was an agony of appeal in the younger man's words.

"We would not and do not ever know what is contemplated," answered the Governor evenly.

"But you know, you must have known of similar cases," pleaded Dickson. "What punishment was inflicted on those girls?"

"The punishments were various. One's hands were cut off and—"

"My God," groaned the miserable man. "Don't go on. I can't bear it!"

"But Janira will have to," reminded the Governor, "unless Ram Dass is merciful. He is reputed to love his daughter as much as his religion will allow him and he may find another, easier way."

Dickson stumbled blindly out of the Governor's presence and found Muhmed.

"Watch, you carrion," he told the native, "and send me word what befalls Janira, or I'll feed you to the crows."

"A native begging? Kick him out."

Dickson's words were a growl. He was worn with miserable thoughts. He was sick of the food. He was sick of the hot dust. He was sick of brown bodies gleaming in the sun. And most of all, he was sick, dead sick of himself.

For days he had tried to keep his eyes on his work here at Lucknow, but the picture of Janira, as she had slid to his feet that night in the garden, kept coming between. The mute appeal of her stilled body drove him to madness. And then the tall figure of Ram Dass, terrible in its unquestionable power, would stand before him on the page. What had he done to Janira, tender little Janira, was the constant thought that got mixed with Dickson's figures.

"Please, sahib, man say 'Say Muhmed,'" ventured the servant again.

Dickson started up.

"Show him in," he yelled.

Muhmed came bowing and salaaming.

"Janira," called Dickson. "What of Janira?" From the native's graven-image face he could not tell a thing.

"Married, oh sahib. Married to old man, old Prince Chandra. Old prince die. Now Janira must burn on much fire with Prince."

The native's expression never changed as he explained. Dickson sank into his chair and buried his head in his hands. It seemed a long time before Muhmed spoke again.

"Much fire by Ganges. Muhmed know where."

Dickson's wits returned. He blessed the railroad, that sun-crazed English engineers had cursed, and was soon on the way back to Cawnpore.

It was because, as the Governor had said, Ram Dass loved Janira, the disobedient, that the Hindu maiden found herself sitting on the red ox hide, altar of marriage, a few days after that terrible night in the garden. She had only seen Prince Chandra once, when he had come to view her eyes, her features, her hands and her feet, to see if any peculiarities marked her as a woman doomed to sinfulness. She had shuddered at the hanging cheeks and wrinkly, cunning old eyes of the sickly prince, that leered at her, and her heart was sick as she remembered the proud young bridal pairs she had seen stepping into the Ganges, one end of the bride's sari tied to the cloth of the groom in loving token of their unity.

But the preparations had gone steadily on. She had been bathed in the perfumed waters, she had been taught the ritual verses, she had sat on the red bull's hide and watched the offering of the sacrifices that had made her and the infirm ancient, man and wife. And while she was still trying to realize that she was wedded, the stroke, long expected by her lord, came and broke the tie.

A widow before she had lived? And such a widow! One who was a blight in her father's house. Janira sat silent, immovable among the lamentations till she was led to an inner confinement room, and it was not till she felt evening air again on her face, and saw the light of fires gleaming on water, and heard a horrid crackling, that she knew. She was on the way to the Ganges, those fires were the funeral pyres where the dead were being purged of their sins, and that horrid crackling was the dirge of the flames in the driftwood fanned by the night breeze.

But this time the breeze was not swift enough. For as Janira lay beside a dark, still object, on the mound of wood, and heard the

flicker of tiny flames beneath, a human whisper came to her ear. It was the voice of Dickson, trembling, almost sobbing, as she had never before heard it.

"S-sh, little one. It is I," and she felt herself pulled into space and carried swiftly away.

Dickson had come prepared with a disguise if he should succeed. It was in the garb of a boy servant that Janira went to Lucknow.

And then the days went by like the endless rise of sweet perfume from an enchanted bowl. Dickson installed Janira in a bungalow set in a maze of vines and leafy growths, and there she played the mem-sahib, to Dickson's continual delight. She did not lift her little brown finger, unless it was to personally wait on her white lord. Then she was tireless.



"Little Janira stood as she had that night when Ram Dass found her in the garden. Her soft eyes were turned to glistening beads; her soft brown flesh to stone."

Was it a cushion or a pipe he wanted? She knew it by instinct and was off like a bird. Was he in a silent mood? She felt that as quickly and would slip, cross-legged in a little heap at his feet and sit as if carved from stone. Her quiet understanding of him soothed him after the days of official grind and it was not long before the old disappointment and longing for the sight of a pair of violet eyes and cool English cheeks had merged into what he thought was contentment.

Only one request of the little maid's did he refuse. That was when she wanted him to buy her English clothes. He told her they would deaden the golden glow of her cheeks; that they would bind her lithe limbs like a captive bird; that they were stiff and ungraceful and cold. But deep in his heart he knew that, great as his affection was, he could not bear to see this brown daughter of India in the civilized dress of the Elsa of his memories.

Dickson was jogged out of his tranquil existence by an invitation from headquarters that was really a duty. Some English visitors had come out to the station and Dickson was bidden to a ball in their honor. It was late when he arrived and as he approached the open pavilion, he caught the silhouette of a familiar figure on the lighted veranda, and an instant later he had leaped up the steps and was breathlessly drinking in the freshness and sweetness of Elsa Arlington's Saxon beauty.

And now little Janira, lately the sweet perfume of his life, was become, in a few hours, as bitter wormwood. Dickson was crazed with the thought that she might meet Elsa. That morning the English girl and her party had asked to visit his bungalow. So, pretending that he was going away, he sent Janira to stay with a neighbor till he should fetch her. But Janira loved her cool, shady home. She put off the evil hour of going as long as possible and retired only to a nearby summer house to dream away the hours.

The sound of ponies' hoofs aroused her. Some officials were visiting the country, she decided, and hurried to the bungalow to greet them. She started when she saw Dickson himself come out from the veranda and joyously help the first rider, a beautiful mem-sahib, to alight.

"Elsa," she heard him cry as he held the

white hands fast, "tell me. Why did you come? Don't play with me."

Dickson's voice was hoarse and his breath coming fast.

The beautiful mem-sahib bowed her helmeted head.

Janira saw the light leap in his eyes.

"You love me? You would stay?" he begged.

"I think I'll have the veranda of this bungalow widened," was the white woman's smiling answer.

And then Dickson drew her behind the screen of vines and hugged her to him hungrily.

"Elsa! My God, how I love you," he cried.

Back in the shrubby little Janira stood as she had that night when Ram Dass found her with Dickson in the garden. Her soft eyes were turned to glistening beads; her soft brown flesh to stone.

And so she waited.

At last the white men's healths were all drunk on the veranda and the last pony had clattered away. Dickson went too—by the side of the fair stranger.

Janira slipped to the ground and moaned.

"Oh little lamp flame on Ganges! Why didst thou dance and beckon only to untrue love and death!"

The piteous plaint rose again and again till evening came. Then Janira rose and methodically gathered dry faggots. Methodically she arranged them around the wall of the room where so often she had sat at Dickson's feet. She worked steadily, busily, as one who had an important duty to fulfill. And when all was completed to her satisfaction, she brought in the earthenware lamps and scattered the oil of all except one over the faggots, then withdrew.

It was the Janira of old, who reappeared, dressed as for ritual in milk white garments.

Carefully she closed the door behind her; carefully she took up the last lamp; and prayerfully she gazed into its light.

"Oh, little flame," she intoned, "I come, I come."

There was a sudden determined twist of the oil bowl and Janira's white robe was immersed. Then composedly, devoutly, she held to it the wick with its leaping tongue of fire.

"CLOSE - UPS"

by The Editor

DURING the past month newspapers and periodicals all over the country have noted "the remarkable change of attitude in the ranks of motion picture producers." Photoplay Magazine fails to see anything remarkable in a great big tidal wave of sensible art and earnest realism. The films have reached a stage where they are a basic amusement, recreation and instruction for the entire world—for the highbrow and for the fellow whose cowlick grows into his eyebrows—and if there had not been a huge uplift in the quality and calibre of pictures it would have been more than remarkable: it would have been amazing, preposterous, unbelievable.

This new, but quite natural and logical phase of film manufacture surprises nobody but the mossy old logs who failed to see anything serious in shadow-land. Now they are going to Ince pictures, and Griffith pictures, and DeMille pictures, and lots of other fine pictures, and are expressing astonishment because they just have to laugh, or just have to thrill, or just have to express sincere admiration.

Lubinville has experienced something which is little short of an earthquake. More than a score of well-known people have passed from the Lubin organization—not because they were found negligible quantities, but merely in pursuit of Lubin's stern mandate of change—new faces, new studies, new stories. Mr. Lubin announces that he is engaging the best actors and actresses in America; that his once iron-clad stock régime is no more, and that in a single politic stroke he has doubled an interpretative salary list which was already more than \$30,000 per week.

Keystone has quit its immemorial one-reelers, and will hereafter produce nothing but two-reelers and features. Incidentally, the editor of Photoplay Magazine has always insisted that Mack Sennett was a far, far bigger man than his slapstick nonsense indicated, and that (to speak Celtically) serious comedies were going to prove that in the near future.

Universal made one big move forward when it signed Hobart Bosworth. It made another when it contracted Anna Pavlowa, the greatest dancer America has ever seen.

Lasky wrested Geraldine Farrar from the Metropolitan Opera House.

William Fox, six months ago known only as a vaudeville magnate, proposes to create a new era of terrific and specifically American plays for the screen.

And so it goes.

Yet there is one danger which is the danger of too much energy instead of too little; like a full-blooded man of middle age, the movies must have a care against apoplexy. Fine actors, unlimited resources and great patronage do not make real success; they are the textiles from which art and success may be fabricated, but oh, how intricate is the process!

WHILE swinging about him as best he is able, on the censor question, the editor of Photoplay Magazine wishes to say a word in favor of the National Board of Censorship. Their job is wrong, but these individuals are humane, unflinchingly honest, hard working, intelligent, sensible. I don't believe that there is very much fault with their findings.

The trouble lies in the local board — the wisdom-crying-to-heaven from Chicago, or St. Louis, or San Francisco — or Keokuk.

If we must have censorship, for the present, why cannot the scenarios, instead of the pictures themselves, be edited?

When the pictures are trimmed, the plot usually has its throat cut. Extensive expurgations leave the spectator dizzy. Why does *Which hit Who?* Nobody knows, for *Why* is in the censor's waste-basket. Therefore *Which hits Who*, and every train of reasoning is wrecked.

The edited scenario could be reconstructed — perhaps not neatly, but in a way that would be logical, and which would serve. For the emasculated film there is no hope. It is as useless a thing in a vigorous world as the key-keeper of a harem.



YOU must have, in your circle of acquaintances, the fool who rhapsodizes: "Anything ever put on the stage could be improved upon in the pictures!" Or (2nd) "Shakespeare is one boy they can't turn into a film!"

As for statement 1:

Rot!

As for statement 2:

Nonsense!

The man who best loves his art or his wife knows their limitations and respects them.

To me, the scope of the silent play is almost limitless, yet: who, with ears to hear, and a heart to feel, would be satisfied with a soundless "I Pagliacci?"

Shakespeare? It might be hard to visualize Hamlet's soliloquy, but in my opinion "Macbeth" will never be fully realized until some directorial genius, taking advantage of the play's almost supernatural power, creates a real Banquo's ghost, a real witches' heath, a real walking Birnam wood. Can you imagine the murder, by a master of screen imagination, or the sleep-walking scene?



ALITTLE while ago you used to hear: "Well, poor woman, I guess she's through with everything but the pictures!"

Too old to work, yet good enough for the pictures! Sounds like the pointed relationship of the antiquated horse and the glue factory.

Now, a new cry has gone up to the brass heaven of theatredom. It is a mighty cry—a wail, the yell of the trimmed—a whoop for help: "The pictures are taking our youth! Our girls are going! The boys have gone!"

Fact.

New York's Rialto really views with alarm. Hazel Dawn announces her picture permanency. Marguerite Clark is a confirmed photoplayer. Marie Doro is in. Alice Brady is in. Grace Washburn is in. Olga Petrova is in. Pavlowa is in. Geraldine Farrar is in. Theda Bara is in. Irene Fenwick is in. Bessie Barriscale, Lenore Ulrich, Lois Meredith are in.

Where is this influx of youth and beauty to end?

IN the perfecting of the photoplay another question presents itself: pay to authors. It has become a byword in these revelatory past six months, that the sterling actor in the hands of the shoddy director is helpless as a clipper-ship which has just encountered a torpedo.

Quite true; but what about good actor, good director—and wretched story? There's tragedy for you! Few directors have the ability to make a story themselves. So far, the emolument has been far from convincing, or even satisfying.

Only a year or two ago the ideal scenario hack was supposed to be the lame-duck newspaperman. Not to be trusted by the City Editor, he of course had intrinsic photoplay material in his osseous noddle. Thank heaven he's nearly over!

So why handicap them with jitney-priced authors? Money is today the universal yardstick. Let the manufacturers find the real dramatists of America and keep them out of the narrow little lamp-lighted theatres with a fence of gold!



GERALDINE FARRAR, who has just arrived in California, told me an interesting thing the day she left New York City.

"When my 'Carmen' film is taken at Lasky's," said she, "it will be to the accompaniment of Bizet's music.

"Just a piece of pose, you'll say. Oh, yes, you will! I know! But it isn't. There's a deep psycho-physical reason which I'll explain: the Spanish woman, like the Russian, has a freedom of body above the waist-line which is not possessed by the more solid peoples of Europe, and which is not known at all in America. I can't explain just what it is; flexibility isn't the word; rhythm isn't the word. Perhaps I won't be far wrong if I call it 'torsial expression'—making one's shoulders, and waist, tell one's thoughts in as supple a manner as one's feet and limbs.

"There, Americans are faultless; at least the younger ones are; they dance more. Below the waist the American has a grace, a freedom of movement, which is incomparable. Above the waist: stiff, awkward, expressionless.

"Bizet's wonderful music makes me a Russian or a Spaniard, whichever you will, above my belt. Without it I am cramped, slow, heavy.

"So while the crank is inturning 'Carmen,' I'm going to have the music under way. I want you to see 'Carmen' in the bright shadows—not 'Jerry' Farrar. Understand?"



CHICAGO, after nights of vigil and prayer, psalm-singing and incense-burning, charm-weaving and spell-reciting, doubting and fearing, blushing and trembling, has decided to risk eternal punishment, venture the wrath of the unseen, dare the blasts of propriety, expose itself to poison ivy and throw the banana peel of precedent on the sidewalk of politics.

It has "permitted" the showing of "The Birth of a Nation."

Assuredly the country has beheld no more uproarious spectacle of ponderous censorial asininity than those grave weeks of solemn consideration—that actual period of absolute ban upon the biggest photoplay yet seen by human eyes.



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is *ferminist* censors. It believes that censoring is an absolute infringement of personal liberty; class legislation; a special denial which is as unlawful as a special privilege. Photoplay Magazine does not favor a shadow Saturnalia, or a Bacchanalia, or any other alia of crime, or horror, or suggestiveness, or grossness.

It holds to a simple and eternal truth, viz.: that the fabric of art is the fabric of life; and that the art which serves, the art which uplifts, the art which is enduring, is made from life, and from all of it; not from a prophylactic, pasteurized, denatured, eunuchized edition a la the bovine-minded censor.

J.J.

The INSURRECTION

By FRANK WILLIAMS

WHEN LOVE'S LOYALTY WAS
STRONGER THAN INTRIGUE

Illustrations by the Lubin Studios



AS Lieutenant Charles Hubbard of the flagship *Wyoming* strolled with Lolita Vincenzo through that tropic garden on the hills back of Porto Lango, he forgot every girl he had ever left behind him, and all he ever hoped to meet. He was profoundly grateful to the Latin-American revolution that had brought the fleet south to protect American interests, for it had rediscovered for him this former friend of his Academy days. And he found that she still held his imagination and feelings as securely as during her years at school in the States.

And now he had been telling her so. Below them as they paced between the rows of exotic flowers the bay and its sandy shore looked like a great sapphire set in a crescent of gold. The air was damp and warm; rainbow-colored birds screamed in the forest that was kept at bay by the garden wall; high in the air buzzards, the coroners of the jungle, wheeled slowly.

But she, blushing, with great dark eyes downcast, had not given the answer he sought. To her Spanish temperament the spice of love was more in the getting than the having, but this was not the sole reason for her coquetry. There was something else, and now she revealed it.

"Charles," she said gravely in her precise English, "does your Admiral know that my father, Dr. Vincenzo, is the secret head of the revolutionists?"

Hubbard nodded, and she went on:—

"His cause is just, but now he has given orders for something to be done which I shall stop if I

"He forgot every girl he had ever left behind him, and all he ever hoped to meet."

can. He and his men are going to attack your fleet at nightfall."

The officer halted in his walk and faced her, startled, incredulous.

"This is serious!" he said. "The United States can't be dragged into a firecracker revolution like this. Where do they plan to attack?"

"From the south shore of the bay." She was pale now and searched his hard blue eyes. "You don't think me a traitor to tell you this, Charles?"

"Traitor! No!" His voice was deep and tender. "The only traitors in the world are those false to themselves, and you're not one of them. But if you would only be a traitor to your feelings and tell me—"

But she only smiled wanly and shook her head, and he went away unsatisfied.

An hour later Hubbard, warm with the thanks of the Admiral, left the flagship and went ashore to resume command of his battery of rapid-fire guns which had been stationed to protect a great oil plant on the northern shore of the bay. When his men heard that the attack was expected from the south they swore with disappointment and envied the luckier batteries, but looked forward to seeing the fight with grins of joy.

Seven o'clock came, and the swift tropic night closed down upon them. A hot wind roared fitfully through the jungle and roughened the bay, as the rise and fall of the anchored fleet's riding lights showed. The men of Hubbard's command, tense and expectant, idled at the edge of camp impatient for the first shot.

Suddenly one of the sentries stiffened into suspicion.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

Something in the

man's voice alarmed Hubbard and he sprang to his feet.

"Halt, I say!" the man was repeating. "Answer or I'll shoot."

Now there was a mysterious rustle and crash in the brush that was not the noise of the wind.

"Company, man the pieces!" commanded Hubbard clear and high, and sprang towards the guns. The men leaped up, but not in time. The sentry, firing rapidly now, fell back, and the next moment the camp swarmed with little black-haired men dressed in the white tropic uniform of American sailors.

In a minute the skirmish was over. One bluejacket and two of the enemy lay dead and half a dozen more were wounded. The remainder were made prisoners.



"Her father had come to the prison and found them."

An officer touched Richard on the arm and beckoned him silently. Hubbard obeyed the summons, and for the next half hour marched under guard through the dark, odorous jungle.

Finally they reached a clearing on the brow of a hill high above the town, where two or three low, white buildings stood, and Hubbard divined from the military air and activity of the place that he had reached the revolutionist headquarters.

Following his guide to the central and larger structure, he was ushered into a plain, square room where three men sat at a deal table lighted by candles. The larger man of the three, in the gold lace and insignia of a general, he recognized at once as Dr. Vincenzo. The two had met several times before, but now Vincenzo ignored him, his dark, scheming face blank and cruel.

"Lieutenant Hubbard," he said, "you have been found guilty by the highest Constitutional military tribunal of having fired without cause on our troops. As a penalty you have been sentenced to die at dawn. I advise you to prepare at once any last messages you wish sent out."

Hubbard could only stare speechless at the man for a moment. Only too clearly now he saw the cunning hand of Vincenzo in the ruse that had entrapped him. Aware of Hubbard's infatuation for Lolita, the revolutionist leader had taken advantage of it to disseminate misinformation through her, calculating that the girl's disapproval of the attack would cause her to reveal it. He had reasoned without a flaw.

"But this is murder!" he cried as he realized the childish transparency of the trumped-up charge. "I am guilty of no crime! Your men attacked mine disguised as Americans. Look here, general, if you shoot me you'll have the United States in this thing in a minute, and believe me you'll pay!"

Vincenzo smiled like a fox, showing broken, yellow teeth.

"No, I will not," he dissented pleasantly, "and since you are going to die, I will tell you why. It is my intention to draw the United States into this. Our lying opponents declare to the world that they are supreme in this persecuted country and can protect foreigners. Therefore they will have to answer for this attack, not we. It will destroy their last pretenses."

Then with a motion of dismissal he turned to the papers before him, and Hubbard, recognizing the futility of protest, went quietly with his guard. He was taken to a small house with barred windows on the edge of the camp clearing, locked in, and a sentry placed before the door.

Meanwhile, on the flagship, the Admiral who had learned of the attack through a sailor who had escaped, gave the federal governor of the province until noon the next day to return the captured Americans together with the ringleaders of the attack under penalty of the destruction of Porto Lango.

II

Lolita came away from that interview with her father incredulous and stunned. As well plead with Death itself for the life of Hubbard as with him.

During her years in the States her character had broadened and she had grown away from him and from the sultry air of petty politics and intrigue so dear to Spanish blood. Now realizing the treacherous use he had made of her, and the disgrace she had brought upon Hubbard, she saw for the first time the extent of the gulf between them.

"Hubbard must die!" Vincenzo had said, with a flash of anger at her interference. "He is a pawn in the game, no more. We sacrifice him to win."

"But I love him!" had been her desperate plea, and, as if she had had only to speak the words to work the miracle, the great knowledge came to her.

Now alone in her father's office at home, bewildered both by the radiance and the pain of the revelation, a new courage and resolve came to her. As she had brought Hubbard to his death, so should she expiate it. She searched her father's medicine chest until she found the deadly white crystals she sought.

"If they kill him I shall die too," she told herself, and slipped the envelope inside her dress.

Then under cover of the friendly darkness, she left the house and plunged into the jungle, following the well-trodden path towards the secret headquarters. A half hour's walk brought her to the edge of the clearing, and here she left the path and approached Hubbard's prison.

The sentry barred her path with levelled gun, but, lifting her head proudly, she threw back her rebozo and let the light of the intense Southern stars fall full on her face. The soldier fell back awed before his commander's daughter.

Then stepping close to the hut she called softly. There was a stir from inside, and the next instant Hubbard was at the barred window.

"Lolita!"

"Charles, my beloved!" All the passion she had denied him so long was in her voice and her misty, dream-filled eyes.

He drew a deep, quivering breath.

"You *do* love me!"

"Yes, oh yes! And I shall die with you!" And she told him of her resolution, and of the poison she carried.

Frightened and shocked he pleaded with her, but she was immovable.

"In life or death I must be with you and I shall," she told him quietly. "I brought this upon you and I shall expiate it."

Finding her adamant, and careless now of his own fate, he told her of the one thing yet to be done that might wipe out the shame of his capture and perhaps save hundreds of lives.

"I have overheard the soldiers talking among themselves," he said rapidly in a low tone. "There is to be a massacre of all the foreigners in the city at midnight. The Admiral must be warned. There's time yet and you must try and get through with the message. You will find a Navy launch at the San Jose wharf. Will you do it, dearest, this last thing for me?"

"Yes, yes, I will. But if I am caught before I reach the launch? They suspect me now."

"Then listen." His voice dropped to a whisper. "If you are caught you must signal the fleet somehow. This is the code:" and reaching his hands through the bars, he showed her the few arm movements that would convey the information to the watchers on the ships.

"And now go, dearest; kiss me once and go! And God bless you!"

Their lips met through the bars and she turned away trembling.

But her attempt to carry out her mission met a swift end. Her father had come to the prison, and found them, just as she had turned away from the barred window.

He regarded her with a crooked smile of triumph.

"You have served me well today," he said, amiably ironic, "but for the present your usefulness is over. You will be taken home and locked in your room until you are needed further."

A horse was brought and she rode back under guard. Old Isabella, the housekeeper, weeping, but afraid to disobey orders, locked her in her room, and she sat down and buried her face in her hands, dry-eyed but hopeless. Then presently the thought of her unfulfilled mission roused her, and, springing up, she commenced to pace the room.

From her windows that overlooked the bay she could see, far below, the outlines of the battleships. Now the great searchlights were playing, prying at the hidden secrets of the shore like inquisitive fingers. Under their intense rays foliage, houses, and people, leaped into startling relief bright as day.

After a long while Lolita heard the clock strike eleven. Just an hour remained before the word would be given that released upon Porto Lango the fury of murder and pillage. And she, upon whom Hubbard had depended, upon whose success in reaching the San Jose wharf these lives depended, had failed!

Hands twisted together, lips bitten to the quick, she paced the room in an agony of impotence.

Escape from the house was impossible. The windows of her room, as in all Spanish houses, were fitted with immovable iron gratings. Down stairs she could hear the soldiers laughing and jeering at frightened old Isabella.

What should she do? What *could* she do?

She walked to the window and looked out. The searchlights were still playing. One of them was creeping slowly along the bright green face of the hill towards her, revealing the familiar sights of the plantation.

Then, suddenly, at sight of it, an inspiration born of her extremity came. Swiftly seizing a handkerchief in each hand she thrust her arms through the grating and waited. Then when the light fell upon her she commenced frantically to signal as Hubbard had taught her.

The light sheered off, and she thought

she had failed. Then, slowly, it returned, wavered, and held. Swiftly, then, Lolita repeated the signals, and, when she had gone through them twice, the light was suddenly switched off. The girl staggered back into the room blinded, but with the exulting certainty that the message had been read and understood.

III

Watch in hand, Hubbard stood at the barred window of his prison, waiting. Had Lolita got through? Had the fleet been warned? Would the raid on the city be averted?

Half past eleven! A sudden activity among the soldiers at headquarters, and a rounding up of officers' horses, told him more plainly than words that the force was about to start for Porto Lango.

His heart sank. The fleet would have to be quick now! If they had received his message why had they waited so long? If not, where was Lolita—what had happened to her? As hope left him entirely, he cursed himself for having sent her on such an errand. Knowing his Latin America, his flesh crawled at her possible fate.

Then, just as he turned away certain that all was lost, a thunderous roar, followed by others, crashed upon the night air, throbbing and reverberating among the hills.

With a shout of exultation Hubbard leaped back to the window. She *had* got through, she *had* won! And the fleet was tuning up!

In interweaving streaks of fire the shells arched into the town, bright as day now under the full battery of searchlights, and made the crazy streets a red inferno. Occasionally as if it had been a gigantic tentacle, a shell would lash out into the woods at some suspected spot. Over the whole face of the mountain range they searched for the hidden headquarters and supply depots.

The revolutionists opened a feeble answering fire from masked batteries behind the town, but their guns were silenced almost as soon as they spoke.

When Hubbard next thought of the time it was two o'clock, an hour he never forgot, for the reason that it was then the searchlights discovered at last the con-

cealed headquarters where he was imprisoned.

Instantly a deadly fire was opened upon the clearing. Nothing could live under that murderous steel rain, and the few soldiers on duty, including Hubbard's guards, fled like rabbits into the jungle, leaving him to his fate.

Unable to break his way out of the building, he waited with what calmness he could for the inevitable. Crash after crash, as the headquarters buildings went down, told him of its nearing approach. Then, with an obliterating noise and flash of light, it came.

How he escaped from the blazing wreck of his prison he never knew. His next clear conception was of himself staggering through the jungle bleeding and seared, his uniform hanging in ribbons, and the awful thought in his mind that dawn was less than two hours away, and that unless he could reach her in time Lolita would carry out her threat to die.

The desperate need of finding her cleared his brain and made secondary his physical suffering. Down the hill and into the blazing town he ran, passing streams of terrified natives fleeing to the protection of the jungle, carrying with them what belongings they had been able to save.

Through deserted streets where riddled walls crashed continually down, he dodged his way to the San Jose wharf, where he found the naval launches busily transporting foreigners to the battleships under protection of the gun fire. Here Hubbard learned from a sailor of the means by which the message from Lolita had been caught, and blessed her courage and ingenuity.

He divined in an instant that the girl had been captured and locked in her room, and he told himself that the probabilities were she was still there. On the instant he rushed back into the city towards the plantation on the hill.

The first glimmer of dawn lay along the sea when Hubbard, worn and exhausted, reached the house. Without ceremony he pushed open the unlocked door and entered the low white hall. As he staggered in, Vincenzo, his arms full of papers, came out of the study on the left and blocked his passage.

"Stand aside there, if you want to save your daughter's life!" commanded Hubbard, and started for the stairs.



"Hubbard must die!" Vincenzo had said.

"Insolent dog!" snarled the other, baring his teeth, "what is my daughter's life to you or your breed?" And his hand moved towards his revolver.

Instantly the American grappled with him and, exhausted though he was, disarmed him and beat him unconscious to the floor.

Then up the stairs and out upon the gallery surrounding the flower-filled patio Hubbard ran, panting. Then to each door in turn, beating upon it and calling her name.

Oblivious to sight or sound, Lolita stood in the farthest room, the potion in her hand. Her eyes held a glazed fixity as she forced mind and body to the thing she had to do, and her lips moved swiftly both in

prayer and in silent farewell to the man she loved.

Then, suddenly, as she lifted the glass to her lips, she heard her name panted through the locked door.

That voice! It struck through her numbed consciousness like a clarion and arrested her hand. Then it came again, and she awoke to a full realization that this was Hubbard come to her.

The glass dropped from her nerveless fingers, and she wavered, almost swooning with the reaction. The next moment he had smashed the lock, opened the door, and held her in his arms.

And thus the red sun found them when, two minutes later, it peeped over the rim of the sea.

"Confessions of a Movie Star"

In the September issue — it contains so many startling statements by one of the brightest stars of filmdom that to use her name would stir up all sorts of trouble. Being a great actress is not one long joyous holiday.

A High Priced Rug and a Priceless Star



Miss Maud Allan, the dancer and friend of the exquisite Anna Pavlova, is the star in the Bosworth-Morosco, production, "The Rug-Maker's Daughter." One of the handsome properties used in the production is the beautiful Shah Abbas silk rug which is valued at more than \$75,000 and which, over three centuries ago, took a master rug maker seventeen years to make. It is the masterpiece of the collection of Frank L. Loftus of Los Angeles.



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Where millions of people—men, women and children—gather daily, many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. A prize of \$5.00 will be given for the best story each month, and one dollar for every one printed. The stories must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to put your name and address on your contribution. Think of the funniest thing you have ever heard at the movies and send it in. You may win the five-dollar prize.

Papa Cheated

THE photoplay showed a naughty husband kissing a pretty housemaid. Willie gazed at it for several minutes, then turning to his mother, burst out:

"Oh, that reminds me! Papa owes me a nickel."

"How is that, dear?"

"Why, papa came in while I was kissing Jane good-night yesterday, and promised me a nickel if I'd show him how. I did, and he kissed her just the way that man did in the movie; but he never gave me my nickel!"

Henry Y. Tong, Honolulu, T. H.

Criticising a Home Industry

AN Englishman in a New York movie, indicating a young woman beside him, whose jaw was working frantically, asked his American companion in a whisper:

"What is that young woman eating?"

"She isn't eating. She's chewing gum," replied the American.

"Haven't you ever heard of chewing gum?"

"Oh yes," replied the Britisher; "but I never saw it done by the mile before."

L. E. Crouch, Brooklyn, N. Y.

She Suffered Too

"ARE you a suffragist?" asked a smart looking woman to a rather elderly one while a suffrage parade was marching across the screen.

"Yes, indeed, ma'am," replied the latter. "I've been a suffragist for years, mostly from the rheumatiz, thank you, ma'am."

Evelyn Walker, Water Valley, Miss.

Improving the Prophets

THEY had a movie in Sunday School at which Scriptural pictures were interspersed with Biblical quotations.

One of the quotations was that goodly advice to the lovers of gossip which runneth thus:

"Keep thy tongue

from evil and thy lips from guile."

Johnny was elected by the teacher to read this aloud.

He struggled with it in silence for several minutes; but finally, aided and abetted by good-natured encouragement from the teacher, read:

"Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from girls!"

R. Meyers, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Wavering Neutral

IT was a terrific picture in which battles and cavalry charges, artillery duels and broadsword combats, ended in a running chase over hill and dale and a Homeric conflict in which the hero, like Caesar, slew his thousands.

Jimmy, who had come to the theatre after an hour of arithmetic at school, leaned back in his seat and murmured with a happy sigh:

"Gee, that was nourishing!"

Frederick B. Grosse, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The New Death

MAME, of the perfumery counter, was describing the picture she had seen the night before—

"Oh, Therese, you oughta seen it. When Little Mary seen it was his real wife that was standin' on the beach, she just ran up the side o' the volcano with the kid an' threw him in the red hot saliva!"

B. C. Hilliard, Philadelphia, Pa.

Genius

I THINK Scott's plays are wonderful," said Geraldine after the photodramatization of one of them had faded into darkness. "His 'Lady of the Lake' is fine."

"It certainly is," agreed Mabel.

"And 'Ivanhoe,' too."

"Certainly is great."

"And—and 'Scott's Emulsion.' It's wonderful how a man can write such things!"

Arthur W. Johnson, Astoria, Ore.



This Wins the Five Dollars

TICKET Seller: You'd better give me a holiday for a couple of weeks to improve my health. My beauty is beginning to fade.

Manager: What makes you think so?

Ticket Seller: The men are beginning to want their change.

D. Greene, Seattle, Wash.

Practical Theology

THE lion was just about to devour the faithful missionary.
 "Pop," asked Johnny, "do lions go to Heaven?"
 "Of course not, son."
 "Well, do ministers?"
 "Of course they do. Why do you ask?"
 "'Cause, supposin the lion eats the minister, how do they untangle things?"
Arthur Lenox, Washington, D. C.

Finis

THE photoplay ended with the hero, a dentist, being lowered into his grave. As one of the audience elbowed his way to the door, he murmured sadly:

"Poor dentist! He's filling his last cavity."
Ralph L. King, Atchinson, Kans.

! ?

DURING a scene in which a devoted husband knelt in tears beside his dead wife's bed, a man remarked to his friend:
 "It must be awful hard to lose a wife, Bill."
 "Yeah," agreed Bill. "It seems almost impossible."
Miss G. Howard, Montreal, Canada.

Faith

TWO boys coming from Sunday school, entered a movie and gazed spell-bound at the screen.

"Say, Willie," asked one, "who do you suppose put those pictures up there?"
 "Oh," replied Willie, "I suppose God did."
Miss K. Caruthers, Woodhaven, L. I.

The Irish in Scripture

IN a photoplay the hero had sworn to brand with a red hot iron the man who had eloped with his wife. To do so, he made himself an iron brand such as is used to mark cattle, and to see if it worked all right, heated it and stamped a tree with it.

As he drew the hot iron from the side of the tree, the black letters CAIN stood out before the startled audience.

"Who is dis guy Cain?" asked Mabel as she cuddled up closer to her lover.

"Aw gee, Mabel," he answered, "why don't yer foller the story. Dat's de name o' de dirty Irishman wot stole his wife!"

William McLaughlin, Ottawa, Canada.

Touching Frankness

WILLIE had "forgotten" to bring his Sunday school collection for several Sundays in succession. His teacher suspected nothing; but decided to jog his memory a bit.

"Willie," she said, "do you know what becomes of little boys who don't bring their collection?"
 "Yes'm," replied Willie candidly, "they go to the movies."

Lorraine Terhune, Pompton Lakes, N. J.

Too Much

THE youngster managed to keep quiet for a long time; but when Charlie Chaplin fell into a barrel of water, he gave way to uncontrollable screams of laughter.

His mother reproved him indignantly.
 "Oh, mother," he answered, "I couldn't help it. My smile just busted!"

Gwendolyn Stewart, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Parisian Stuff

ROMEO was trying to make an impression on his Juliet. As a handsome Louis Quinze interior was shown for a scene, he turned to her and remarked:

"Ah, now, that's what I call real petite!"
 But she had been to high school herself.
 "That's not the word!" she objected scornfully.
 "Well—" He considered the matter a moment
 —"Spiffy, then."

La Vergne Dale, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Logic

THE little fellow, after seeing a hen in the movies climb on to a nest full of eggs and then get off leaving a half a dozen chicks, "swiped" some eggs from the ice-box, and putting them in a convenient place in the back yard, sat on them for a while.

While he was doing so, the little girl next door to whom he had explained the situation, was telling her mother about it breathlessly, and when she had finished, added:

"An' Oh, mamma, now he'll bring off little boys. Won't that be cute?"

Effie M. Roberts, Key West, Fla.

Inspiration

A Keystone comedy in which one of the characters had drunken not wisely, but too well, suggested a dark spot in the immediate past to one of the audience who, turning to his pal, said:

"Say, I guess I made an awful fool of myself last night at that dance. I didn't realize how strong the punch was, and I could hardly stand on my feet. I guess everyone's sore at me."

"That's where you're wrong," answered the other. "Everybody's praising you to the skies for inventing a new dance."

John Hegerhorst, Chicago, Ill.

Experience?

THE "gentleman" in the photoplay, while pickled, was in the company of a beautiful girl. When shown at his home, cold sober, however, it appeared that his wife was exceedingly homesely.

Two girls of the "big frail" type watched the play intently. At the end of it one of them remarked sententiously:
 "Some men seem to pick 'em better when they're stewed."

Walter K. Arlington, New York, N. Y.

Right You Are, Me Hearty

THE husband in the movie had run away and left his wife.

"He isn't much of a mate," said the girl.

"No," agreed the man, "he's a skipper."
Frank Power, Halifax, Canada.

That Held Him

A COUPLE at "A Fool There Was" had been arguing for several minutes, till the man finally raised his voice, and said disgustedly:

"Bah! What is a woman? A rag, a bone and a hank of hair!"

"Well," replied the woman sweetly, "what is a man? A drag, a drone and a tank of air!"

Anna Bell Lee, Nashville, Tenn.



Balky

TWO inebriated gentlemen emerged from a picture show and paused while one tried to light his cigarette with a match he had borrowed from his companion.

After several fruitless efforts he protested mildly.
 "Shay, ol' fellow. Thish match won't light."
 "Thash funny," pondered the other with a thoughtful frown, "it lit all right jush a minute ago!"

H. C. Hufbauer, Newkirk, Okla.

HINTS on PHOTOPLAY WRITING

By Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

Photoplay Magazine's authority in this department is one of the most successful scenario



editors and writers in the world. Many of the most interesting film features are his creations.

IV

THERE are many technical terms used in photoplay writing which many writers wish to have explained. I will endeavor to explain their meanings as simply as possible.

A "Close-Up" is a part of a scene, or a person, or an object, taken very close to the camera; and is usually used either to break up an unduly long scene, or to bring out strongly some point in the story, or the facial expression, or the by-play of an actor. They should be frequently employed, as they help greatly in relieving the monotony of distant scenes.

A "Bust" is a "Close-Up" of one or more persons taken from the waist line up. Very few scenario writers ever employ the term, deeming "Close-Up" amply sufficient for the director to sense what is required.

An "Insert" is anything that is inserted in a scene. It may be a letter, or dialogue, or a newspaper clipping, or a telegram, or any form of printed or written matter, or a Close-Up, or anything in short, that is essential to carry a scene along or to break it up if it threatens to be too tedious.

Some will, no doubt, disagree with me in this, and claim that an "Insert" can only mean some printed or written matter that has to be inserted; but many writers (myself included) often break up a scene with the following instructions: *"Insert a 'Close-Up' of So-and-So, or Such-and-Such, and then continue the scene"*—and thus avoid employing a special scene for the "Close-Up." Most directors favor this, I have found, and whatever the producing directors like, we should endeavor to give them, because they are the responsible parties who are

making or marring ourselves and our stories.

A "Subtitle" is a written or printed announcement placed before the commencement of any scene—except before the opening scene of the photoplay, when the term "Leader" should be employed, if such is needed; but I advise strongly to use "Leaders" and "Subtitles" as sparingly as possible. Open your play with "Action," and make your subsequent scenes carry the play along in such a lucid manner that little or no printed explanations shall be necessary. I have found that directors prefer to insert their own subtitles or dialogue, when they deem them necessary. A well written photoplay should require few subtitles; none, if possible. If any have to be employed, make them brief.

In my last article I explained the meaning of the terms "Flash-Back" and "Cut-Back," so I won't bore you with a repetition. A practical demonstration of all these technical terms will be found in the sample scenario which was published in the March issue of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. The soundest advice I can give to any writer is to secure a copy of that issue and study that scenario.

In the near future will be published the scenario of a comedy which has lately been produced, and this will prove a ready aid to those who wish to write along those lines. There is a big demand for comedies just now, but the comedy must rest with the situations, and not by the employment of foolish, over-drawn acting. "Slapstick" comedies will find their place in the waste paper basket, where they belong.

Your scenario *must* be typewritten. A

Your scenario must be typewritten. A handwritten script has about as much chance as a wooden-legged girl in a ballroom.

hand-written script has about as much chance as a wooden-legged girl in a ball-room. Some scenario editors object to carbon copies being submitted to them. Why, I cannot imagine. But then, some scenario editors object to everything—except the photoplays they write themselves!

You must *always* enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your scenario. Do not enclose loose stamps, and expect the scenario department to supply the envelope for its return, if unavailable. The people in a busy scenario department have other things to do besides addressing envelopes. You must remember that you are submitting your scenario unsolicited and at your own risk, and that it is merely a courtesy on the part of the editor to return it to you at all. So, you should make it as convenient for him as possible. He probably receives a hundred photoplays a day, so try and put yourself in his place. If your manuscript gets lost or mislaid, you have no legal redress. However, if a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed there will be little danger of that, as great care is taken in all reputable scenario departments to have manuscripts promptly returned to writers when these rules are complied with. But if you only enclose loose stamps, or, worse still, no stamps at all, then you deserve to lose your scenario. The chances are you will.

Do not write long letters to the scenario editors, explaining that your story is gripping, or true, or original, or so full of heart-interest that the human pulse will quicken with fire on reading it. That will dub you a "Dub" and you don't want to be in that class. And if you are of the gentle sex, do not try to curry favor with the man in the editorial chair by informing him that this is your first effort at writing, but that you have real true violet eyes, and glorious leslicarterian hair, and a perfect 36, and enclose a snapshot taken on the beach, by your best fellow, to prove it. It's a million to one the editor is a married man, and as such, would not be in any way interested. I have seen such letters and snapshots received in scenario departments, and they invariably were passed around and caused much amusement, but the scenario, no matter how

good, would never be considered seriously. Editors are hunting for original ideas—not good looks.

If you are a mere male creature, do not inform the editor that your sweetheart has read your scenario and that it has thrilled her, or that you have plenty of others of the same sort which he can have at a reduced rate, if he will make a quick decision, as all the other scenario editors are after you hot and heavy. Let your scenario speak for itself. Submit it neatly typewritten, double-spaced, with a clean sheet back and front; your title on the outside front sheet, with your name and address in the upper left-hand corner, and altogether as neat and workmanlike as possible. Remember that

many cigars are judged by the pictures on the box!

If your plot is a serious one and your photoplay aims to be a "thriller," you will find that you will get the thrilling effects you want by gradually working up to the crucial moments, and not rushing your scenes too much. To create plenty of suspense and keep the interest up to fever heat until the actual "thrill" occurs should be the main aim of the writer. Break into your main scenes with a series of "Close-Ups" and "Cut-Backs," particularly in cases where you wish to depict fights or hairbreadth escapes. The mere fact of two men having a quick tussle, in which one of them gets killed, does not necessarily constitute a thrilling episode; but if you can prolong the suspense for a while, giving the advantage first to one opponent and then to the other, and then making it appear that the ultimate winner is going to be the victim, but when all seems lost to make him by a superhuman effort extricate himself and finally overcome the other, then you have probably got the audience worked up to the proper state of excitement, and you have landed the "punch" which is necessary to make the picture a success.

Then, no matter how serious the subject of your story may be, you should try, whenever possible, but without breaking the thread of the story, to inject some comedy touches, which will relieve the serious tension and keep the audience in

To create plenty of suspense and keep the interest up to fever heat until the actual "thrill" occurs should be the main aim of the writer.

good humor. Stories that are too serious throughout are apt to bore, and a touch of light comedy injected now and then will always prove a welcome relief. But do not let your comedy be of the slapstick variety. Try and inject some good comedy situations, which will not altogether take from the serious plot of the story, whilst winning a happy smile from the audience.

The producing director will be quick to recognize the comedy situation and will gladly welcome it. If he is of opinion that it is irrelevant to the story he will, of course, eliminate it, but most directors are prone to grasp anything that is likely to relieve a production from monotony. So, try your utmost to get the effects of good light and shade in your writings. Do not leave it to the director to get these required effects, but assist him all you can.

Every writer who can evolve a good original plot should work that plot into a magazine story and submit it for publication. Scenario writing and magazine writing should go hand in hand, and one will assist the other. The magazine field is a vastly larger one than the scenario field, and a magazine writer will find it much easier to find a ready market for his or her photoplays than if the writer is totally unknown to the public.

Many will claim that although they can write a photoplay, yet they cannot possibly write their original plot into a story which might prove interesting to the editor of a popular magazine. In nine cases out of ten it is pure laziness which holds the writer back from making the effort. Well, that laziness must be fought; it is a disease; much more to be dreaded than "writer's cramp."

The writer who suffers from laziness and want of ambition will rarely suffer from "writer's cramp," but she or he will have small chance of ultimate success. If one has a fair education and the ability to write at all, then why not put one's whole energies into the game? The photoplay is with us and is going to prove a lucrative field for many thousands who are as yet unknown to the public who are making and will continue to make moving pictures their chief form

of amusement, so why leave any stone unturned that may lead to fame and fortune?

And then, besides, there is a certain charm to the writer in evolving an original plot into a well constructed story. The interchange of dialogue between the characters gives them life and individuality, which it is not possible to impart to them in a scenario, no matter how vivid and virile it may be. And besides the pleasure which a writer experiences in seeing the story between the covers of a magazine, and the satisfaction of work well done, there is the much better chance of finding a market for the scenario which is based on the published story. Most of the scenario writers who have gained any sort of success have been contributors to magazines or newspapers, or the authors of books.

On the other hand, there are many writers who have scored big successes in the magazine field who have, as yet, not turned their attentions to the photoplay, but their numbers are growing daily less. They are beginning to find the photoplay an extra scope for their talents, and their brilliant names are lending added dignity to the screen.

Roy L. M'Cardell has lately joined the ranks of virile scenario writers, and his thrilling serial, "The Diamond from the Sky," which is now delighting the picture "fans," attests that the acknowledged writer of fiction and the best class of humor can write a thrilling photoplay when he puts his hand and mind to the work. Dr. Carson Goodman is another novelist and story writer who has scored several signal successes writing for the screen, and many equally brilliant writers are submitting their published works, the scenarios of which they

have evolved and are evolving themselves.

This will necessarily make it incumbent on the scenario writers to bend to more earnest efforts, as they must now compete with the men and women of tried ability, many of whose names are household words, and whose signature to a photoplay is recognized as a hall mark of competence. But this should not deter those who are blest with ambition, for the scenario field is a wide and open one, and each day

Scenario writing and magazine writing should go hand in hand, and one will assist the other.

there is a bigger growing demand for original plots.

There are many new film-producing companies entering the field and they must be supplied by outside writers and also establish their scenario departments, and their staff-writers will have to be recruited from the free-lance writers who are gradually finding their feet. So, do not get discouraged if your initial efforts are

not crowned with success. Earnest work will always win its reward, and well directed ambition can never be long gainsaid. All this may savor of promidic advice, but it is the best that I can give. If anyone was easily discouraged no one would ever amount to anything in any line of endeavor. So, grit your teeth and make up your mind to succeed. You can, if you try, and *try hard*.

Getting Close to Nature

EDWARD EARLE experienced one of those little pleasantries, so often encountered by motion picture players, in the taking of "The Working of a Miracle."

In it he takes a fall over a cliff which paralyzes him for a time as he lies at the bottom, on the ground.

As his face lay against the earth, he be-

gan to feel strange, tingling sensations on his cheek and neck and for a time he feared he had actually injured himself in his fall. Because of the picture, he did not dare move, but a hasty investigation afterward found he had been lying in a bed of swarming ants who were just then exploring his classic features.



The Sharpshooter

I THINK I nearly had you then, old chap!

That breeze is blowing up, though, quite a lot—

I'd give the wind-gauge sight a little tap
An' hold her down a trifle, my next shot.

You're surely not an easy one to scare—

Oh, quite at home the way you stroll around,

As comrade Jacques would say, "So de-bonnaire."

And yet, you know, you're booked for underground!

I judge that, when you lived beyond the Rhine,

You were a decent man, about like me,
And had a cheerful little home somewhat like mine,

Until the Kaiser toyed with destiny.

No doubt you have a missus waiting there—

It's very like you to have kiddies, too.

All pink and white, with sunny flaxen hair
And big blue eyes, a-watching out for you.

'Tis queer, perhaps, that I should feel this way

To you, a foe, I really ought to hate,
But then, I never saw you 'till today,
And, given luck, tomorrow'll be too late

I'll hold my breath to aid a steady hand,
I'll press the trigger lightly, softly—so!
What! missed again! Still firm and straight
you stand?—

Ah, now you wheel and stagger—there
you go!

—Chicago Blade.

American Dreadnaught Captured

THE forces of Thanouser attacked the North Atlantic Fleet in New York harbor on the occasion of the recent naval demonstration there, and after a short parley, and the exchange of smiles on the part of Florence La Badie and Peggy Burke, who were in command of the first division of the attacking party, Miss La Badie wired headquarters at New Rochelle, N. Y.:

"We have met the enemy, and they are lovely." Said wire being sent by the victorious forces from the U. S. S. *Wyoming*.

Whereupon the heavy artillery in the shape of a battery of camera men arrived on the scene and some naval pictures were taken.

Which is an allegory of the method in which the astute Edwin Thanouser sent out his forces to ask the loan of one of Uncle Sam's battleships for a stage.

Lieut. Jack London of the captured battleship was made acting stage director pro tem. and the crew enthusiastically volunteered as "supers."

He Meant Well

MARC MACDERMOTT had just found out that Director Ashley Miller, a block ahead, was off for the train to be gone a week. He must see the director on an important matter before he left. With a determined fire in his eye Marc, at utter disregard of neck and limb, had made the third story flight of Edison studio steps in three jumps and was on the second lap when a stuttering employee frantically grabbed him by the arm.

"That's all right, old man, I'll see you tomorrow," in Marc's most courteous tones made the stutterer only more eager to tell it—some time.

Nervous Marc, watching the director forging ahead to the train, tactfully tried sympathetic encouragement to extract the important message. But no. As he witnessed the director board the train, the stutterer stopped his continued story by finally getting out:

"I-I-It's a-bu-bu-bully day, isn't it!"

Bystanders thought Marc was hauling off to strike him but he only weakly mopped his forehead and politely answered, "Ye-yes."



Mary Alden, who is the crack billiardist of the California movie camps, has a table in her home.



"With any other ideals, she never could have run away, as she had, from her parents."

The HAUNTING FEAR

By GARRY BOURNEMOUTH

"Conscience doth make cowards of us all."

Illustrations by the Kalem Studios.

STIFF and tense, Katherine Allen stood alone behind the shielding palms in the big restaurant and listened. Low-toned, passionate, the man's voice went on, that voice she loved above all others in the world—which less than a week ago had thrilled and exalted her even as it now must be thrilling and exalting the woman who listened to it.

She felt as though the very world and the heavens thereof had fallen asunder and were crashing through unending infinitudes of pain that seemed to widen, till she dizzied, then contracted till their concentrated pain smote her heart so that she clutched the table before her lest she should faint in agony.

Peace—peace and her home, and the independence of her carefree childhood and young womanhood she had given up for this man whose every low word of endearment to that other hidden woman was an insult.

The deadening, sickening truth numbed her in the merciful greatness of its shock. She had been then, not the woman of his dreams, not his loved above all—but his plaything! His victim.

Her throat contracted.

Diana Selwin had been right, then,—Diana who knew the world and the things thereof as Katherine knew Main street in the village at home.

"Love you!" she had laughed, "Why, Herbert Mace doesn't even know the meaning of the word. He's the worst rounder in town!"

About Katherine, unconscious now of her environment, went on the myriad activities of the luxurious hotel. Waiters hurried by, the orchestra played gayly in preparation for the nightly musical revue, and the big, softly lighted room hummed with the murmur of conversation.

Diana had been right, then, the girl repeated to herself. She was but a trophy to Mace now. The love she had poured forth at his compelling summons he had accepted, docketed with a dozen others, and forgotten; her first love, the supreme gift at her bestowal.

She had come here scoffing at Diana, disbelieving; but now she believed. Her hand stole almost involuntarily to the low bosom of her gown, and seemed to feel for something she had brought.

A confusion of emotions whirled in her excited brain. Once the finer fibre in her that would have accepted this ordeal and borne it bravely, urged her to the higher courage. But only for a moment. Katherine, though she did not realize it, was as selfish as Mace. Her conception of life was one of scheming, indulgence, and incessant enjoyment of her own will.

With any other ideals she could never have run away, as she had,

"He broke off with an insane chuckle and rubbed his withered hands."

from her parents and the placid village of her girlhood upon the impulse imparted by Diana Selwin's glowing accounts of New York, while that superior lady was sojourning at the local inn. But like many other pretty country girls, Katherine thought she had heard the call of the city, and under Diana's patronage she had followed it. In town she had managed, with coaching, to carry everything before her until she met Mace and loved him.

The thought of the man stung her to fresh realization of his treachery, and her tumultuous emotions suddenly welded together into one overmastering fury through which hurt pride seared like a hot iron. Something primitive and tigerish reared its flat, ugly head in her, and looked out through her blazing eyes. A single fixed idea consumed her—to pay off Mace.

But cunning for the moment held her impulse in leash. There must be no commotion, no public scandal. She thought an instant with the calmness of deadly purpose. Then, drawing her evening cloak about her, walked from her place of chance concealment towards Mace's table.

At sight of her his face betrayed a single flicker of intense annoyance. Then with

the familiar warm smile of welcome she knew so well, he rose to meet her.

Somehow Katherine got through the formalities; acknowledged the stiff bow of his companion, and made the necessary banal remark or two.



"I'm in a really very awkward position," she confided helplessly. "My escort was taken suddenly ill, and I have no means of getting home. I'm so sorry, but may I call upon you?"

"Why—of course." There was the barest hesitation. "You will pardon me for a moment—" He turned back to his companion and Katherine heard him promise to return at once. The repressed, savage thing within her shook her as the wind shakes a dead stalk.

"Return at once!" she breathed, "I'm not so sure of that!"

In the taxicab she said little, but her blood throbbed in her veins like liquid fire, and her anger mounted like the successive waves of an incoming tide. Reckless, she let it have its way with her, forgetful that she was slave to it, and forgetful of a warning she had always feared—that given her by a roadside gypsy the day before she had fled to the city with Diana.

"You have always had your way in everything," the woman had said, "but be careful lest your temper cause you to have your way once too often."

When the cab drew up in front of the house where she lived with Diana, Katherine, disregarding Mace's exclamation of protest, dismissed the chauffeur. Then, as he followed her wonderingly towards the entrance, she accused him, her fury falling upon him like a pitiless lash.

He recoiled for a moment angry and astonished. Then he laughed.

"Really, Katherine, this is unforgivable," he sneered. "I promised you nothing, and you have no claim on me. I supposed that you were a woman of the world and understood these things, but, as always, country breeding will out."

The scorn in his voice, his sneer, told her then that she had finally lost him, and the wild, roving thing in her burst its weak bonds and leaped. Once more her hand went to the front of her dress, and this time it came away clutching what seemed to his widening eyes a beam of light.

Mace cried out and turned, but she held him fast with her free hand. Once the glittering thing plunged down; then again, but this time it did not glitter. The man coughed chokingly, tried to break her grip, and sank down. His dead weight pulling on her arm seemed to rouse the girl and, as if returning to normal consciousness

from some hideous nightmare, horror-stricken she realized what she had done.

Then a panic of fear seized her, and the impulse to fly. She looked up and down the street. It was deserted. Gathering her skirts she turned and fled into the house, and never stopped running until, with bursting heart, she reached the safety of her own room.

Now the world seemed to ring with her crime. The very lighted windows of the houses opposite seemed eyes staring down at the still body lying in its widening black pool. In a moment someone would come by, see it, investigate— She must hurry, hurry!

Swiftly she tore off her dress and commenced throwing articles into a travelling bag. Then, as she passed the window some compulsion against which she was powerless forced her to gaze down. She saw the door of a sinister-looking house opposite open quietly, and two men steal across the street to where Mace lay. One who seemed to be a physician knelt beside the body and tested it expertly for signs of life.

In a moment he rose with what seemed to Katherine a hopeless shrug, and motioned to the man with him who seemed to be a servant. Together they lifted the limp figure and carried it across the street into the house.

"Dead!" Katherine told herself, shuddering, and then, with a fresh realization, "and I did it. I—oh, my God!"

Feverishly she finished packing; then hurried down stairs and out the rear entrance, cutting through an apartment house areaway to the next street. Then, swiftly, aimlessly, she commenced to walk.

Fear of the police clutched her. They were everywhere, argus-eyed, inexorable. What chance had she against their ten thousand?

At the next corner she saw a patrolman, and the throbbing of her heart almost suffocated her. Every moment she expected him to call her back, but he stood there twirling his club as if unaware of her existence.

Half an hour later the clang of a bell suggested swifter flight, and she boarded a street car and rode for an hour. Then she got off in a strange neighborhood and continued her feverish walking. At last a white, plainly-lettered card in a window attracted her attention, and fifteen minutes



"A man stood there with a revolver levelled at her head."

later, under a fictitious name, and with no questions asked, she was occupying the musty hall bedroom of Mrs. Twiggs's boarding house.

She did not show herself down stairs until the dinner hour next night, and delayed then until she was certain the dining room would be empty. Only one person was at table, the landlady's son, a sharp-faced, ill-favored youth who sat reading a newspaper. As she came in he stared at her, and a moment later repeated his stare with suddenly awakened interest.

For a moment, Katherine could not understand the look. She paused and regarded him curiously. He gave her a malevolent, crooked smile that resolved itself into an unpleasant, yellow-toothed laugh, and pointed at something he was reading.

Steeling herself, Katherine sent out for an evening paper, and when it came opened it.

The story was there! Mace's picture and her own leaped at her from the page. But what of the murder! As she read the headlines her eyes widened:

HERBERT MACE, CLUBMAN, MISSING—KATHERINE ALLEN ALSO GONE—HAVE THEY ELOPED?

A short article followed:

"The sudden and mysterious disappearance from the Claridge last night, of Mr. Herbert Mace, the well-known clubman, and Miss Katherine Allen to whom according to gossip, he has been paying much attention of late, is taken to mean but one thing by their friends . . ."

Disappearance! What could it mean? Vividly returned to Katherine the memory of the two men, one apparently a doctor, who had discovered Mace's body and carried it into the house across the street. Why had they not reported their finding to the police?

She let the paper fall, and met again the peculiar probing gaze of the evil-faced youth who sat opposite her. She saw his glance seek the printed page before him and then return to her face, and she knew that he was identifying her with the woman whose picture he saw. A swift panic seized

her, but she mastered it and pretended to go on with her dinner.

Shortly after he left the table with a last furtive backward glance, and she waited, alert. The door had scarcely closed behind him when she leaped up and rushed to her room. Five minutes later she had paid her bill and left the house. Whatever had been the youth's intention she had defeated it.

She resumed her aimless wandering of the streets, and presently encountered a policeman. Involuntarily she quickened her pace, arousing his suspicions. He called after her, and she commenced to run, half fainting with fear. Round the corner she sped, but hearing footsteps coming from the opposite direction, darted into the doorway of a vacant shop. A moment later two Sisters of Charity passed her and were stopped by the policeman.

No, they said, they had seen no one. They were certain no young woman had run through the street.

Unsatisfied, but baffled, the policeman returned to his post, and the nuns went on. Then in Katherine's heart awoke a new hope, almost a belief, that among such women as these, in the sanctuary surrounding their calm lives, she would find peace from the terror and remorse that goaded her.

She followed them and at the gates of the convent humbly begged admittance. They took her in compassionately and, when she could not tell them her story, sent for a priest.

At sight of him the girl broke down, and gradually, bit by bit, her story came out. All the fierce intensity of her nature that, formerly had shaped her life to selfish ends, now turned to an equally passionate desire for expiation and service.

"Oh, father," she begged, "let me come in here among these good women! Let me spend my life atoning for the thing I have done!"

But the priest shook his head.

"No," he said gently, "you have broken the commandment of both God and man, and you must give yourself up to the law."

Over her again rushed the old terror, and kneeling at his feet, clutching at his robe, she pleaded for death, for anything but that.

But he was firm. All night he soothed and encouraged her, and when dawn came

she was conquered, and went with him to the station house.

Her confession created a nine-days wonder; but when Mace, who had not been heard from or seen since the night of the tragedy, could not be found, the case against her collapsed. The judge dismissed the indictment from lack of corroborative evidence.

Exonerated of the murder by law, Katherine returned to live with Diana Selwin, hoping that the atonement of a public confession would bring her peace.

But in vain. The thought of her crime never left her, and she learned then that the punishment for murder involves more than mere satisfaction of justice—demands the cleansing of a soul.

At last, unable to bear longer the constant torment of self-accusation, she returned to the convent as her last haven, and there, after a brief probation, became a Sister of Charity, resolved that in the service of mankind she should work out her incalculable debt.

III

From an upper window of the sinister, shuttered house across the way Dr. Busby, old, crafty, and repulsive, watched as she went. Then he turned back into the room and grinned down upon the bed where Herbert Mace lay, well now, after weeks of treatment, but a prisoner bound hand and foot.

"Hard and true she struck, hard and true!" he exulted, "and if it hadn't been for me—" He broke off with an insane chuckle and rubbed his withered hands. Then his eyes seemed suddenly to flash lightning beneath their beetling brows. "Ah, if my daughter had used a knife when you ruined her! Then I shouldn't have had to wait all these years to avenge her—all these years!"

Mace, aware that he was in the power of a madman, strove desperately to pierce the obsession of that unbalanced mind. A fear that was the more terrible because it was undefined, gripped him, for he had learned from Busby's mutterings that he was being nursed back to health only that the old man might kill him again by some slow torture.

Doubly futile, then, was the new strength

that surged through him; and again, as he had done so often, he cursed Katherine Allen. Ignorant of her flight, he thought that, after striking him down, she had delivered him into old Busby's hands.

"If I ever get out of here," he swore, "I'll find her and kill her if it's the last thing I do on earth."

Two weeks later in that barred and shuttered room, strange and terrible preparations went forward. Old Busby, gibbering to himself, his eyes alight with a supreme madness, fondled eagerly the instruments that glittered under the big electric globe. An old servant, as uncanny in his devotion to his master, as that master to his purpose, moved about a long white table equipped for the final act. In the bed, his livid face damp with the sweat of terror, Mace watched them fascinated, with glassy eyes.

"Now, now!" mumbled Busby, when all was ready, trembling and motioning the servant. Together they approached and loosened their victim's bonds. Then Mace, with the inspired cunning of a condemned man, dropped back as if he had swooned with fright.

"Ah, good!" chuckled Busby. "Now it will be easy. To the table, quick, and then we'll revive him."

Careless of his momentary freedom, the two old men lifted their burden. An instant later, as if galvanized, Mace had writhed from their grasp and attacked them. It was the work of but a minute for him to fell the pair. Then binding them, he dressed himself with trembling fingers and fled the house.

On the steps, dazzled by the brightness of the sun, uncertain what to do or where to go, he paused. Then, facing him, he recognized the house to which he had taken Katherine on that never-to-be-forgotten night, and all his pent-up fury against her rose like a great tide. He dashed across the street and when the maid had answered his ring, pushed into the house.

He found Diana seated writing in the library, and seized her roughly by the arm as she rose, wide-eyed with fright, at sight of him.

"Where is she?—Katherine?" he demanded. "Quick! Out with it!"

Diana told him, and heedless of her hysterical pleading, he strode from the house, murder in his face.

Across the city, in the scented hush of a little chapel alight with votive lamps, Katherine Allen knelt before the altar and prayed as she had never prayed before. Even now, in the coarse garb of renunciation, living a life that exacted from her every desire and thought of self, she had not found peace.

"Oh, God!" she cried from the profound depths of her agony, "is there no forgiveness, no absolution for my sin? No release from this terrible, haunting memory? Can nothing wipe away that stain from me?"

And within her a voice seemed to answer, "No: from the memory of murder there is never a release."

She bowed her head hopelessly upon her hands and wept.

Then, suddenly, behind her sounded loud voices, a woman's shriek, and running footsteps. She faltered to her feet and faced the chapel door. A man stood there with a revolver levelled at her head.

She gasped. Was this a vision?—another of those that had never ceased to haunt her? She crossed herself rapidly. Then the man spoke and she saw that he lived, though the intention of his act was lost upon her.

In the swift joy of the revelation that this was Mace in the flesh, in the mighty freeing of her spirit from its intolerable burden, her face grew radiant with an unearthly glory, and she fell at his feet in thanksgiving.

"You are alive!" she breathed. "God has sent you here in answer to my prayer. I have paid! I have paid at last, and I am forgiven!"

Her eyes were not on him. They seemed to embrace some vision so far removed from any trivial earthly thing, that a new and sacred awe held Mace powerless. His hand dropped impotently to his side.

Then looking down upon the woman he had hated so long, he saw graven deep upon her face in lines of suffering, the story of her penance and remorse. And he knew that she was no longer the Katherine Allen of the old life, but the finer and more splendid Sister Agnes of the new.

Shamed and humbled he turned reverently away, and slunk from that sanctuary that seemed doubly hallowed by her transfigured presence.

The Village That Bloomed for a Play



Looks like the typical American sleepy hollow burg, doesn't it? Well it isn't. The rusticity of Bloom Center is as artificial as the country peaches in the cheeks of the milk-maid burlesque queen. It was built by Selig's western studios expressly to film a series of Bloom Center photoplay comedies, written by Miss Maibelle Heikes Justice. Real water gushes from that pump, too.



This is the "Great White Way" of Bloom Center, lined with such social magnets as the barber shop, the court house and the fire department. Here the denizens drain the bitter-sweetness of life, and go home at 9 o'clock p. m. to forget the Babylonish tales of the barber on the corn shuck mattress.

The MILLIONAIRE BABY

By JANE OSBORN

SHOWING THE ADVANTAGE OF
UNDERSTANDING ONE'S HUSBAND

Illustrations by the Selig Polyscope Company

THE philosophy of the smart set to which Marion Ocumpaugh belonged could be summed up in one crankism—"If women knew themselves as well as they know men and if men knew women as well as they know themselves, things would be very much the same as they are." In the rich and high places where the Ocumpaughs trod, and where it is considered all right to do whatever one wishes but awfully bad form to be found out, this philosophy was, of course, a solace. But to Marion Ocumpaugh's pretty head it seemed only complex. She wasn't at all sure that she knew men and she had her doubts about men knowing themselves, so the premises of the thing were all upset for her. But one thing she did know. She knew one man, her husband, Philo Ocumpaugh, the millionaire. And she was quite satisfied with the golden results of that knowledge.

Philo Ocumpaugh was a man who, when he wanted a thing, want-

ed it virulently. Nothing else would do but that thing, at least for the time being. And he would go out of his way to reward whomever helped him attain his desire. What happened after he got his coveted object was another story. Usually he settled down to calm enjoyment of it or calm forgetfulness of it in a new anxiety to possess something else.

Marion knew both of these things full well. When Philo expressed a wish for anything, no matter how absurd, and no matter how opposed he had been to having that thing before, Marion never ruffled his spirit by voicing the usual incredulous, "What!"

Her motto became "How?"—how to get it. And when she succeeded, as she usually did, that success brought from her pleased consort such articles of reward as a stone from the collection of a Hindu Maharajah, the only real blood ruby in jewel-



"A messenger stepped forward and handed Philo a telegram."

mad New York. So, when her husband came home early one day and shot five startling words of desire at her she didn't drop the lump of sugar she had just lifted from the filigree bowl. She moved it steadily onto her dainty cup.

"Marion, I want a baby."

Marion sipped her tea and smiled encouragingly. She knew that up to this minute Philo had hated babies. Experience had made him afraid to hold them on his lap, their noise gave him agony, and he had many times expressed a belief, based on the conversation of his baby-blessed friends, that one small child could and did make three fools. But Marion forgot all that now. What she wanted to know was how Philo had come to change his mind and how she could, with the least trouble to herself, get this astounding wish of his satisfactorily fulfilled. Her encouraging smile sweetened.

"I know you're thinking it's deuced rotten of me to come along with this when you're so busy with your charity balls," added Philo apologetically. "But hang it, every American has rights and ought to use 'em. I just got a jolt that's set me thinking."

Marion began to look interested.

"Tire let go half way downtown. I got on one of those rat-trap surface cars. Hadn't gone a block when a baby began to bawl, howled like a kicked pup. I suppose I glared. Everybody did, and one fellow yelled at the kid to shut up. That nearly started a fight. A big Swede who had nothing to do with the baby got up and shook his fist in the face of the fellow who'd yelled. 'Shut up!' and told him he'd smash him if he let out another word. 'Who're you,' he shouted, 'that you think you got a right to yell and the kid hasn't. Let him bawl. He's got a right to. He's an American citizen same as you.' And do you know, Marion, the fellow's logic got me. Babies are citizens and they've a right to their queer ways, and the more I think of it, the more I know I've got to have one."

Marion had a good inward eye. She could see perfectly the scene in that car, her Philo peacefully reading a paper, his anger at being interrupted at the baby's crying, his feeling of satisfaction when somebody had the nerve to yell "Shut up!" and then the thought that got lodged be-

tween his eyes when the big Swede, probably half drunk, took the baby's part. She could visualize Philo all day with his big idea growing behind trade demands till it got so weighty he had to come home early to give it expression.

"I don't even care if it's a girl," went on Philo. "Draw on me anything you want for your charity balls; yes, even up to five figures. And take up suffrage too. I'm strong for it now and going to speak to the governor right away. I've got a right to be represented in this government after I'm gone. So if it's a girl, she's got to have a vote."

That night the Ocumpaughs went to see Valerie Carew, a popular actress in a new play. The vivacious entertainer tossed rag doll souvenirs into the audience. Philo caught one for Marion. She gave him a bright understanding nod that the fates were with her.

They were.

As Marion looked at the rag doll next day, a queer crook in one of the souvenir's eyes made her think of Dr. Pool, physician to the idle rich, who had probably imagined more diseases with high prices for his clients than there were climates and drugs to cure them. She went at once to consult him. When she had stated her case, he made no pretense of prescribing. He just asked a question.

"When does Mr. Ocumpaugh start west again?"

"Next week."

"How long will he be gone?"

"Several months."

Dr. Pool's crooked eye brightened. "I happen to know of a baby that is headed straight into a welcomeless reception committee next spring," he said. "The mother is Valerie Carew, the actress. Her husband, Justin Carew, is leaving her in a fit of pique because she insists on eking out the three thousand a year your husband pays him for secretarying with her thirty thousand from acting. Near sighted fellow, Carew. And he doesn't know about his prospects of fatherhood."

"How much?" asked the practical Marion.

Dr. Pool let the mate to his crooked eye wander to her mesh bag set with sapphires and diamonds. "I think one hundred thousand would be just about right, don't you?"

Marion hesitated a minute. "No," she answered decidedly, "ninety-nine thousand will have to do. Mr. Ocumpaugh said I could draw in five figures for my charities. But what is charity compared with pleasing my husband? And anyway the Belgians are so rich in babies."

Months later Philo Ocumpaugh was on his way from a hospital in Butte to one of his mines. It was an event, for the mine owner had been tied to a hospital bed with two broken legs since the early winter, when he had accidentally been caught in a log jam. Only the presence of mind of his secretary, Justin Carew, had then saved his life. As soon as this trip was accomplished, he would hurry to Marion, poor Marion, whom Dr. Pool had banished to the Isle of Pines for perfect quiet.

As Philo neared his own spur of mountains a delegation of men from his mines met him. Their rousing cheers over his return of health almost brought the tears to his eyes. Then a messenger stepped for-

ward and handed Philo a telegram. The tears really came, tears of joy as he scanned the short message. All it said was, "It's a girl." But it put mines and such trifles out of the millionaire's mind and he turned about to catch the first train for the east.

Philo went into ecstasies over the baby Gwendolyn. He thought the skin of her tiny arms cuter than any wrinkled-on pink evening gloves he'd ever seen. Her putty-like dab of a nose he insisted was the image of Marion's but he claimed the clutch of her baby hands was his hearty handshake all over again. Marion's cheeks dimpled and her eyes glistened noncommittally. She only realized how delighted her Philo was with her latest success in pleasing him when he handed her a check while he looked as foolish as a schoolboy. The check called for an amount with six ciphers preceded by a figure one.

"A real millionaire baby!" exclaimed Marion triumphantly.

Philo paused in his answering smile.



"The little white robed figure knelt at prayer."

"That million's for you, little girl, and you know it. Gee, I overlooked the kid," and he went off to return with another bit of paper, an exact duplicate of the first, with the exception of the name, "Gwendolyn" in place of "Marion."

"That'll fix you both for a little while, I guess," he beamed.

The next few years were mile posts of happiness in the Ocumpaugh household. The little Gwendolyn grew beautiful and filled her niche becomingly. Both Marion and Philo were proud of her. But to Philo's lavish soul it was a real cross that she preferred plain milk to the wondrous things he could get her. Other big interests and desires claimed much of him and Marion was still busy helping to get for him what he wanted. A United States senatorship was their goal for him just now.

But while Marion was still content that she knew her Philo, there was one thing she had not reckoned on: how little she knew herself. For as Gwendolyn began to talk plainly and become more companionable, the mother woman in her began to awaken.

Gwendolyn had a Swedish nurse. Marion had insisted on that nationality largely out of sentiment, because if it hadn't been for the big Swede championing the crying baby on the street car, little Gwendolyn would never have been hers. The nurse loved Gwendolyn devotedly, and gradually Marion resented that love.

One night at the child's bedtime, Marion flitted in, as usual, on her way to dinner for a good night kiss. The nurse told her delightedly that she had a surprise for her. The surprise was that baby Gwendolyn had learned to say a prayer.

Marion stood trembling, she knew not why, as the little white-robed figure knelt at the nurse's knee and the curly head was reverently lowered. Her trembling became a spasm of jealousy as the little voice was lifted.

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me —"

With difficulty Marion waited till the last of the four lines were finished. She caught up the child, smothered her with kisses and sat down to let her dinner party wait while she battled with this new emotion in herself and coaxed and caressed the child.

Her jealous love for her millionaire baby grew the more the child made friends with other people. By the time Gwen-

dolyn was six years old Marion would have parted with everything she had or ever hoped to have before she would have given up her claim.

One of Gwendolyn's fast friends was Justin Carew, who had become a big official in Philo Ocumpaugh's business house. Another was a Mrs. Carew, who bought the house next to Gwendolyn's beautiful home. It was the coming of this Mrs. Carew that brought the crisis which tested Marion Ocumpaugh's cleverness in getting what she and Philo wanted as it had never been tested before.

The Mrs. Carew was Valerie Carew, the actress, grown rich and retired. And rich and retired, she wanted her little girl, whom she'd sold to Dr. Pool. She went to him and demanded her baby or the knowledge of where the child was. The scheming physician immediately saw his chance to mulct both Marion Ocumpaugh and Valerie Carew by playing them against each other.

Marion Ocumpaugh was frantic when she found that she was threatened with losing Gwendolyn, but she gave no sign. She devoted much time, however, to the rebuilding of a wing of her house. This gave her a good excuse to be where she could watch Gwendolyn. She also hired Duffy Hodge, an expert private detective, for the same reason, but ostensibly to watch the workmen. And to show Dr. Pool that she was not giving way under the strain of his evil endeavors, she gave a children's party early one evening for Gwendolyn and invited him to be present.

The party was one delightful surprise after another to the children. The grounds were trimmed to fairyland beauty. Expensive fire works let off at intervals made them bright as in daytime. Marion was a brilliant leader of events and never had seemed so gay. No one would have suspected that behind her bright spirits her heart beat in a tumult of fear. She watched every move of Gwendolyn's lithe figure with a hungry desire to clasp it in her arms and run away to safety, for she believed Dr. Pool would not hesitate to steal Gwendolyn and hold her for ransom. She could hardly have kept up had she known that Valerie Carew had learned from Dr. Pool that Gwendolyn Ocumpaugh was her own child, and that her next door neighbor was waiting for an opportunity to spirit away the lovely child.



"The detective advanced and told Dr. Pool he was under arrest."

As it was, Marion could have screamed for joy when little Gwendolyn came to her with heavy lids and said, "Mother, I'm tired, and I want everybody to go home." It was only a few minutes later that the bustle made by small guests departing was over. Then some grown-up wanted to say good-bye to Gwendolyn.

That request led to the disclosure that the millionaire baby had disappeared. Hunt where they would, there was no trace of the much-wanted little girl. The hours that followed were a frenzy. Everyone interested suspected everyone else. Detective Hodge worked frantically. He had been brought there to protect Gwendolyn and she had disappeared under his very nose.

His first suspicion was directed toward Valerie Carew. He had noted her extreme fondness for the child. He found a piece of Mrs. Carew's dress trimming that had caught in the shrubbery where she had been hiding. But as yet he knew nothing of her relationship to Gwendolyn, and so he jumped to other conclusions. As he saw Justin Carew leave the house, his suspicion turned to him. Dr. Pool followed Justin out and at once the detective felt what a fool he had been not to watch this idler, with the reputation for graft, more closely.

He kept to the shadows of the trees along the carriage drive as Dr. Pool walked down the drive. The detective noted with interest the furtive glances Dr. Pool sent back at the great house and into the tree shadows. He followed him in a round-about way to his home.

When Dr. Pool entered his drawing-room he found Valerie Carew there before him. She was hysterical. She accused him of kidnapping Gwendolyn and beseeched him to give up her little girl. Dr. Pool tried in vain to quiet her. He was so engaged in his efforts that he did not notice when Marion's detective was let in. But Valerie would not be silenced. She talked shrilly of her original deal with Dr. Pool when she sold him Gwendolyn and berated him for the way he had bled her for money in prepayment for his promise to again restore the child to her. At the most dramatic point the detective advanced and told Dr. Pool he was under arrest for blackmail.

It was a moment of triumph for the detective, but it was short lived. That strong conviction of the rich that it is bad form to be found out was to stand in the way of justice he found. No one concerned wanted Dr. Pool prosecuted. Valerie Carew did not want it because court pro-

ceedings would lay bare the fact that she had once sold her child. Marion Ocumpaugh did not want it, for then her substitution of a false child as her own would become public. And Justin Carew, who now learned from his wife that Gwendolyn was his own child, would have been glad of the chance to choke Dr. Pool, but felt too grateful to the Ocumpaughs for their benefactions to furnish the opposition with any gossip just now when Philo was making the race for the senatorship. So it was made plain to the discomfited detective that he was employed to protect Gwendolyn and not to interfere in people's private affairs. And the search for the lost child went on.

The first move of Marion Ocumpaugh after the disappearance of Gwendolyn had been to telegraph for Philo. After receiving the message the millionaire had stopped only long enough to dictate the offer for a tremendous reward for the restoration of his little girl and had taken the first train home. He arrived the next morning.

When the first shock of their mingled grief had worn off, Marion looked tearfully up at Philo and said, "Philo, do-o-o you know, I've had the feeling for a long ti-i-me that you were not as crazy o-ver Gwendolyn as you were at first?"

Poor, honest Philo hesitated. "Why, I've always loved the little dear," he answered.

"But you weren't so-o wra-apt up in her."

Philo became hurtly apologetic. He felt like a convicted criminal. Marion saw and inwardly rejoiced. "Well, you know, my dear, a man has so many interests he can't keep to one all of the time."

"But you do-o want her now?"

"I want her more than I've ever wanted anything except you, Marion."

"Mo-ore than the senatorship?"

"The senatorship be hanged."

"Would you want her just as much if she were an ado-opted child as if she were

your o-own?"

"I'd want her more than anything on earth even if she were—" Philo paused for emphasis, "if she were the child of my elevator man."

Marion's pretty face went from white to pink. A triumphant little gleam shone where the tears had been. She knew Philo would forgive much if he now got what he wanted. She told him she was tired and asked him to help her to her room in the new wing. There she pressed a spot in the wall paneling, a door opened, and in a snug little secret nursery the millionaire baby was safely playing tea party with her nurse.

Then Marion told Philo her secret and how she had had to spirit the child away to keep her safe from Dr. Pool.

"You're a wonder, Marion, a sure wonder," was what Philo answered as he noted how cleverly the secret nursery had been built in. "You fooled 'em all, by Gad. You'd make your pile all right if you were a man. And you deserve all the babies in Christendom if you want 'em. Where's that Carew woman? I'll settle her!"

Nothing ever got out about the Ocumpaugh millionaire baby except the usual stories with the usual pictures of little Gwendolyn eating out of a golden bowl or riding on a toy pony that cost five times as much as the real thing.

Justin Carew and his wife were reconciled and continued to live next door to the Ocumpaughs. People commented on the sudden intimacy between the two families and how the Carews seemed to love Gwendolyn as much as her parents did. But all other interest gave way before that over Marion's new "blanket of stars," a shawl of azure gossamer studded with whitest diamonds, bought, it was whispered, at a fabulous price from the treasure store of Suleiman the Magnificent, grandest sultan of the Empire of Turkey.

Order Photoplay Magazine in Advance

Seven hundred readers wrote us last month they were unable to get Photoplay Magazine at their newsdealers — SOLD OUT was the reason. To avoid disappointment order your September issue from your newsdealer in advance — just ask him to hold you a copy.



JUST A FEW OF SCORES OF LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Right Away, a Rock

307 Prospect Avenue, Syracuse, N. Y.,
May 10th, 1915.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen:—I can state only one fault about your magazine, and it is this: you should have a contest to find out who are the most popular players at least once a year. This would let your readers know just how their players stand in public opinion. At present, most of them are in ignorance.

Hoping you have a contest soon, I remain,
Very sincerely yours,

STUART MURPHY.

We're All Jealous of Earle

New Orleans, La., May 5th, 1915.

Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:—You do not know how much I enjoy the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It is improving with each number. I do not mean by that that it has not always been fine, for indeed it has, but there is so much more to it.

You do not know how perfectly delighted I was to read Mr. Williams' "Sweethearts." I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Williams some years ago in New Orleans when he was playing in stock and when he first went into the movies, I predicted the great success and popularity he has surely attained. I like him to play opposite Miss Stewart more than any of his other leads. I hope your very interesting magazine will have a similar article such as Mr. Williams' every month. They are a delight to read—so free from such sickening rot most interviews have. Surely some articles are *horrible*. Trusting I've not taken up too much of your valuable time, I am

Respectfully,

HARRIETTE SCOTT.

Look on the Cover

The Den, Ocean Park, Calif.,
May 5th, 1915.

Messrs. the PHOTOPLAY.

Gentlemen:—You have not had any pictures of Mabel Normand lately. I like them because she is shockingly amusing—she, Marie Dressler and Charles Chaplin in that

"Punctured Romance" are good enough for anyone. Many of the things are wonderful, but I don't always like all the audiences and these narrow seats—ten cent audience, ten cent manners—at times.

Faithfully,

A. W. H. PEYTON.

We Bow to You, Sir

Floresville, Tex., May 10th, 1915.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen:—I have been reading the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for a long time and look forward to the fifth of the month with joy. It gets better every month. I think every month it has reached its zenith only to be surprised and gladdened by the new copy being better. I know lots of movie magazines, but none of them is equal to the PHOTOPLAY. I shall renew my subscription next month.

Yours sincerely,

EVERETT SEAN.

We Like Violet, Too

1321 Quarantina St., Santa Barbara, Calif.,
May 4th, 1915.

The Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:—I want to congratulate you on your late issue. I think it was fine! Have read your magazine for two years now and think you have done wonders in that time.

Please may I have the pleasure of seeing an interview with my favorite, Violet Mercereau soon? You have never interviewed her and I would love to see one. Also please have more about Earle Williams. His article on "Sweethearts" was very good; but that isn't an interview.

Sincerely,

RAY S. WELLS.

"Brevity is the Soul of Wit"

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., May 11th, 1915.
Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:—The only praise I can think of giving PHOTOPLAY is that I buy it every month as soon as it is out and read it from cover to cover.

Yours truly,

ANNE SHALKEY.

And We, in Turn, Thank You

Lantana, Fla., May 5th, 1915.

Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

My Dear Sir:—When I sent you the names of a few of my friends last month, I thought surely that it was the finest issue there would be; but now that June is with us, it seems to surpass even your unequalled May and I am going to entreat that you send a sample copy to the friends whose names I enclose.

Your cover held the very essence of alluring Spring and early Summer which Mr. Riley has so beautifully put into his "knee-deep in June," and next are the clear and beautiful illustrations in "The-Sort-Of-Girl-Who-Came-From-Heaven." The story was very cute, but the end came as a shock. Then there were the handsome California homes and other things too innumerable to mention fully; but each a separate delight and pleasure, for which I thank you. * * *

With sincere good wishes,

Very truly,

L. COOLEY.

A Boost for the Babies

585 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.,

May 12th, 1915.

Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Editor:—Please allow me the privilege of expressing my appreciation of your magazine, which I consider the most interesting in the world. The thing I like best about it is the personal touch you give it—the baby pictures of the stars, pictures of their homes and things of that sort, which no other publication gives. Judging other folks by myself, that is the thing which appeals most to all real movie fans. I hope you will publish baby pictures of the other stars. My favorite, Alice Joyce, didn't appear in the first set, I notice.

With all good wishes for the continued success of your magazine—the best *anywhere*,

Sincerely yours,

LAURA WOOD.

And Again, Thanks

Minnequa Hospital,

Pueblo, Colo., May 3, 1915.

Gentlemen:—In looking over the June number of the Movie Fan's Encyclopedia (PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE) I see you have inserted my letter. I thank you very much for the honor of having my name in such a very highly interesting and instructive piece of literature. I notice on the cover that our Mary is surely putting on some weight. The screen shows her to be much slenderer. Anyhow, bless her heart, she is worth her weight in gold. Good luck to her, we all say. I am merely writing you this just to thank you for your regards to me.

Yours most respectfully,

W. BETTENS.

From the Hudson to the Kaw

18 Riverview St., Walden, N. Y.,

May 20th, 1915.

Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:—Through your magazine, I have made a new friend, namely, S. R. Jocelyn, Wichita, Kansas. Ever since you coupled our names in the April issue, we have been in communication with each other, and perhaps in the end we will find that we are relatives, thanks to you.

With best wishes for success and a long life to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, I remain,

Very truly yours,

RUSSELL S. JOCELYN.

P. S. I think your articles on Scenario Hints are splendid.

Verily, an American Beauty

1829 N Street, Lincoln, Nebr.,

May 10th, 1915.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen:—Together with my renewal for the subscription of your PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE I extend my greatest compliments to the great improvement of the magazine, especially the June number of 1915.

I am more than pleased with it. Every copy becomes more interesting; there is not one page unnecessarily printed.

Sincerely,

H. D. CARPENTER.

Have to, to Get 'Em All in

Wistaria Villa-on-the-Hudson,

Beacon, N. Y., May 20th, 1915.

Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:—There is only one flaw in your wonderful magazine, and that is the very tiny print in the Answer Department. When one reads every word of the Answers, as I do, it is terribly hard on the eyes and I know others who agree with me.

Very truly,

MRS. LOUISE E. WORTHINGTON.

Wait Till You See the Next One

1024 Nolan St., San Antonio, Tex.,

May 8th, 1915.

Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:—I read your magazine from cover to cover each month and like the "Questions and Answers" and "Seen and Heard at the Movies" best. You also have many other interesting things each month.

I remain

FLORENCE MANSKER.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS



THIS Department is open to questions of any reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, whether a subscriber or not. We are eager to serve you, but don't ask foolish questions: don't ask questions about religion or photoplay writing. Write on one side of your paper only; put your name and address on each page; always sign your name, but give a title for use in the magazine. Your answers will appear in this department as soon as possible. Don't send communications to other Departments on the page you write your questions. Address your letters to "Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago."

N. M. K., SCRANTON, PA.—We were going to answer just as you said we would, about both Travers and Ruth Stonehouse, but you spoke too quickly. "Request duly noted and referred to the Editor." We might add, however, that he is a great admirer of Miss Mary Pickford and Mr. Bushman, and so you can judge for yourself.

D. E. M., GREAT FALLS, MONT.—Edna Purviance is the blonde who plays with Chaplin in the recent Essanays. She is a newcomer to filmdom and hails from Nevada. Mr. Chaplin met her in San Francisco and saw that she had great possibilities.

E. A., PARK RIDGE, ILL.—We can supply you with the back numbers of practically all of the issues as far back as May, 1914. Fifteen cents the copy.

I. F. H., OMAHA.—Doris Pawn may be addressed at the Universal City, Los Angeles.

INQUISITIVE, OAKLAND, CALIF.—Joe in the Lily of Poverty Flat is Frederick Lewis; Lily is Beatriz Michelena. You will find the cast of "The Pretty Sister of Jose" elsewhere. Lillie Leslie is the wife of Joe Smiley, until recently a director for Lubin. Florence Lawrence is married; so is Leah Baird and Pauline Bush. Ethel Clayton is not, and neither is Anita Stewart nor Dorothy Gish.

A. F., CHULA VISTA, CALIF.—Elsie Cort took the part of Inez in Smoldering Fires (Victor); Nadine in The Kidnaped Lover was Elsie Greason; Paul in Where the Forest Ends was Lon Chaney. Grace Scott is not with Balboa at present.

J. G., NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—The New York M. P. C. is a producing company which distributes its plays through the Mutual program. There are over two hundred studios in California, so that we shall not attempt to give you the names. George Larkin is with Features Ideal.

HELEN WEST, BROOKLYN.—You sound serious and we wish you well in your ambitions. Write us again some time.

M. R., ATLANTIC CITY.—You just simply can't contain your emotions when it comes to talking about Harold Lockwood, can you? Well, we don't blame you in the least.

R. C., PITTSBURGH.—Carlyle Blackwell is to a non-professional married; yes, he comes east at times, and was in Chicago about a month ago.

A. G., NEW YORK.—Florence LaBadie is unmarried, but Helen Holmes is the wife of Mr. J. P. McGowan, her Director. They're the happiest couple you ever saw, too.

PATHE FRIENDS.—Arnold Daly, Creighton Hale and Leroy Baker are all unmarried. Sheldon Lewis is married to Virginia Pearson, who has appeared in Pathe releases, though now with Vitagraph.

C. M. S., CORNING, N. Y.—Cleo Madison is unmarried; George and Dolly Larkin are brother and sister; Beverly Bayne is still with Essanay; J. Warren Kerrigan is with Universal. Hollywood and Glendale are nearly parts of Los Angeles; the towns are adjacent to the larger city. Niles, however, is comparatively near San Francisco; about twenty-five miles distant.

ELAINE.—You may address Miss Mabel Condon at 1022 Longacre Building, New York. That is correct about Crane Wilbur. The length of time between taking and releasing of episodes of serials varies greatly; they must be taken far enough in advance to allow for retaking in case it is necessary.

J. C. L., NEW YORK CITY.—Miriam Nesbit is still with Edison; you have not happened to see the right pictures. Carlyle Blackwell is his real name.

M. C., JAMAICA, L. I.—Wish I could publish your whole letter because it is a splendid analysis of this scenario school and movie acting school situation. It is too bad that more people do not understand it as you do.

M. T., CLINTON, IA.—If your manuscripts are sent to reputable film companies, in which number are included all the well known producing concerns, you need have no fear that you may have your ideas stolen.

F. W. W., PITTSBURGH.—In reply we must ask you to follow Captain Peacocke's series of articles—study them, do not merely read them.

A TORONTO READER has written us an interesting letter regarding the Conness-Till Company of Toronto. He says that they are now releasing regularly and conducting a vigorous "Made in Canada" campaign, using the maple leaf very prominently on their posters. Success to our northern neighbor, and many thanks for the information.

M. K., DETROIT, says she loves them all, whether married, divorced or single, and wonders why people are so curious about the players' domestic affairs. "In Detroit Life Is Worth Living."

M. R. J., CHICAGO.—The rejection slip is a necessary evil. Magazines and film companies cannot stop to write personal letters to contributors, whose manuscripts, for any reason, cannot be used. The rejection slip is used indiscriminately on good manuscripts which are not suited to the purposes of the company, and on the impossible stuff which is good for nothing.

COPE OF THE FOLLIES.—It is impossible to say whether you saw Chaplin or Ritchie in that "Night in an English Music Hall," both having played in it, and it seems a third funny man is now claiming the original honors.

B. C. NELSON, B. C.—We suggest, as we have said to several others, that you follow Captain Peacocke's articles and save your money. You will get as much out of the series and you will not be annoyed with a multitude of circular letters and cheap literature advising you to spend more money every day. Leave the fakes alone.

F. E. M., MALDEN, MASS.—We are not sure of your answer-name, and so are using your initials, as you will realize it is yours anyway. The condition you refer to has been receiving our serious consideration, and we shall do everything we can to avoid it. We believe in a square deal for everybody and we shall try to see that everyone has it. It matters not whether you are a subscriber or not; it makes no difference whether you send a small fee or none at all (except that if you send one, it will be returned, as there is no charge in connection with this department) we shall endeavor to give you the information you desire just the moment we are able to do so. We are glad that you wrote as you did.

WHAT'S HIS NAME, TORONTO.—Many of the pictures you see in front of the theatres are enlargements of the little pictures that make up the film; others are taken at the time for the special purpose of reproduction as advertisements. The Sweedie pictures are made at the Chicago Essanay.

L. B. E., MERIDIAN, MISS.—Sheldon Lewis was the Clutching Hand.

PEG OF DULUTH.—Beverly Bayne is not married.

W. J. F., WINNIPEG.—It is far preferable not to have photographs copyrighted when submitting them.

L. G., AUSTIN, TEX.—Norma Phillips is still single. She has recently joined a New York stock company.

M. L. V. T., MARION, O.—Send a quarter to the Famous Players Film Co., 213 West 26th St., New York City, for a picture of Mary Pickford or Marguerite Clark.

P. V. C., OMAHA, NEB.—An interview with Ethel Clayton appears in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and another is to be found in the July number.

MISS DULUTH.—All of your questions are answered elsewhere, so we know you will not ask us to answer them here. Drop in again some time.

G. C., MINNEAPOLIS.—Ask just as many questions as you wish, just as often as you wish, only keep to the sensible standard you have set for yourself.

A. N. H., OAKLAND.—You will find the list elsewhere, but as to film wants you will have to get in touch with the companies and read Captain Peacocke's articles.

HONOR DAYTON, OTTAWA.—So you do not like the pictures that appeal to the men. However, you must be more charitable toward them, for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is a man's magazine as well as woman's and they have to have their part of the editorial page.

THANHOUSER.—James Cruze and Marguerite Snow have one daughter, Julie, and she appeared in the Million Dollar Mystery.

PHOTOPLAY READER, PITTSBURGH.—Carlyle Blackwell is with the Lasky studio in Hollywood, Calif.

X. Y. X., GLEN RIDGE, N. J.—The company you saw working in Bermuda was probably Runaway June, or perhaps one of Captain Peacocke's companies.

R. D., LACONIA, N. H.—The leads in "The Stray Shot" (Biograph) were taken by Isabel Rea and Curtis Cooksey. The cast of "Beppo" is as follows: *Beppo*, George Field; *Mr. Lyons*, Edward Coxen; *Mrs. Lyons*, Winifred Greenwood, and *Little Rosa* is Jennie Vincent. "The Wild Goose Chase": *Betty Wright*, Ina Claire; *Bob Randall*, Tom Forman; "Grind," Lucien Littlefield; *Mrs. Wright*, Helen Marlborough; *Mr. Wright*, Raymond Hatton; *Mr. Randall*, Ernest Joy; *Mrs. Randall*, Florence Smyth; *Horatio Brutus Briggs*, Theodore Roberts.

"SNOBS" is a play which is humorous because of the amusing situations themselves. It is bigger by far than the catch-penny slap-stick comedy ever has been or ever can be, and we hope to see more like it. The cast follows: *Charles Disney*, Victor Moore; *Ethel Hamilton*, Anita King; *Laura Phipps*, Constance Johnson; *Mr. Phipps*, Ernest Joy. We hope all the readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE have the opportunity to see it.

GEO. F. W., DANVILLE, ILL.—The United Photo-Plays Company has its offices at 29 South La Salle street, and the two other Chicago companies are listed hereinafter.

B. E. J., EVANSTON, ILL.—The cast of "In the Dark" (Lubin) is as follows: *Rex Mansfield*, Joseph Kaufman; *Edith Mansfield*, Ethel Clayton; *Leo Lechmeier*, Jack Standing; *Julia Duval*, Rosetta Brice; *Dr. John McVicar*, Charles Brandt. The cast of "Scotty Weed's Alibi" (Kalem): *Jean* (the girl detective), Cleo Ridgely; *Warrington* (her assistant), Robert Grey; *Scotty Weed* (the crook), Frank Jonasson; *Mrs. Winslow* (the wealthy widow), Ollie Kirkby; *Chief of Police Harding*, Edward Clisbee. "The Haunting Fear," also a Kalem: *Katherine*, Alice Hollister; *Mace*, Harry Millards; *Diana*, Anna Nilsson; *Dr. Busby*, Robert D. Walker; *Father Richard*, Henry Hallan.

EDWARD F., SEATTLE.—"The Builder of Bridges," a World film: *Edward Thursfield*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Peter*, G. W. Anson; *Henry Killick*, Edward R. Mawson; *Water Gresham*, Fred Eric; *Arnold Faringay*, Jack B. Sherrill; *Dorothy Faringay*, Marie Edith Wells; *Mrs. Debney*, Kate Meek; *Ruth Faringay*, Helen Weer.

G. E., FT. PLAIN, N. Y.—In spite of his careless, care-free roles, Mr. Chaplin is a very studious and thoughtful little fellow, for he is his own director, and has the serious side of the plays constantly on his mind. That is why he never gets the hook, perhaps—because he carries it himself. In Biograph's "Boob and the Baker" and "Boob and the Magician," the *Boob* is Dave Morris. Each state has its own laws governing the licensing of operators, and you will have to act according to the New York statutes.

R. W., ANN ARBOR.—The casts you ask for are as follows: "The Poetic Justice of Omar Khan" (Selig): *Omar Khan*, Guy Oliver; *Joan Merrick*, Stella Razeto; *Neva Hyde*, Eugenie Bessner; *Philip Hyde*, Harry Davies; *David Harcourt*, Fred Huntly. "His Father's Rifle," *Elsa Birch*, Stella Razeto; *James Birch*, William Howard; *Kirke Warren*, Guy Oliver; *Higgins*, Bert Grasby. Both of the above are Selig plays. "A Lesson in Romance" (Essanay): *Richard Walton*, E. H. Calvert; *Sydney Wright*, Eugene Acker; *Mrs. Marion Wright*, Marion Skinner; *Emily Wright*, Lillian Drew; *the Sheriff*, Jack Meridith.

E. B. B., SUPERIOR, WIS.—We are sorry your guesses on the "Lips" did not arrive in time to be considered, but you had an unusually large number right; you missed the second, however, in spite of our warning. What! print a picture of the Answer Man—a cover featuring him! Wisconsin is noted for its progressive ideas, but this is too much.

R. C. B., ST. LOUIS—J. Warren Kerrigan is with Universal in California. Anita Stewart is not married. Are you following "The Goddess"?

VIRGINIA COURTENAY, N. Y. C.—Harold Lockwood is thirty-five years old and unmarried. The exposition you mention has not been announced as yet; will let you know if it is.

AND NOW COMES H. M. T. OF MINNEAPOLIS and solemnly avows that the said H. M. T. is going into the movies even if it is necessary to move to St. Paul to do it. (St. Paul readers write us about this at once.) All right, H. M. T., take your lunch some day and camp at the door of one of the employment offices and The Man may discover that Little Cinderella waits without.

A. A., N. Y. C.—Pearl White is with Pathe Freres and their studio is at Ithaca, N. Y. If you do not care for Ithaca yourself, try the Pathe Exchange, 25 West Fourth-fifth street, New York.

W. J. W. AND J. B. A., WASHINGTON—So your Prince Charming appeared in person at your theatre? I am glad he was not a disappointment to you, for often the flesh and blood reality is not as ideal as he is dreamed to be. Why don't you write Miss Dunbar for a picture, but remember what we have told so many others. Crane Wilbur is not married.

MRS. J. R., WATERLOO, IA.—We believe in none of the schools and refuse to give any endorsement. Most of the owners find bleeding the public vastly more profitable and far more diverting than writing salable scenarios themselves.

S. R., TOLEDO—Yes, House Peters played opposite Blanche Sweet in "The Captive," taking the part of the irrepressible Turkish noble.

C. G., CLINTON, IA.—Send your manuscript to the scenario editor of the company. You will find the list of companies herein.

J. C. R., WILLIAMSON, W. VA.—You will find a very interesting story about Alice Joyce in May PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

L. S. S., FREELAND, PA.—Mr. Bushman was born in Norfolk, Va., but his work has now led him to the other coast.

F. R. W., CHICAGO—The cast of characters in "The Sign of the Rose" is as follows: *Pietro Massena*, George Beban; *Rosa*, Blanche Schwed; *Phil Griswold*, Jack Nelson; *Dorothy Griswold*, Thelma Salter; *William Griswold*, Hayward Ginn; *Mrs. William Griswold*, Andrea Lynne; *Robbins*, Jack Davidson; *Lynch*, W. J. Kane; *Lynch's aide*, Edward Kenny; *Flower show owner*, J. Frank Burke; *the cashier*, Edith MacBride; *the maid*, Fanny Midgley; *the nurse*, Ida Lewis. The cast of "The Beckoning Flame": *Harry Dickson*, Henry Woodruff; *Janira*, Tsuru Acki; *Elsa Arlington*, Rhea Mitchell; *Muhmed*, J. Barney Sherry; *Ram Dass*, J. Frank Burke; *Prince Chandra*, Louis Morrison; *Governor General Ormsby*, Charles K. French; *Hawes*, Roy Laidlaw; *the Baron*, Joseph Dowling. And now that we are thoroughly warmed up to the work, we will give you the cast of "The Reward": *Jane Wallace*, Bessie Barriscale; *Dan Conby*, Arthur Maude; *Tracie*, Louise Glaum; *Pinky*, Margaret Thompson; *stage manager*, J. P. Lockney; *the doctor*, Joseph Dowling; *the nurse*, Gertrude Claire; *the mother*, Clara Williams; *the woman*, Leona Hutton. All three were made under the direction of Thos. H. Ince at the N. Y. M. P. C. studio.

A. and M., PETALUMA, CALIF.—Yes, Mary Pickford and her husband, Owen Moore, live with her mother, or her mother lives with them, as you wish to look at it. James Cruze and Marguerite Snow have a little daughter Julie.

A. M. O., NEW ORLEANS—Your heart has run away with your judgment. No. 2 were the lips of Cleo Madison, not Antonio Moreno. We just had a talk with the editor.

EARNEST, FT. MYERS, FLA.—In the September or October issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE there will be an article dealing with the financing, equipping and management of moving picture theatres. The author will go into the subject at length, and devote considerable space to the smaller houses which are usually financed by an individual rather than by the heavily backed company. This should prove one of the most interesting business articles of the year, for there are thousands of openings for theatres throughout the country which business men would be glad to take advantage of, if they had a little more definite information on the subject.

J. H. D., NEW ORLEANS—No, when the stories of plays are written for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE the privilege is secured from the producing company which owns the scenario. How did you like "The Sort-of-Girl-Who-Came-from-Heaven"?

PEGGY OF GALVESTON—Tom Moore and Alice Joyce will probably appear opposite each other again, but when this will be is hard to say; at the present time she is not playing before the camera. Marguerite Snow has left Thanhouser for the Metro Pictures, and so far as we have heard, they are not contemplating a serial.

COOKIE, DETROIT—Mr. Bushman is now with the Metro Pictures Corporation at the Hollywood, Calif., studio. Metro is a new distributing corporation, the same as Universal, General and Mutual, with offices at 1463 Broadway, New York City. Write him at the California studio—try it, and see.

E. M. B., WYALENSING, PA.—The interview with Indifferent Idol Edward Earle seems to have made a great hit with our readers, and we are certainly glad that we could feature it so quickly. Did you know Mr. Earle was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1884? Mary Pickford was a child actor in the first company he played with. "The Road o' Strife" has not been published in book form, sorry to say.

CLEO, LOZ ONGLAZE—Your question is answered in our reply to PEGGY OF GALVESTON.

W. W. W., LOS ANGELES—You are like all the rest of us, you like good, high class comedy, in preference to the gutter-snipe sort. Producers are coming to realize it too. "Tom" in "An Innocent Sinner" (Kalem) is Guy Coombs. Address him care of Kalem's New York office.

G. DES. H., ATLANTA—There is no list that can be supplied you which will give you the companies which desire synopses only. It is about as stable as the cotton market—in war times!

E. J. K. R. PH. (TO BE)—We refuse to use the title you give, until you tell us what it means. We insist upon maintaining our neutrality—wherefore the Ripe Olive in our button-hole. In "Tess of the Storm Country," Harold Lockwood plays opposite Mary Pickford. Blanche Sweet is not married.



C. R., CHICAGO—We have no idea what studio takes the rawest recruits; perhaps the Selig Jungle Zoo!

E. R. S., NEW YORK CITY.—House Peters was married to Miss Mae King of New York about a year ago. Mrs. Peters is not appearing either on the stage or the screen, though she was formerly an actress.

MRS. J. MAC T., WESTERLY, R. I.—A very reasonable request, and we shall be glad to do so. How did you like the picture of Marguerite Clark in the May art section.

R. B., TOLEDO.—It would take pages to tell you all about the Pansy Club and we suggest that you write Mr. Romaine Fielding, Box 1336, Phoenix, Arizona. President Pansy is a friend of ours and we know that she would prefer to have you write the secretary, than to try to tell you of the club so briefly.

E. C., WEST NEWTON, PA.—Your request for Violet Mersereau is granted over in the art section of this month's issue; wish we could always favor our friends as quickly.

G. T., ATLANTIC CITY.—You have attended the photoplays enough so that you must know the average length of the one, two and three reel plays. A "reel" is approximately one thousand feet in length, but the term is applied to pictures which require about that space to reproduce. Familiarity with the plays should give you a very definite idea of the length of your own scenarios.

N. L., JEFFERSONVILLE, IND.—The list of studios is printed in the next few pages; it is largely an endurance contest between cold, doubting frowns and tireless enthusiasm.

K. R. S., WORCESTER, MASS.—The various forms given as model scenarios are not to be rigidly adhered to; they are rather to give the novice the correct idea, which must, of course, be varied as circumstances demand. However, the one given in March PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is as nearly standard as any. Manuscripts should always be typewritten.

A. M. B., N. Y. C.—Julie Cruze.

F. K. M., WORCESTER, MASS.—It is impossible to say whether your inquiry regarding the fate of your scenarios caused their untimely homing or not. Probably the editor had merely shelved them until some day when he could not play golf and your question brought the matter to his attention, and he decided to end the suspense in as painless a manner as possible.

A. G., ALLENTOWN, PA.—You can probably secure the copy of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE that you wish from this office, though you neglect to mention the issue. Marguerite Snow is with us in this number. No telling when Alice Joyce will be seen in new plays again.

B. F. W., LIND, WASH.—You are another of the people who would dream bright ideas all day long, "tell somebody," and receive a check forthwith. Ideas are all right; they are the most important element in scenarios, but to reap the rewards, writers must place a finished article on the market. Raw material is always bought at the lowest figures.

A. R., LOCKHART, TEX.—Read the answer to G. T., ATLANTIC CITY. Double space your manuscripts with ample margins, and enough extra spacing between scenes so as to set them off from each other for easy reading.

E. B., DENVER.—The length of time that a scenario is retained by a film company before acceptance or rejection must depend upon many things. The editorial department is often swamped with material which requires a greater length of time than ordinary, and it often happens that the editor is unable to determine for some time whether the scenario under consideration will fit in with the company's plans, and whether it is adaptable to their players.

F. B. P., MINNEAPOLIS.—Charlie Chaplin has been moving around recently and at present he and his company are in Los Angeles. Yes, his age is given in the story of his life which began in the July issue. You must not be so harsh in your criticism regarding our John Bunny news; at the time the June issue went to press the Associated Press reported that he was improving and was probably out of danger. Two or three days later the news of his death came in, and we duly chronicled it in the July magazine.

L. M., THE DALLES, ORE.—Another Bushman admirer—it seems to be a general attitude among the 13,000,000 who attend the photoplays each day. Mr. Bushman is now with Metro Pictures Corporation at their Hollywood studio.

A. E. H., CALGARY, ALTA.—No, Chawles is still alive and happy, amusing us all as he seems bound to. Marguerite Clark is still with Famous Players, and we have not even heard the rumor that she is returning to the stage.

E. N., BARTON, VT.—Write to your friends at the addresses we give elsewhere. But don't forget the war-tax!

M. U. B., CONTACT, MONT.—Experience is essential to any sort of success in moving picture acting. There are many ways of securing experience if you are near one of the studios, because odd parts often give inexperienced persons an opportunity to become accustomed to playing before the camera. However, that sort of work is not steady, is very infrequent and is open only to those who are on the ground.

A. D., CHICAGO.—Probably you have heard from your manuscript long before this; do not worry about the reliability of the well known companies.

F. J. W., DULUTH.—There is no standard price for scenarios; manuscripts which prove unavailable for use are returned if return postage is included.

A. A. D., HOUSTON, TEX.—Most of your questions are answered just above; never submit your manuscript to two or more companies simultaneously. It is customary to mention in your letter that it is submitted at usual rates.

C. M. M., CANTON, O.—All the companies which maintain stock companies use extra players and we refer you to the list herein. However, why not remain neutral?

G. W., DETROIT.—Carlyle Blackwell is married to a non-professional; write to Harold Lockwood, care American Film Mfg. Co., Santa Barbara, and see what happens.

H. R., ST. LOUIS.—Address Beverly Bayne in care of Essanay, 1333 Argyle St., Chicago.

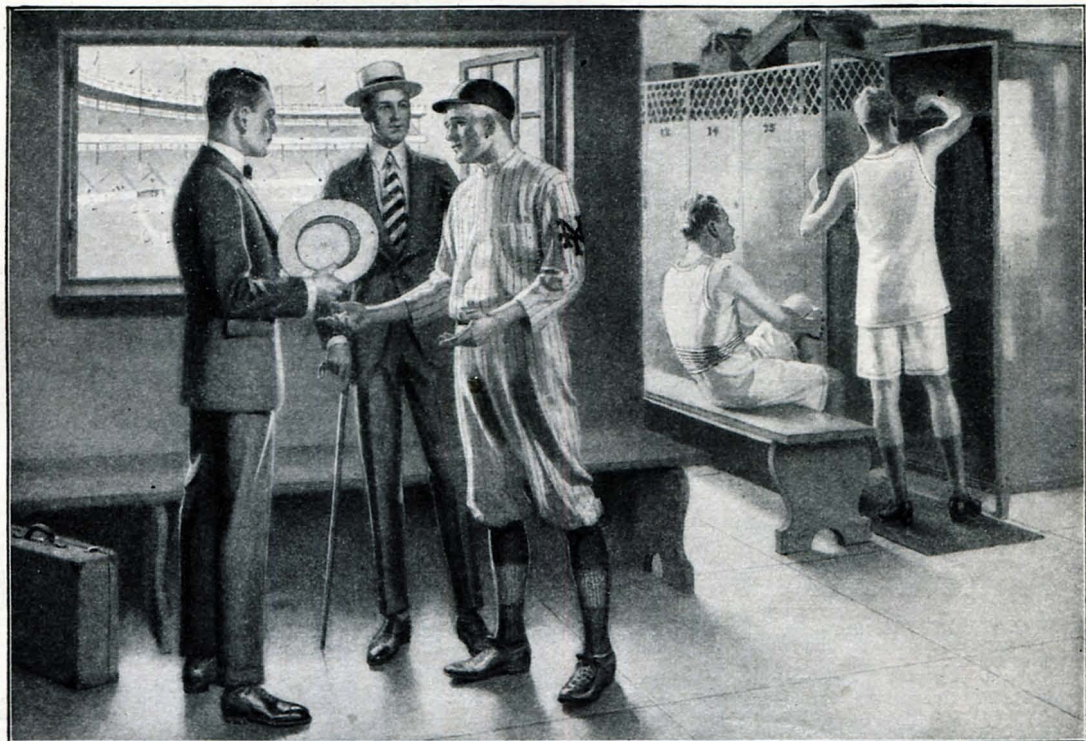
E. T., WHEELING, W. VA.—The cast of "Frauds" (Essanay), is as follows: *Zelda*, Edna Mayo; *Kendrick*, Bryant Washburn; *Eldridge*, Thomas Commerford; *Mortimer*, Royal Douglas; *Daisy*, Peggy Sweeney; *Crawford*, Addison Maderio; *the Sheriff*, Harry Dunkinson.

MARY PICKFORD, of course is "Little Pal," and the rest of the cast is as follows: *Sid Jerue* (her father), Russel Bassett; *John Grandon*, George Anderson; *Pill Box Andy*, William Lloyd; *Black Brand*, Joseph Manning; *Frances Grandon*, Constance Johnson; *Cullus, the half-breed*, Bert Hadley.

B. B. P., MONTICELLO, MINN.—Keystone is a producing company itself, so it is entirely proper to send your manuscripts to its own editor.

MONTANA A., GLENDALE, MONT.—Your letter has been referred to the "Rocks and Roses" editor.

DOLORES, EAST ST. LOUIS.—Your letter has been turned over to the editor himself.



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A. M. S., NEWARK, N. J.—No list of all the studios near New York has ever been prepared and you will have to write to each company regarding it.

J. R., DETROIT—Your questions are answered in several other places and we refer you to the other answers.

H. J. M., EDINBURG, ILL.—It is not the manager's fault any more than it is the fault of his patrons. Unless higher prices are charged in the smaller towns it is impossible to secure the new, high-priced plays. The feature pictures are always more expensive and the rental on new films is higher than on ones which have been used. Yes, the "Black Box" has been running for quite awhile. Better address Jack Pickford in care of the Famous Players in Los Angeles. You will understand what we mean when we say, "No," to your last question, but we don't think you better try it.

D. D., OCEAN PARK, CALIF.—It is funny how everyone jollies the Answer Man when they want him to "see the editor and —!" If the truth were known, we are inclined to believe the Editor is the really popular one around here, but that his friends are a trifle awe-stricken before him. In answer to your question, William Garwood, Robert Leonard, Norma Phillips and Mabel Normand are all unmarried.

A. J. D., CLEVELAND—In other words, your Answer Man is "The Ginger Bread Man."

C. H., ST. LOUIS—No, Charlie Chaplin is neither deaf, dumb, insane nor married. He's just funny, that's all.

R. S., COLUMBUS, OHIO—If anything the film companies are more active during the summer than the winter on account of the clear skies, but there is little difference. A great deal of their work is done indoors. In answer to your other question, "No."

M. S., YATES CITY, ILL.—Yes, the players are usually glad to hear from their friends, but they must be addressed in care of their respective companies. Kerrigan is with Universal Film Mfg. Co., Los Angeles, Calif.

MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY FAN—Your first question is answered elsewhere. The children who appear in the wedding scene are not the children of James Cruze and Marguerite Snow.

J. P., LEWISTON, ME.—You are undoubtedly correct in many of your observations, but the fact remains that the inexperienced person, and especially the screen-struck, have more chance to make a living as a jitney-bus driver in Milwaukee than in photoplay acting. New faces appear constantly in the pictures, but there is usually a good reason, and they are seldom the people who have written someone asking how to do it. Wish we could answer your letter at length, but space forbids.

L. R., LOUISVILLE, KY.—We turned your request that a sample copy be sent your friend over to the circulation department, and the magazine should have been received long ago. Harold Lockwood—gather around, everybody—is not married!

G. C., N. Y. C.—The Answer Man has put in a good word in your behalf.

H. P., BALTIMORE—Mary Pickford, Famous Players Film Co., Los Angeles; Harold Lockwood, American Film Mfg. Co., Santa Barbara, Calif.; Carlyle Blackwell, Lasky Feature Play Co., Hollywood, Calif. When do you leave?

PHOTOPLAY BOOSTER, BROOKLYN—All right, it is acknowledged most graciously. It shall be "home James" very soon.

J. K., ASBURY PARK, N. J.—In "The Faith of Her Fathers," *Tamor*, the rabbi, is Murdock MacQuarrie; *Bertha*, his daughter, is Cleo Madison and the young missionary is Joe King.

B. E., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—In "Greater Than Art" (Edison) *Lavinia Santell* is Gertrude McCoy; her father is Bigelow Cooper; *Aunt Laura* is Helen Strickland; *Count La Fleur* is Duncan McRae; *Guy Crosby* is Edward Earle; *Cora Franklyn* is Marjorie Ellison and *Pierre Panchanteau* is Henry Leoni. Address Ella Hall in care of the Universal at Los Angeles. The mystery of Violet is as deep as ever; Mr. Bushman is very reticent on the subject and apparently wishes the affair had never come to the public's attention.

A. J. C., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—There is no use in sending your one and two reels to companies which are producing the long feature plays exclusively, but if there is merit in your production, nearly any of the companies, except those specifically mentioned as out of the market, will be glad to receive it.

D. S., N. Y. C.—Send both synopsis and scenario. Bring your manuscript as near to perfection in every way as you can; though "watered stock" is as bad as the other extreme.

E. F. H., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—In "The Cup of Life," *Helen*, the sparkling sinner, is Bessie Barriscale; *Ruth*, the stolid saint, is Enid Markay. Did you read the Editor's "Close Up," on "The Cup of Life" in July?

MT. CARMEL, PA.—Tom Moore and Marguerite Courtot may be addressed in care of Kalem Company, 235 West 23d Street, New York City. We are strong for Marguerite.

F. P. H., TACOMA, WASH.—The addresses you wish are listed under Studios.

G. R. S., NEW YORK—There you go again, asking something you ought not to. Your Mabel Normand interview is over in the front of the magazine. No, Earle Williams is not married to who!

THE NE'ER DO WELL—The Answer Man's picture has not appeared, for the same reason you refuse to sign your name. "He shuns publicity," and is frightfully bashful—why, when he was in college—but it won't do to tell.

L. B., PORTSMOUTH, VA.—"Hearts in Exile" was filmed in the Adirondack Mountains in New York State; that is, the outdoor pictures at least, though the interiors were in many cases studio settings.

H. L. K., SPOKANE, WASH.—The Universal City is one of the few places where it is possible to get a glimpse of actual filming operations. You are always welcome there as long as you don't get into difficulties with the picture city police or spoil any scenes trying to rescue a pretty movine.

C. Q., NEW BREMEN, OHIO—Betty Nansen is with the Fox Film Company; she comes from Denmark.

O. D., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Mary Fuller is not the wife of Charles Ogle. We don't blame you in the least for being a Universal fan, and hope you will be able to see their pictures in Springfield just as you wish—without mice next time.

A. M. M., JACKSONVILLE, ILL.—Theda Bara, as you say, played the part of the Vampire in the screen production of "A Fool There Was," but Virginia Pearson is known the country over as having taken this part in the stage production. Miss Pearson has recently joined Vitagraph and is the wife of Sheldon Lewis of Pathe.

On Top!

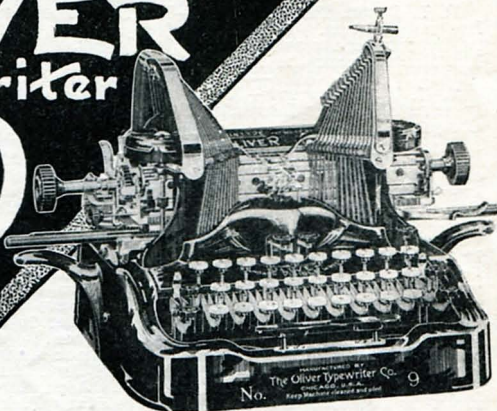
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L. T., BOSTON—Robert Leonard is unmarried. And you, too, want to know whether Charles Chaplin is deaf and dumb! No, the rumor has no foundation of fact. You will have to tell us the plays you refer to, in order that we can give you the leads, as different persons have played opposite both Kerrigan and Bushman. Tom Kane in the "Master Key" is Charles Manley.

L. L., CUMBERLAND, MD.—Accent on the "en" in Moreno; short "e." L-Ko as it is spelled. Tom Forman is with Lasky at present.

P. L. S., ST. THOMAS, ONT.—No, Mary Pickford has no children. She is five feet and one inch in height; she was born April 5, 1893. Write Mr. Bushman at the Metro studio in Hollywood.

S. E. Y., WILMETTE—Louise Glaum has recently married Harry Edwards, director of the L-Ko Company.

P. G., CHICAGO—Thomas A. Edison is considered the inventor of moving pictures and the first real exhibition of them before the public was at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893.

MARGUERITE SNOW ADMIRER, SHELTON, CONN.—It is doubtful whether there will be any more of the serial pictures with James Cruze and Marguerite, on account of the fact that Miss Snow has joined the Metro forces and they have announced no plans for such a play. Neither is it probable that Mary Pickford will appear in a serial, as the Famous Players do not work along that line. Vivian Rich is with the American Film Mfg. Co., Santa Barbara, Calif. Jack Kerrigan is unmarried. Don't begrudge Mary Pickford that trip to Japan; we all miss our friends when they are absent, but likewise are mighty glad to greet them on their return. She has earned it, too.

KERRIGAN AND CRUZE, FRONTIER, WYO.—James Cruze has only one child—Julie.

SUNNY TENNESSEE—Yes, Edith Johnson is with Selig; but what has that to do with your appreciation of Kerrigan?

L. S. E., ANDERSON, S. C.—The pretty blonde you refer to is Edna Purviance. She is new to the screen but in view of her recent performances seems to be on her way to success as a comedy actress.

E. F. S., OSWEGO, N. Y.—The young Northerner who went to Tennessee to teach school and who fell in love with Madge Canfield (Rhea Mitchell) in the Kay-Bee "Valley of Hate" is Thomas Chatterton. The ending was very happy though tragedy lurked all along the way.

J. E., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—We hope that your disposition is usually better controlled. However, we will excuse it this time. We referred that portion of your letter to the editor of the Seen and Heard department. Arthur Johnson is married to a non-professional; don't know when it will be; she has not returned; he is not; therefore to no one! Has your anger subsided?

JESS CAMILLUS, N. Y.—No, when you have submitted your manuscript you can not submit them elsewhere, until it is returned by the company to which you sent it. We make one guess as to the actor you mean!

E. G., FT. WAYNE, IND.—The "Thanhouster Twins" (Fairbanks) usually take the juvenile roles in the Thanhouster releases, but the youngsters are Helen Badgley, Leland Benham and Marie Eline.

T. S., LOS ANGELES—Most of your questions are answered elsewhere. Warren Kerrigan has a brother, Wallace, who also appears in the films. Dustin and William Farnum are brothers. Lillian Walker is still in the photoplays—Vita-graph would not let us be without "Dimples."

E. L., LOS ANGELES—Francis Ford takes the lead in "The Mysterious Hand," "Three Bad Men and a Girl," and "The Call of the Waves."

A. C., SELAH, WASH.—Address Anita in care of the Vitagraph Company, Brooklyn, N. Y.

F. G., OAKLAND—So you are going to get a try-out as a moving picture actress? Glad to hear it; hope you make good, and above all we hope you do not starve. Tell us how you feel after taking.

J. M., NEW YORK—Viola Dana is with Edison at the 2826 Decatur Avenue studio in New York City, and you may address her there.

RUTH L. R.—You can not be blamed for having as your "favorites, mainly Matt Moore," he is a worthy choice. He is with Universal. Furthermore, he is a brother of Tom and Owen Moore and q. e. d. a brother-in-law of Mary Pickford and Alice Joyce. He is what Sherlock Holmes would call a "bleak and lonely Moore." He is unmarried.

E. D., TORONTO—There have been two interviews with Mary Pickford in the last year, September, 1914, featuring her on the cover, and March, 1915, "A Week End With Mary Pickford." We can supply both numbers, the Canadian rate being 20c prepaid. In November of last year an entirely new company took control of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and at the present time we assure you that every ad represents an entirely reputable advertiser, but the one to which you refer is too old to warrant our passing judgment on it.

M. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Marie Eline is at New Rochelle, N. Y., Thanhoustering. Pearl White is plain unhyphenated American—a blonde.

J. A. C., NASHVILLE, TENN.—That meant this: that most of the film companies used to issue instruction sheets but have discontinued the practice on account of the large number of manuscripts received daily. In fact they issue scarcely anything except rejection slips at the present time, to judge by correspondents' letters.

M. L., NASHVILLE, TENN.—Your give-me-an-immediate-answer question is about the twentieth we have received inquiring whether Charles Chaplin is deaf and dumb. He seems to know the high-sign manual, but aside from that there is no truth in the rumor. On the other point we refuse to converse; read Harry Carr's story in the current issues. Victor Moore is no relation of the T-O-M Moores—get it—Tom, Owen, Matt.

M. H., FREEPORT—That would be too long a story, even for the fine print of the Questions and Answers Department. The fact of the matter is that it became quite impossible to do so and save our young lives.

P. E., CHERAW, S. C.—Vivian Rich and Lottie Pickford, the American Film Mfg. Co., Santa Barbara; Dorothy Gish, Reliance-Majestic, Los Angeles; Kathryn Williams, Selig, Glendale, Calif. It is a long way from Cheraw to Los Angeles, but if the mountain won't come to Mohammed —!

S. R., TOLEDO—Yes, House Peters played opposite Blanche Sweet in "The Captive," taking the part of the Turkish noble. He, of course, is with Lasky; Chester Barnett and Vivian Martin are with the World Film Corporation.

H. R., N. Y. C.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has no lists of companies or players for sale. You will find the companies herein and many of the players' film family affiliations are given in the various answers. Florence Lawrence is not in the movies at present; William Clifford, Universal; George Larkin, Features Ideal; Irene Warfield, Essanay; Max Figman, B. A. Rolfe (Metro); King Baggot, Universal, and Alice Joyce was last with Kalem and may be addressed there at present.

GEO. J., HILLSDALE, MICH.—No, neither Dorothy Gish nor Marguerite Courtot is married. Miss Gish is with Reliance-Majestic in Los Angeles. Surely, Marguerite will reply to your letters, especially if you tell her you are a friend of PHOTOPLAY.



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Casts of Stories from Films in This Issue

FATHERHOOD

Universal

Lon Gulchrist	Hobart Bosworth
Bud Dalton	Joseph Flores
Del Beasley	Hart Hoxie
Mary Mayberry	Helen Wolcott
Landlady	Lydia Yeamans Titus

THE HAUNTING FEAR

Kalem

Katherine	Alice Hollister
Mace, a man-about-town	Harry Millarde
Diana, the adventuress	Anna Nilsson
Dr. Busby	Robert Walker
Father Richard	Henry Hallam

THE BECKONING FLAME

Thos. Ince Film

Harry Dickson	Henry Woodruff
Janira	Tsuru Aoki
Elsa Arlington	Rhea Mitchell
Muhmed	J. Barney Sherry
Ram Dass	J. Frank Burke
Prince Chandra	Louis Morrison
Gov. Gen. Ormsby	Charles K. French
Hawes	Roy Laidlaw
The Baron	Joseph Dowling

THE INSURRECTION

Lubin

Lolita	Ormi Hawley
Her Father	Herbert Fortier
Lieut. Hubbard	Earl Metcalfe

THE MILLIONAIRE BABY

Selig

Philo Ocumpaugh	Frederick Hand
Marion Ocumpaugh	Mrs. A. C. Marston
Valerie Carew	Grace Darmond
Justin Carew	Harry Mestayer
Dr. Pool	John Charles
Gwendolyn	Charlotte Stevens

THE LONESOME HEART

American Masterpiece

Sara Prue	Lucille Ward
Samanthy	Margarita Fischer
Tom	William A. Carroll
James Stuart	Joseph E. Singleton
George, his son	Robyn Adair

M. C., WEST NEW YORK, N. J.—This year the Motion Picture Exposition will be held in San Francisco about the 11th of July, instead of in New York City as last year. Can you imagine a lot of business being transacted with all the delegates rushing around intent on missing none of the sights of the Fair?

WISTERIA VILLA-ON-THE-HUDSON—After reading your letter we are inclined to believe you really like Travers; it is too bad you do not live in Chicago. Your friend Kerrigan is reported to be seriously ill, after having passed through a rather serious operation recently, and it is said it will be a month and a half or two months before he is able to go filming again. "The Lady of the Snows" was taken in the Chicago Essanay studios. Alice Joyce has not joined another company—she was separated from her husband too much, being with Kalem in Florida and he with Kalem in New York, and finally when the long distance telephone was requisitioned by them for constant use, she decided to go to New York. And that is why she is not in the pictures now; she is not a member of the New York company. Owen Moore is with the Keystone Company.

W. H. C., EVANSTON, ILL.—The pretty little blonde who plays opposite Charlie Chaplin is Miss Edna Purviance. She comes from Nevada and Chaplin selected her personally as the most perfectly qualified person to play with him in his comedies. We gave you Miss Purviance's name last month in an answer to another reader. She is the silver-lining of the Chaplin storm-clouds that whirl through the Los Angeles Essanay studios. We shall tell you all about her in the Chaplin story. Ed Coxen, Broncho Billy, and Wallace Reid are married. Ford Sterling and Teddy Sampson are married. Marguerite Clayton is unmarried.

C. W., ROCKY FORD, COLO.—Yale Boss is with the Edison Company and may be addressed at the Edison studio, 2826 Decatur Avenue, New York City.

R. T. D., DENVER—The cast of "A Modern Enoch Arden": Janet Fotheringay, Adele Lane; John Arnold (her husband), Edward Sloman; Dicky Bannister, Wm. C. Dowlan; Courtney Fotheringay, Clemens Titus, Hobart Bosworth is "Buckshot John" in the play by that name; Courtenay Foote, Art Accord, Frank Lanning, Oscar Linkenhelt, Rhea Haines, Carl von Schiller, Helen Wolcott, and Herbert Standing taking the other leading parts.

M. H. S., RICHMOND, MO.—The cast of Scotty Weed's Alibi is given above. The cast of "Dad": Dad is Murdock MacQuarrie; Willie is M. Wilson; his wife, Hilda Hollis Sloman; Van Albystyn, Chas. Giblyn; Kitty Norman, Agnes Vernon. King Raggot is starred in the "City of Terrible Night."

A. C., SO. NORWALK, CONN.—Perhaps Miss White could not find time to answer your letter to her, as she is exceedingly busy. However, the Pathe Freres address should reach her. She is going into vaudeville shortly, but probably only for a brief engagement.

A. B. C., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.—Roscoe Arbuckle is married to Minta Durfee, one of the well known Keystone players; she has appeared in countless pictures with Charlie Chaplin. You will find her picture on page 113 of July PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Your other questions are answered above.

H. O., SO. MILWAUKEE—Mary Fuller is not married; Leah Baird is. Muriel Ostriche apparently has recovered from the trouble that she experienced with her eyes, as she has recently joined Vitagraph.

BOB, LOUISVILLE—You could probably secure a photograph of Elsie Janis from the Famous Players' New York Office—ask them how much they are. We do not know her London address.

A. B. C., NORFOLK, VA.—Edmund Breese in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," a Metro.

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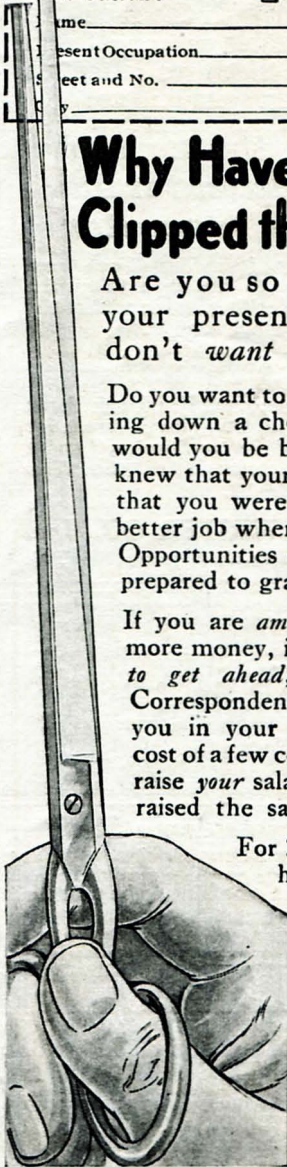
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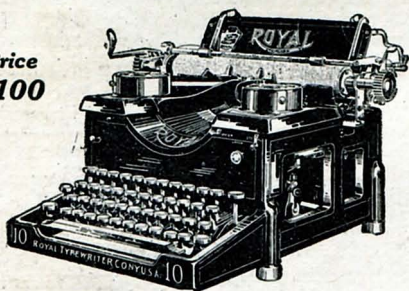
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Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give below a number of the principal ones:

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., Mecca Bldg., New York City or Universal City, Los Angeles, Calif.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., Orange, N. J., or 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City.

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 213 West 26th St., New York City, or Los Angeles, Calif.

KALEM COMPANY, 235 West 23d St., New York City; Jacksonville, Fla., or Hollywood, Calif.

LUBIN MFG., Co., Indiana and Twentieth, Philadelphia.

MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION, 71 West 23d St., New York City, or Los Angeles, Calif.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 120 West 41st St., New York City, or Hollywood, Calif.

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Garland Bldg., Chicago, or Glendale, Calif.

VITAPHONE COMPANY OF AMERICA, East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y.

BOSWORTH, Inc., 220 West 42d St., New York City, or Los Angeles, Calif.

ECLAIR FILM CO., 225 West 42d St., New York City.

PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 West 45th St., New York City.

RELIANCE-MAJESTIC, 29 Union Square, New York City, or Los Angeles, Calif.

ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, or Niles, Calif.

KEYSTONE FILM COMPANY, 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles, Calif.

UNITED PHOTO-PLAYS CO., 29 South La Salle St., Chicago.

BIOGRAPH COMPANY, 807 East 175th Street, New York City.

N. Y. MOTION PICTURE CORP., Longacre Bldg., New York City, or Santa Monica, Calif.

CALIFORNIA MOTION PICTURE CORPORATION, San Francisco.

GAUMONT COMPANY, 110 West 49th St., New York City.

WORLD FILM CORPORATION, 130 West 46th St., New York City.

GEORGE KLEINE, Inc., 166 North State St., Chicago.

FOX FILM CORP., 130 West 46th St., New York City.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago, or Santa Barbara, Calif.

M. G. SHERBROOKE, P. Q.—We are not at liberty to give players' home addresses; you can readily appreciate the multitude of visitors they would have, and they really should be permitted a little time to themselves.

L. E. M., UTICA, N. Y.—Mr. Bushman will appear on the program released by the Metro Pictures Corporation, a new distributing company like Universal, Mutual and General. No, neither Mary Fuller nor Matt Moore are married. For the pictures you mention we should write the players personally.

H. W., N. Y. C.—You may address Henry King in care of Pathe, at the address given herein.

E. M. M.—"Lab-ady," accent on first syllable, the "a" like the "o" in lot. No, Mary Pickford was never married before marrying Owen Moore, and we have no idea why Francis X. Bushman is sometimes styled Francis K.; if, indeed, he is.

M. S. L., MONTREAL—We should write Clara Kimball Young personally in care of the World Film Corporation, asking the price of pictures. You evidently missed the May number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, for she was featured on the cover.

R. H. B., CHICAGO—Helen Holmes is married to Mr. J. P. McGowan, her director. Florence LaBadie is appearing in current Thanhouser films.

(Questions and Answers Continued on Page 166)

The "King of the Movies"

(Continued from page 54)

us!" I would have told you before only—"

"I've a great deal to thank you for," interrupted the youth, holding out his hand to the producer. "You see, sir, I couldn't persuade her to marry me; she wanted to make good first! So when you made her your star—"

The girl snatched the words from him. "When you made me your star," she continued joyously, "suddenly I found that the only person I wanted to tell was Freddy!"

If the producer felt any pang he showed it not so much as by the flicker of an eyelash.

"I see," he said pleasantly, "then you're to be congratulated?"

She made an adorable *move*. "I suppose so!" she said. Then, rushing on, "so of course I'll have to resign from the company. Unless you'd like to have me wait until after the Mary Stuart production?"

Sebastian bowed in acknowledgment of this thoughtfulness.

"Not necessary at all," he said. "You will have other things to think about now!"

"Well rather!" said Goddard, putting his boyish cheek close to the girl's. "We're to be married next month!"

She pushed him away, laughing. Then a fleeting remembrance seemed to come to her,—happiness is so selfish!—of all that the producer had tried to do for her.

"You're sure you don't mind?" she asked anxiously.

Her slim hand was on his arm; but he smiled down at her with just the right air of affectionate friendliness.

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A READER, TORONTO—Marguerite Clark and Harold Lockwood will probably not appear opposite each other in new releases for some time, inasmuch as Mr. Lockwood has joined the American Company and Miss Clark is with Famous Players. She certainly merits your admiration, especially in "The Crucible," and "The Goose Girl."

R. B., HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—Robert Leonard is at Universal City, Los Angeles; he is unmarried.

M. K., PITTSBURGH—Grace Cunard is married but Harold Lockwood and William Garwood are unreclaimed bachelors.

K. H., WASHINGTON—Yes, Lillian Gish played in Biograph's "Judith of Bethulia," and, by the way, this is being released by the Biograph at the present time. Write the Selig Company for pictures of Elsie Greeson and Sidney Smith. *Jack Dutton* in "The Face at the Window" (Selig) is Laura Johnstone.

A. H., YARMOUTH—Cleo Madison takes the part of *Judith Trine* and also *Rose Trine* in "The Trey o' Hearts."

L. P., SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Gerda Holmes is with the United Photo-Plays Company in Chicago.

S. E. S., SEATTLE—We certainly do admire Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark. Probably the reason that they have never appeared in the same play is due to the fact that Miss Pickford is in Los Angeles and Miss Clark is in New York. The interviews that have appeared at various times stating Mary lives with her mother are probably responsible for the rumor that she is divorced. Poor youngster—but that is one of the penalties of fame. "The Bishop's Carriage," is one of the early Famous Player releases; Owen Moore was with that company. Mae Marsh is five feet three inches tall and has dark gray eyes.

L. M. L., BRANTFORD, ONT.—Chester Barnett played opposite Vivian Martin in the "Wishing Ring," a World film. W. J. Ferguson appears in the World films "The Deep Purple," and "Old Dutch;" he is the sole surviving member of the company that was playing at Ford's Theatre in Washington the night President Lincoln was shot.

E. W., CINCINNATI—Florence La Badie is an added attraction on any program. She has appeared frequently in the various Thanhouser releases; too many, in fact, to list.

E. B., LEWISTON, ME.—Yes, Marguerite Clark is featured in "The Pretty Sister of Jose." You should write your sub-titles yourself before submitting your manuscript. In the preparation of the scenario the writer must constantly visualize the play on the screen, and must decide at what points sub-titles are necessary and what their nature should be. They are an exceedingly important feature of the scenario. In the "George Ade Comedies," by Essanay, the sub-titles are nearly as important as the pictures themselves, for they carry the larger portion of the "punch." The sub-titles and captions in "Snobs" were particularly effective.

G. H., TULSA, OKLA.—We explained under another title that Virginia Pearson and Theda Bara were entirely different persons, Miss Pearson appearing in the stage production of "The Vampire" and Theda Bara in the screen version. Arnold Daly is unmarried.

C. D., TYLER, TEX.—Grace Washburn, Kathryn Williams, and Marguerite Courtot are all unmarried.

M. M., NEW ORLEANS—The companies with which Warren, Francis and Crane are with will probably be able to gratify your longing for photographs.

J. M., NEW YORK—Lottie Briscoe has recently left Lubin, which probably accounts for the absence of films featuring her. Did you read her interview with Arthur Johnson in the July issue? Your kind words are appreciated.

C. G. H., CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.—William Farnum has been appearing with the Fox releases for some time. Thomas Santschi is with Selig. You will find pictures of the players advertised in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

L. W. B., BELLINGHAM, WASH.—No, Helen Badgley is her real name.

E. S., DUBUQUE, IA.—Mr. Bushman is with Metro and Mr. Morrison is with the American, and we suggest that you write to them personally regarding the price of pictures. Ford Sterling is with Keystone and appears in their current releases.

E. L. R.—Yes, real negroes took part in "The New Governor." William Farnum is one of the real personalities of the photodrama, with the Fox Film Corp., 130 West 46th St., New York City.

K. M. C., NEW YORK CITY—The answer to J. L. B. on page 167 of the June issue was in answer to a question as to whether Mr. Bushman was still with Essanay, and there was an item in the same issue regarding his change to the Metro. No, it did not have anything to do with matrimony, as much as you evidently suspected that it did.

E. M. F., CHARLOTTE, N. C.—The casts you ask for are given above. So you think that Mr. Bushman was foolish to leave Essanay? But how do you feel about it now that you know Marguerite Snow is to be his leading lady? Won't they make a great team! And you watch: Anita Stewart will come in for her share of our pages, and the share will not be small, either, if she continues to develop as artistically as her work presages. Did you see "The Awakening," and are you following "The Goddess"?

W. E. O., PHILADELPHIA—You should take that trip to Universal City and visit the place that gives us the thrills. You, of all people, would especially enjoy it. Arthur Johnson of Lubin has been ill lately, but it is reported now that it is not especially serious, though he will probably be out of the pictures for some time.

ARIZONA, NEW ORLEANS—There will be some very interesting news for the many friends of Florence Lawrence before long, as her plans are practically settled for a return to the pictures. That is great news, is it not! And having read the July issue and found Romaine Fielding's baby picture, are you not just a trifle sorry you were in so much of a hurry? Don't worry, we look after your interests pretty well.

S. D., WINTHROP, WASH.—According to Captain Peacocke you are working in a rather blind alley in writing the slap-stick farces. However, you know the companies whose plays you see on the screen, and the addresses are given above.

H. J. B., CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—You are asking for information that can be gained only by a study of your own city. As to general statistics, the series of articles to appear in the next few months should furnish all you desire. However, it is an established fact that 13,000,000 people attend the photoplays every day in the United States, and some estimates are greatly in excess of this.

C. M., LOS ANGELES—Henry King was born in Christiansburg, Virginia, went on the stage and after several years of prestige-gaining, appeared in numerous New York plays. He first appeared in pictures with Lubin's western studio and from them went to the Balboa Company, where he has played in "The Price of Fame," "The Pursuit of Pleasure," "Today and Tomorrow," and many other photoplays. At the present time he is featured in "Who Pays?"

M. W., DENVER—We can give you no advice regarding the scenario market. It is as changing as the sands of the desert, shifting with every fancy of the business.

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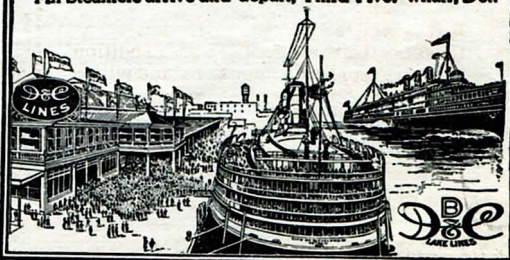
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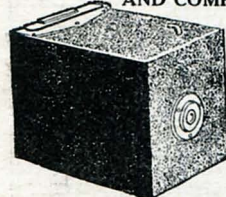
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D. H. C., DALLAS, TEX.—N. Y. M. P. C. keeps William S. Hart pretty busy these days and we have not heard of the plans you mention. The latest release announced is "The Conversation of Frosty Blake," with Louise Glaum and Charles Ray. You should live up to your traditions and idolize a "Lone Star" instead of so many.

A. L., MINNEAPOLIS—Francellia Billington is with Majestic-Reliance in Los Angeles. Lamar Johnston is with Selig. We have not heard of the St. Paul Company. In order to have a film shown in your theatre, where it has previously been exhibited, your theatre must secure it through its exchange, usually a simple matter unless the film has been withdrawn by the producing company. After a certain time a film becomes worn and unless new reels are made up, it has to be withdrawn.

D. J., BROOKLYN—Write Mr. Moreno in care of Vitagraph and ask him if he will send you an autographed photograph and what the expense will be.

FLORENCE LA BADIE will gladly send her friends autographed photographs of herself, if they in turn will send postage to cover the cost of mailing. You may address her at the Thanhouser Studio, New Rochelle, N. Y. Miss La Badie sends you all her best wishes, and asks us to give you this message through the Questions and Answers Department. However, her correspondence is very heavy, so be a little bit patient.

A. C. R., CLEVELAND—Where there is faulty projection and worn films are used that flicker and flare, eye strain will perhaps result in the case of persons who attend a great many pictures each week, but with good films, properly focused on the screen, the average person need have no fears. It is not good practice to sit too near the screen, however, as the pictures are harder to watch. Your contributions were turned over to the Seen and Heard Editor.

M. B., GARY, IND.—Pearl White is a blond, and at the present time should be addressed in care of the Pathe Exchange, 25 West 45th St., New York City. She was slightly injured recently when lightning struck the old Pathe studio.

S. M., MAYSVILLE, MO.—Eddie Lyons is at Universal City, Los Angeles. Lottie Pickford is with American Film Mfg. Co., Santa Barbara, Calif. Grace Cunard, Rosemary Theby, Francis Ford and Harry Myers are all married to non-professionals. Anna Little and Marie Walcamp still require chaperons. Frances Nelson is at Universal City.

C. K. S., FAIRMONT, NEB.—Ruth Roland is with the Balboa Amusement Producing Co. of Long Beach, California, and is appearing in "Who Pays?" which is being released by the Pathe Exchange. Address her in care of Balboa.

G. M. H., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—We shall have to interview Earle Williams in an early issue, because, as you say, "Sweethearts" isn't about him even though it is by him. We have no idea what his salary may be.

SUBSCRIBER—We are glad you asked for twelve "popular" actresses instead of the twelve "most popular." How is this list? Mary Pickford, Alice Joyce, Mabel Normand, Grace Cunard, Marguerite Courtot, Mae Marsh, Anita Stewart, Clara Kimball Young, Mary Fuller, Pearl White, Helen Holmes, and Florence La Badie. How does that appeal to you?

B. E. D., SAN FRANCISCO—Henry Walthall appears in this issue. He has recently joined Essanay.

D. A.—We do not know what salary Mr. Bushman receives, and we believe that the other player's salary is exaggerated.

I. E. A., AINSWORTH, NEB.—As you are only a junior in high school, we doubt that you could write scenarios that would be acceptable. A great deal of experience is necessary, and a knowledge of the studios, their players and the company's demands is an essential that you probably do not possess. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE buys no scenarios of any sort.

M. H., MINNEAPOLIS.—We are glad to say that Mary Pickford's health is splendid at the present time—never was better, in fact. Julie Cruze undoubtedly has gone west with Marguerite Snow, as Mr. Cruze is touring the country in his automobile and expects to join his wife in California, if the car holds out. You like Earle Williams because he is just a straight-forward American who doesn't pose as a modern Adonis—so do we all!

E. F. H., LOUISVILLE, KY.—Beverly Bayne is still with Essanay at the Chicago studio, and would undoubtedly be pleased to hear from you, though you should presume nothing at all regarding pictures, until you hear from her.

M. S., QUANAH, TEX.—Beatrice Michelena was starred in "Mignon," and also in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"; California M. P. C. films released through the World Film Corporation. We'd rather take a trip through the Zone of Quiet over in Europe than express our opinion as to who is the most popular man in the pictures.

E. G., HOBOKEN, N. J.—Earle Williams was on the stage a number of years before going into moving pictures, and this undoubtedly accounts for much of his ability as an actor.

C. D. M., BLUFFS, ILL.—If you are a professional photographer there is a chance perhaps for you to secure employment in one of the studios, but you should visit the employment office in person. With the studio pictures there is, of course, no season of rest, but with outdoor filming it is necessary that there be clear skies.

C. C., SOUTH BOSTON.—The reason that stage experience is so great an asset to success in moving pictures, is due to the rigid, thorough training that this gives an actor. The stage is a hard school, but it is thorough and systematic, and a player with stage experience comes to the films with definite, practical ideas of dramatic work.

L. K., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE can not supply photographs of any of the players, and you are referred to our advertising column or to the players and their companies.

C. S., GLOUCESTER, MASS.—Florence Lawrence is married to Leigh B. Trafton, who is also a player. Miss Lawrence was recently operated upon, but is now out of the hospital and contemplates a return to the screen very shortly. She and her husband will make their home in New Jersey, and he will undoubtedly appear with her in the pictures.

C. P., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—We always give the name of the city from which the question comes, so you can easily tell whether anyone else is writing from your town.

G. A. M., HOUSTON, TEX.—The cast of "Roses and Thorns" (Big U): *The Girl*—Edna Maison; *Her Father*—L. S. Reynolds; *Stanley Phillips*—Ray Gallagher; *"A Small Town Girl"* (Rex): *Hotel Proprietor*—Wm. Lloyd; *Hotel Clerk*—Dick Rosson; *Proprietor's Niece*—Pauline Bush; *Snob*—Rupert Julian; *Snob's Father*—Murdock MacQuarrie.

I. H., RUTHVEN, IA.—In a great many of the pictures, private residences are used as settings, special permission being secured for the occasion. "Cinderella" was filmed at Col. Benedict's estate at Greenwich, Conn., and you may be interested to know that "Gretchen Green" was taken at Lakewood, N. J., "Tess of the Storm Country" near Los Angeles, as were "Hypocrites," "The Odyssey of the North," and "Caprices of Kitty."

W. A. F., WEST CARROLLTON, O.—In general the New York addresses are executive offices and the western ones studios. Scenario correspondence perhaps should go to the western address and other matters to the New York or other eastern office.

I. L., MONTREAL.—We should be glad to please our French-Canadian friends by publishing an edition of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in French, but English is so frequently used in America that we doubt the practicability of a change.

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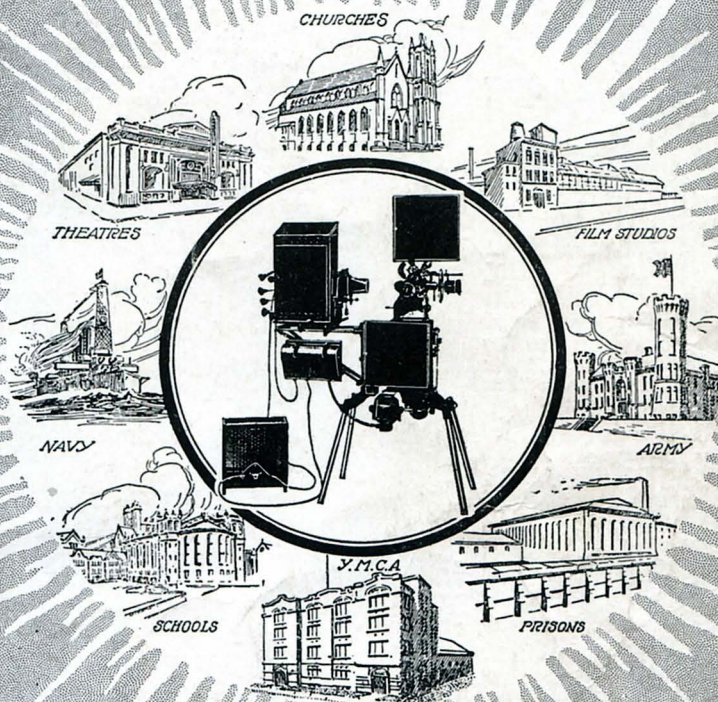


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